Frontispiece

Daguernier inv: *Vdr Gucht Sculp*

OVID's EPISTLES:

WITH HIS

AMOURS.

Tranſlated into

ENGLISH VERSE,

BY

Mr. DRYDEN, Mr. POPE, and others.

Vel tibi compoſitâ cantetur Epiſtola voce?
Ignotum hoc aliis ille novavit opus. Ovid.

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To the LADY

LOVISA LENOS.

MADAM,

IN moving lines theſe few EPISTLES tell
What fate attends the nymph that likes too well:
How faintly the ſucceſsful lovers burn;
And their neglected charms how ladies mourn.
The fair you'll find, when ſoft intreaties fail,
Aſſert their unconteſted right, and rail.
Too ſoon they liſten, and reſent too late;
Too ſure they love, whene'er they ſtrive to hate.
Their ſex or proudly ſhuns, or poorly craves;
Commencing tyrants, and concluding ſlaves.

In diff'ring breaſts what diff'ring paſſions glow!
Ours kindle quick, but yours extinguiſh ſlow.
The fire we boaſt, with force uncertain burns,
And breaks but out, as appetite returns:
But yours, like incenſe, mounts by ſoft degrees,
And in a fragrant flame conſumes to pleaſe.
Your ſex, in all that can engage, excel;
And ours, in patience, and perſuading well.
Impartial nature equally decrees;
You have your pride, and we our perjuries.

Tho' form'd to conquer, yet too oft you fall,
By giving Nothing, or by granting All.

But, madam, long will your unpractis'd years
Smile at the tale of lovers hopes and fears.
Tho' infant graces ſooth your gentle hours,
More ſoft than ſighs, more ſweet than breathing flow'rs;
Let raſh admirers your keen lightning fear;
'Tis bright at diſtance, but deſtroys if near.

The time ere-long, if verſe preſage, will come,
Your charms ſhall open in full Brudenal bloom,
All eyes ſhall gaze, all hearts ſhall homage vow,
And not a lover languiſh, but for you.
The muſe ſhall ſtring her lyre with garlands crown'd,
And each bright nymph ſhall ſicken at the ſound.

So when Aurora firſt ſalutes the ſight,
Pleas'd we behold the tender dawn of light.
But when with riper red ſhe warms the ſkies,
In circling throngs the wing'd muſicians riſe;
And the gay groves rejoice in ſymphonies;
Each pearly flow'r with painted beauty ſhines;
And ev'ry ſtar its fading fire reſigns.

S. GARTH.

Advertiſement.

THE publick having encourag'd ſo many editions of Ovid's *Epiſtles, I began to think if any thing might yet be added to the perfection of the work. And the greater part of* Sapho *to* Phaon *being omitted in Sir* Carr Scrope's *tranſlation, I ſollicited an entire new verſion of that epiſtle, to render the whole book compleat. The Author of it will have me acquaint the reader, that it was undertaken on that account only, and not out of any ſuppos'd defect in what that gentleman had done.*

It was propos'd in this Edition to change the method of the Epiſtles according to the chronological order, and the connexion the ſubjects often have with each other; which might have contributed to the eaſe of the Engliſh *reader, by clearing ſome hiſtorical paſſages referr'd to in ſeveral of them. But cuſtom having obtained to the contrary, we have only ſubjoin'd the following account.*

The chief of thoſe who undertook the expedition of the Golden Flecce, were Hercules and Jaſon: ſome writers add THESEUS, who was cotemporary with them, and famous for his victory over the Minotaur, which he atchiev'd by the aſſiſtance of ARIADNE, whom afterwards forſaking he marry'd PHÆDRA, who fell in love with his ſon HIPPOLYTUS. JASON as he went on the forementioned expedition was entertain'd by HYPSYPYLE at Lemnos, but deſerted her for MEDEA, and afterwards MEDEA for CREUSA. HERCULES after his return was poiſon'd with a ſhirt ſent by DEJANIRA. This hero had twice taken Troy in the time of king

Laomedon, to whom Priam ſucceeded, the father of PARIS, at whoſe birth it was propheſy'd that he ſhould occaſion it to be deſtroy'd a third time. Being therefore educated among the ſhepherds, he contracted a love to OENONE; 'till hearing of HELENA, he ſail'd to Sparta, and carry'd her from thence to Troy. This caus'd the war of the Grecian princes againſt Troy; among whom PROTESILAUS (the huſband of LAODAMIA) was the firſt that ſet foot on the enemy's ground, and was kill'd on the ſpot. After the war had been continu'd nine years, a quarrel ariſing betwixt Agamemnon and ACHILLES, the latter abſented himſelf from the army, and the former in revenge forc'd his miſtreſs BRISEIS from him. When Troy was taken, the Greeks returning homeward met with many diſaſters. ULYSSES was ten years detain'd from Ithaca, while his queen PENELOPE was afflicted by the ſuitors in his abſence. DEMOPHOON was hoſpitably receiv'd by PHILLIS, whom after he had marry'd, he left, and purſu'd his voyage home to Athens. Agamemnon himſelf at his return to Argos was murder'd by his wife, whom his ſon ORESTES kill'd, who was betroth'd to HERMIONE, the daughter of Helena. About the ſame time ÆNEAS going in ſearch of Italy, was detain'd by DIDO, who ſtabb'd herſelf upon his Departure from Carthage.

The reſt of the ſubjects of Ovid have no connexion with each other, neither can their time be certainly fix'd; only HYPERMNESTRA is ſuppos'd to have liv'd ſome time before, and SAPHO long after, all the reſt.

THE

THE PREFACE,

By Mr. DRYDEN.

THE life of Ovid being already written in our language before the tranſlation of his Metamorphoſes, I will not preſume ſo far upon myſelf, to think I can add any thing to Mr. Sandys his undertaking. The Engliſh reader may there be ſatisfied, that he flouriſhed in the reign of Auguſtus Cæſar; that he was extracted from an ancient family of Roman knights; that he was born to the inheritance of a ſplendid fortune; that he was deſign'd to the ſtudy of the law, and had made conſiderable progreſs in it, before he quited that profeſſion, for this of poetry, to which he was more naturally form'd. The cauſe of his baniſhment is unknown; becauſe he was himſelf

unwilling further to provoke the emperor, by aſcribing it to any other reaſon than what was pretended by Auguſtus, which was the laſciviouſneſs of his elegies, and his Art of Love. 'Tis true, they are not to be excus'd in the ſeverity of manners, as being able to corrupt a larger empire, if there were any, than that of Rome: yet this may be ſaid in behalf of Ovid, that no man has ever treated the paſſion of love with ſo much delicacy of thought, and of expreſſion, or ſearch'd into the nature of it more philoſophically than he. And the emperor who condemn'd him, had as little reaſon as another man to puniſh that fault with ſo much ſeverity, if at leaſt he were the author of a certain Epigram, which is aſcrib'd to him, relating to the cauſe of the firſt civil war betwixt himſelf and Mark Antony the triumvir, which is more fulſome than any paſſage I have met with in our poet. To paſs by the naked familiarity of his expreſſions to Horace, which are cited in that author's life, I need only mention one notorious act of his, in taking Livia to his bed, when ſhe was not only married, but with child by her huſband then living. But deeds, it ſeems, may be juſtified by arbitrary power, when words are queſtion'd in a poet. There is another gueſs of the Grammarians, as far from truth as the firſt from reaſon; they will have him baniſh'd for ſome favours, which they ſay he receiv'd from Julia the daughter of Auguſtus, whom they think he celebrates under the name of Corinna in his Elegies: But he, who will obſerve the verſes which are made to that miſtreſs, may gather from the whole contexture of them, that Corinna was not a woman

man of the higheſt quality: If Julia were then married to Agrippa, Why ſhould our poet make his petition to Iſis, for her ſafe delivery, and afterwards condole her miſcarriage; which, for ought he knew, might be by her own huſband? or indeed how durſt he be ſo bold to make the leaſt diſcovery of ſuch a crime, which was no leſs than capital, eſpecially committed againſt a perſon of Agrippa's rank? Or if it were before her marriage, he would ſure have been more diſcreet, than to have publiſh'd an accident, which muſt have been fatal to them both. But what moſt confirms me againſt this opinion is, that Ovid himſelf complains that the true perſon of Corinna was found out by the fame of his verſes to her: Which if it had been Julia, he durſt not have own'd; and beſide, an immediate puniſhment muſt have follow'd. He ſeems himſelf more truly to be touch'd at the cauſe of his exile in thoſe obſcure verſes,

Cur aliquid vidi, cur noxia Lumina feci? &c.

Namely, that he had either ſeen, or was conſcious to, ſomewhat, which had procur'd him his diſgrace. But neither am I ſatisfied that this was the inceſt of the emperor with his own daughter: For Auguſtus was of a nature too vindicative to have contented himſelf with ſo ſmall a revenge, or ſo unſafe to himſelf, as that of ſimple baniſhment; but would certainly have ſecur'd his crimes from publick notice, by the death of him who was witneſs to them. Neither have hiſtories given us any ſight into ſuch an action of this emperor: Nor would he (the greateſt politician of his time) in all probability, have manag'd his

crimes with ſo little ſecrecy, as not to ſhun the obſervation of any man. It ſeems more probable, that Ovid was either the confident of ſome other paſſion, or that he had ſtumbled by ſome inadvertency upon the privacies of Livia, and ſeen her in a bath: For the words

Sine veſte Dianam

agree better with Livia, who had the fame of chaſtity, than with either of the Julia's, who were both noted of incontinency. The firſt verſes which were made by him in his youth, and recited publickly, according to the cuſtom, were, as he himſelf aſſures us, to Corinna: His baniſhment happen'd not till the age of fifty, from which it may be deduc'd, with probability enough, that the love of Corinna did not occaſion it: Nay, he tells us plainly, that his offence was that of error only, not of wickedneſs: And in the ſame paper of verſes alſo, that the cauſe was notoriouſly known at Rome, though it be left ſo obſcure to after-ages.

But to leave conjectures on a ſubject ſo uncertain, and to write ſomewhat more authentick of this poet: That he frequented the court of Auguſtus, and was well receiv'd in it, is moſt undoubted: All his poems bear the character of a court, and appear to be written, as the French call it, Cavalierement: Add to this, that the titles of many of his Elegies, and more of his Letters in his baniſhment, are addreſs'd to perſons well known to us, even at this diſtance, to have been conſiderable in that court.

Nor

Nor was his acquaintance leſs with the famous poets of his age, than with the noble men and ladies; he tells you himſelf, in a particular account of his own life, that Macer, Horace, Tibullus, Propertius, and many others of them, were his familiar friends, and that ſome of them communicated their writings to him, but that he had only ſeen Virgil.

If the imitation of nature be the buſineſs of a poet, I know no author who can juſtly be compar'd with ours, eſpecially in the deſcription of the paſſions. And to prove this, I ſhall need no other judges than the generality of his readers; for all paſſions being inborn with us, we are almoſt equally judges when we are concern'd in the repreſentation of them: Now I will appeal to any man who has read this poet, whether he finds not the natural emotion of the ſame paſſion in himſelf, which the poet deſcribes in his feign'd perſons? His thoughts, which are the pictures and reſults of thoſe paſſions, are generally ſuch as naturally ariſe from thoſe diſorderly motions of our ſpirits. Yet, not to ſpeak too partially in his behalf, I will confeſs that the copiouſneſs of his wit was ſuch, that he often writ too pointedly for his ſubject, and made his perſons ſpeak more eloquently than the violence of their paſſion would admit: So that he is frequently witty out of ſeaſon; leaving the imitation of nature, and the cooler dictates of his judgment, for the falſe applauſe of fancy. Yet he ſeems to have found out this imperfection in his riper age: For why elſe ſhould he complain that his Metamorphoſes was left unfiniſh'd?

Nothing ſure can be added to the wit of that poem, or of the reſt: But many things ought to have been retrenched; which I ſuppoſe would have been the buſineſs of his age, if his misfortunes had not come too faſt upon him. But take him uncorrected as he is tranſmitted to us, and it muſt be acknowledged, in ſpite of his Dutch friends, the commentators, even of Julius Scaliger himſelf, that Seneca's cenſure will ſtand good againſt him,

Neſcivit quod bene ceſſit relinquere;

he never knew how to give over, when he had done well, but continually varying the ſame ſenſe an hundred ways, and taking up in another place, what he had more than enough inculcated before, he ſometimes cloys his readers inſtead of ſatisfying them: And gives occaſion to his tranſlators, who dare not cover him, to bluſh at the nakedneſs of their father. This then is the allay of Ovid's writing, which is ſufficiently recompens'd by his other excellencies; nay, this very fault is not without its beauties; for the moſt ſevere cenſor cannot but be pleas'd with the prodigality of his wit, tho' at the ſame time he could have wiſh'd, that the maſter of it had been a better manager. Every thing which he does, becomes him, and if ſometimes he appear too gay, yet there is a ſecret gracefulneſs of youth, which accompanies his writings, though the ſtaidneſs and ſobriety of age be wanting. In the moſt material part, which is the conduct, 'tis certain that he ſeldom has miſcarried; for if his Elegies be compar'd with thoſe of Tibullus and Propertius, his contemporaries, it will be found that thoſe poets ſeldom deſign'd before they writ:

And

And though the language of Tibullus be more poliſh'd, and the learning of Propertius, eſpecially in his fourth book, more ſet out to oſtentation; yet their common practice was to look no further before them than the next line; whence it will inevitably follow, that they can drive to no certain point, but ramble from one ſubject to another, and conclude with ſomewhat which is not of a piece with their beginning:

Purpureus latè qui ſplendeat unus & alter
Aſſuitur pannus, as *Horace* ſays;

though the verſes are golden, they are but patch'd into the garment. But our poet has always the goal in his eye, which directs him in his race; ſome beautiful deſign, which he firſt eſtabliſhes, and then contrives the means which will naturally conduct him to his end. This will be evident to judicious readers in this work of his Epiſtles, of which ſomewhat, at leaſt in general, will be expected.

The title of them in our late editions is Epiſtolæ Heroidum, the letters of the Heroines. But Heinſius has judg'd more truly, that the Inſcription of our author was barely, Epiſtles; which he concludes from his cited verſes, where Ovid aſſerts this work as his own invention, and not borrow'd from the Greeks, whom (as the maſters of their learning) the Romans uſually did imitate. But it appears not from their writings, that any of the Grecians ever touch'd upon this way, which our poet therefore juſtly has vindicated to himſelf. I quarrel not at the word Heroidum, becauſe 'tis us'd by Ovid in his Art of Love:

Jupiter

Jupiter ad veteres ſupplex Heroidas *ibat.*

But ſure he cou'd not be guilty of ſuch an overſight, to call his work by the name of Heroines, when there are divers men or heroes, as namely Paris, Leander, and Acontius join'd in it. Except Sabinus, who writ ſome anſwers to Ovid's letters,

(Quam celer è tcto rediit meus orbe Sabinus)

I remember not any of the Romans who have treated on this ſubject, ſave only Propertius, and that but once, in his Epiſtle of Arethuſa to Lycotas, which is written ſo near the ſtyle of Ovid, that it ſeems to be but an imitation, and therefore ought not to defraud our poet of the glory of his invention.

Concerning this work of the Epiſtles, I ſhall content myſelf to obſerve theſe few particulars. Firſt, that they are generally granted to be the moſt perfect piece of Ovid, and that the ſtyle of them is tenderly paſſionate and courtly, two properties well agreeing with the perſons, which were Heroines, and Lovers. Yet where the characters were lower, as in OEnone, and Hero, he has kept cloſe to nature, in drawing his images after a country life, though perhaps he has romaniz'd his Grecian dames too much, and made them ſpeak ſometimes as if they had been born in the city of Rome, and under the empire of Auguſtus. There ſeems to be no great variety in the particular ſubjects which he has choſen; moſt of the Epiſtles being written from ladies who were forſaken by their lovers: Which is the reaſon that many of the ſame thoughts come back upon us in divers letters: But of the general

general character of women, which is modeſty, he has taken a moſt becoming care: for his amorous expreſſions go no further than virtue may allow, and therefore may be read, as he intended them, by matrons without a bluſh.

Thus much concerning the poet: Whom you find tranſlated by divers hands, that you may at leaſt have that variety in the Engliſh, which the ſubject denied to the author of the Latin. It remains that I ſhould ſay ſomewhat of poetical tranſlations in general, and give my opinion (with ſubmiſſions to better judgments) which way of verſion ſeems to me moſt proper.

All tranſlation, I ſuppoſe, may be reduced to theſe three heads:

Firſt, That of metaphraſe, or turning an author word by word, and line by line, from one language into another. Thus, or near this manner, was Horace his Art of Poetry tranſlated by Ben Johnſon. The ſecond way is that of paraphraſe, or tranſlation with latitude, where the author is kept in view by the tranſlator, ſo as never to be loſt, but his words are not ſo ſtrictly follow'd as his ſenſe, and that too is admitted to be amplified, but not alter'd. Such is Mr. Waller's tranſlation of Virgil's fourth Æneid. The third way is that of imitation, where the tranſlator (if now he has not loſt that name) aſſumes the liberty not only to vary from the words and ſenſe, but to forſake them both as he ſees occaſion: And taking only ſome general hints from the original, to run diviſion on the ground-work, as he pleaſes. Such

is

is Mr. Cowley's practice in turning two odes of Pindar, and one of Horace, into Engliſh.

Concerning the firſt of theſe methods, our maſter Horace has given us this caution,

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres———
Nor word for word too faithfully tranſlate,

as the earl of Roſcommon has excellently render'd it. Too faithfully is indeed pedantically: 'Tis a faith like that which proceeds from ſuperſtition, blind and zealous: take it in the expreſſion of ſir John Denham, to ſir Rich. Fanſhaw on his verſion of the Paſtor Fido.

That ſervile path thou nobly doſt decline,
Of tracing word by word, and line by line.
A new and nobler way thou doſt purſue,
To make tranſlations and tranſlators too:
They but preſerve the aſhes, thou the flame,
True to his ſenſe, but truer to his fame.

'Tis almoſt impoſſible to tranſlate verbally, and well, at the ſame time; for the Latin (a moſt ſevere and compendious language) often expreſſes that in one word, which either the barbarity, or the narrowneſs of modern tongues cannot ſupply in more. 'Tis frequent alſo that the conceit is touch'd in ſome expreſſion, which will be loſt in Engliſh.

Atque iidem venti vela fidemque ferent.

What poet of our nation is ſo happy as to expreſs this thought literally in Engliſh, and to ſtrike wit or almoſt ſenſe out of it?

In

In ſhort, the verbal copier is incumber'd with ſo many difficulties at once, that he can never diſintangle himſelf from all. He is to conſider at the ſame time the thought of his author, and his words, and to find out the counterpart to each in another language: And beſides this, he is to confine himſelf to the compaſs of numbers, and the ſlavery of rhyme. 'Tis much like dancing on ropes with fetter'd legs: A man can ſhun a fall by uſing caution, but the gracefulneſs of motion is not to be expected: And when we have ſaid the beſt of it, 'tis but a fooliſh taſk; for no ſober man would put himſelf into a danger for the applauſe of 'ſcaping without breaking his neck. We ſee Ben Johnſon could not avoid obſcurity in his literal tranſlation of Horace, attempted in the ſame compaſs of lines: Nay Horace himſelf could ſcarce have done it to a Greek poet.

Brevis eſſe laboro, obſcurus fio;

either perſpicuity or gracefulneſs will frequently be wanting. Horace has indeed avoided both theſe rocks in his tranſlation of the three firſt lines of Homer's Odyſſey, which he has contracted into two.

Dic mihi Muſa virum captæ poſt tempora Trojæ
Qui mores hominum multorum vidit & urbes.

Muſe, ſpeak the man, who ſince the ſiege of Troy
So many towns, ſuch change of manners ſaw.

Earl of Roſc.

But then the ſufferings of Ulyſſes, which are a conſiderable part of that ſentence, are omitted.

[Ὃς μάλα πολλὰ πλάγχθη:]

The

The conſideration of theſe difficulties, in a ſervile, literal tranſlation, not long ſince made two of our famous wits, ſir John Denham, and Mr. Cowley, to contrive another way of turning authors into our tongue, call'd by the latter of them, Imitation. As they were friends, I ſuppoſe they communicated their thoughts on this ſubject to each other, and therefore their reaſons for it are little different: Though the practice of one is much more moderate. I take imitation of an author, in their ſenſe, to be an endeavour of a later poet to write like one who has written before him on the ſame ſubject: that is, not to tranſlate his words, or to be confin'd to his ſenſe, but only to ſet him as a pattern, and to write, as he ſuppoſes that author would have done, had he liv'd in our age, and in our country. Yet I dare not ſay that either of them have carried this libertine way of rendering authors (as Mr. Cowley calls it) ſo far as my definition reaches. For in the Pindaric Odes, the cuſtoms and ceremonies of ancient Greece are ſtill preſerv'd: But I know not what miſchief may ariſe hereafter from the example of ſuch an innovation, when writers of unequal parts to him ſhall imitate ſo bold an undertaking. To add and to diminiſh what we pleaſe, which is the way avow'd by him, ought only to be granted to Mr. Cowley, and that too only in his tranſlation of Pindar, becauſe he alone was able to make him amends, by giving him better of his own, whenever he refus'd his author's thoughts. Pindar is generally known to be a dark writer, to want connexion, (I mean as to our underſtanding) to ſoar out of ſight, and leave his reader at a gaze: So

wild

wild and ungovernable a poet cannot be tranſlated literally, his genius is too ſtrong to bear a chain, and Sampſon-like he ſhakes it off: A genius ſo elevated and unconfin'd as Mr. Cowley's, was but neceſſary to make Pindar ſpeak Engliſh, and that was to be perform'd by no other way than imitation. But if Virgil, or Ovid, or any regular intelligible authors be thus us'd, 'tis no longer to be call'd their work, when neither the thoughts nor words are drawn from the original: but inſtead of them there is ſomething new produc'd, which is almoſt the creation of another hand. By this way, 'tis true, ſomewhat that is excellent may be invented, perhaps more excellent than the firſt deſign; though Virgil muſt be ſtill excepted, when that perhaps takes place: Yet he who is inquiſitive to know an author's thoughts, will be diſappointed in his expectation. And 'tis not always that a man will be contented to have a preſent made him, when he expects the payment of a debt. To ſtate it fairly; imitation of an author is the moſt advantageous way for a tranſlator to ſhew himſelf, but the greateſt wrong which can be done to the memory and reputation of the dead. Sir John Denham (who adviſ'd more liberty than he took himſelf) gives his reaſon for his innovation, in his admirable preface before the tranſlation of the ſecond Æneid. "Poetry is of ſo ſubtle a ſpirit, that in pouring out of "one language into another, it will all evaporate; "and if a new ſpirit be not added in the tranſ-"fuſion, there will remain nothing but a caput "mortuum." I confeſs this argument holds good againſt a literal tranſlation; but who defends it? Imitation and verbal verſion are in my opinion the

two

two extremes, which ought to be avoided: And therefore, when I have propos'd the mean betwixt them, it will be ſeen how far his argument will reach.

No man is capable of tranſlating poetry, who, beſides a genius to that art, is not a maſter both of his author's language, and of his own: Nor muſt we underſtand the language only of the poet, but his particular turn of thoughts, and expreſſion, which are the characters that diſtinguiſh, and as it were individuate him from all other writers: When we are come thus far, 'tis time to look into ourſelves, to conform our genius to his, to give his thought either the ſame turn, if our tongue will bear it, or if not, to vary but the dreſs, not to alter or deſtroy the ſubſtance. The like care muſt be taken of the more outward ornaments, the words; when they appear (which is but ſeldom) literally graceful, it were an injury to the author that they ſhould be chang'd: But ſince every language is ſo full of its own properties, that what is beautiful in one, is often barbarous, nay ſometimes nonſenſe in another, it would be unreaſonable to limit a tranſlator to the narrow compaſs of his author's words: 'Tis enough if he chuſe out ſome expreſſion which does not viciate the ſenſe. I ſuppoſe he may ſtretch his chain to ſuch a latitude, but by innovation of thoughts, methinks, he breaks it. By this means the ſpirit of an author may be transfus'd, and yet not loſt: And thus 'tis plain, that the reaſon alledged by ſir John Denham has no farther force than to expreſſion: For thought, if it be tranſlated truly, cannot be loſt in another language;

guage; but the words that convey it to our apprehenſion (which are the image and ornament of that thought) may be ſo ill choſen as to make it appear in an unhandſome dreſs, and rob it of its native luſtre. There is therefore a liberty to be allow'd for the expreſſion, neither is it neceſſary that words and lines ſhould be confin'd to the meaſure of their original. The ſenſe of an author, generally ſpeaking, is to be ſacred and inviolable. If the fancy of Ovid be luxuriant, 'tis his character to be ſo, and if I retrench it, he is no longer Ovid. It will be reply'd, that he receives advantage by this lopping of his ſuperfluous branches; but I rejoin, that a tranſlator has no ſuch right. When a painter copies from the life, I ſuppoſe he has no privilege to alter features, and lineaments, under pretence that his picture will look better; perhaps the face which he has drawn would be more exact, if the eyes or noſe were alter'd, but 'tis his buſineſs to make it reſemble the original. In two caſes only there may a ſeeming difficulty ariſe, that is, if the thought be notoriouſly trivial, or diſhoneſt; But the ſame anſwer will ſerve for both, that then they ought not to be tranſlated.

——— *Et quæ*
Deſperes tractata niteſcere poſſe, relinquas.

Thus I have ventur'd to give my opinion on this ſubject againſt the authority of two great men, but I hope without offence to either of their memories, for I both lov'd them living, and reverence them now they are dead. But if, after what I have urg'd, it be thought by better Judges, that the praiſe of a tranſlation conſiſts in adding new beauties to the piece, thereby to recompenſe the loſs which

which it ſuſtains by change of language, I ſhall be willing to be taught better, and to recant. In the mean time, it ſeems to me, that the true reaſon why we have ſo few verſions which are tolerable, is not from the too cloſe purſuing of the author's ſenſe; but becauſe there are ſo few who have all the talents which are requiſite for tranſlation; and that there is ſo little praiſe, and ſo ſmall encouragement for ſo conſiderable a part of learning.

To apply, in ſhort, what has been ſaid to this preſent work; the reader will here find moſt of the tranſlations, with ſome little latitude or variation from the author's ſenſe: That of OEnone to Paris, is in Mr. Cowley's way of imitation only. I was deſir'd to ſay that the author, who is of the Fair Sex, underſtood not Latin. But if ſhe does not, I am afraid ſhe has given us occaſion to be aſham'd, who do.

For my own part, I am ready to acknowledge that I have tranſgreſs'd the rules which I have given; and taken more liberty than a juſt tranſlation will allow. But ſo many gentlemen, whoſe wit and learning are well known, being join'd in it, I doubt not but their excellencies will make you ample ſatisfaction for my errors.

THE

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Mr. Saluſbury.

SAPHO

SAPHO to PHAON.

By the Honourable Sir CARR SCROPE, *Bar.*

The ARGUMENT.

The poeteſs Sapho, *forſaken by her lover* Phaon, *(who was gone from* Leſbos *to* Sicily) *and reſolv'd, in deſpair, to drown herſelf, writes this letter to him before ſhe dies.*

WHILE Phaon to the flaming Ætna flies,
Conſum'd with no leſs fires poor Sapho dies.
I burn, I burn, like kindled fields of corn,
When by the driving winds the flames are borne.
My muſe and lute can now no longer pleaſe,
They are th' employments of a mind at eaſe.
Wand'ring from thought to thought I ſit alone
All day, and my once dear companions ſhun.
In vain the Leſbian maids claim each a part,
Where thou alone haſt ta'en up all the heart.
Ah lovely youth! how canſt thou cruel prove,
When blooming years and beauty bid thee love?
If none but equal charms thy heart can bind,
Then to thyſelf alone thou muſt be kind.
Yet worthleſs as I am, there was a time
When Phaon thought me worthy his eſteem.

A thouſand tender things to mind I call,
For they who truly love remember all.
Delighted with the muſick of my tongue,
Upon my words with ſilent joy he hung,
And ſnatching kiſſes, ſtopp'd me as I ſung:
Kiſſes, whoſe melting touch his ſoul did move,
The earneſt of the coming joys of love.
Then tender words, ſhort ſighs, and thouſand charms
Of wanton arts, endear'd me to his arms;
'Till both expiring with tumultuous joys,
A gentle faintneſs did our limbs ſurpriſe.
Beware, Sicilian ladies, ah! beware,
How you receive my faithleſs wanderer.
You too will be abus'd, if you believe
The flatt'ring words that he ſo well can give.
Looſe to the winds, I let my flowing hair
No more with fragrant ſcents perfume the air,
But all my dreſs diſcovers wild deſpair.
For whom, alas! ſhould now my art be ſhown?
The only man I car'd to pleaſe is gone.
Oh let me once more ſee thoſe eyes of thine:
Thy love I aſk not, do but ſuffer mine.
Thou might'ſt at leaſt have ta'en thy laſt farewel,
And feign'd a ſorrow which thou didſt not feel.
No kind remembring pledge was aſk'd by thee,
And nothing left but injuries with me.
Witneſs, ye Gods, with what a death-like cold
My heart was ſeiz'd, when firſt thy flight was told.
Speechleſs and ſtupid for a while I lay,
And neither words nor tears could find their way.
But when my ſwelling paſſion forc'd a vent,
With hair diſhevel'd, clothes in pieces rent,
Like ſome mad mother thro' the ſtreets I run,
Who to his grave attends her only ſon.

Expos'd

Expos'd to all the world myſelf I ſee,
Forgetting virtue, fame, and all but thee;
So ill, alas! do love and ſhame agree!
'Tis thou alone that art my conſtant care,
In pleaſing dreams thou comfort'ſt my deſpair;
And mak'ſt the night, that does thy form convey,
Welcome to me above the faireſt day.
Then 'ſpite of abſence, I thy love enjoy;
In cloſe embraces lock'd methinks we lie;
Thy tender words I hear, thy kiſſes feel,
With all the joys that ſhame forbids to tell.
But when I waking miſs thee from my bed,
And all my pleaſing images are fled;
The dear deluding viſion to retain,
I lay me down, and try to ſleep again.
Soon as I riſe I haunt the caves and groves,
(Thoſe conſcious ſcenes of our once happy loves)
There like ſome frantick Bacchanal I walk,
And to myſelf with ſad diſtraction talk.
Then big with grief I throw me on the ground,
And view the melancholy grotto round,
Whoſe hanging roof of moſs and craggy ſtone
Delights my eyes above the brighteſt throne:
But when I ſpy the bank, whoſe graſſy bed
Retains the print our weary bodies made;
On thy forſaken ſide I lay me down,
And with a ſhow'r of tears the place I drown.
The trees are wither'd all ſince thou art gone,
As if for thee they put their mourning on.
No warbling bird does now with muſick fill
The woods, except the mournful Philomel.
With her's my diſmal notes all night agree,
Of Tereus ſhe complains, and I of thee.

Ungentle youth! didſt thou but ſee me mourn,
Hard as thou art, thou wou'dſt, thou wou'dſt return.
My conſtant falling tears the paper ſtain,
And my weak hand can ſcarce direct my pen.
Oh! could thy eyes but reach my dreadful ſtate,
As now I ſtand prepar'd for ſudden fate,
Thou cou'dſt not ſee this naked breaſt of mine
Daſh'd againſt rocks, rather than join'd to thine.
Peace, Sapho, peace! thou ſend'ſt thy fruitleſs cries
To one more hard than rocks, more deaf than ſeas.
The flying winds bear thy complaints away,
But none will ever back his ſails convey.
No longer then thy hopeleſs love attend,
But let thy life here with thy letter end.

SAPHO to PHAON.

Wholly Tranſlated

By Mr. *POPE.*

SAY, lovely youth, that do'ſt my heart command,
Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sapho's hand?
Muſt then her name the wretched writer prove?
To thy remembrance loſt, as to thy love!
Aſk not the cauſe that I new numbers chuſe,
The lute neglected, and the lyric muſe:
Love taught my tears in ſadder notes to flow,
And tun'd my heart to elegies of woe.
I burn, I burn, as when thro' ripen'd corn
By driving winds the ſpreading flames are borne!
Phaon to Ætna's ſcorching fields retires,
While I conſume with more than Ætna's fires!
No more my ſoul a charm in muſick finds,
Muſick has charms alone for peaceful minds:
Soft ſcenes of ſolitude no more can pleaſe,
Love enters there, and I'm my own diſeaſe:
No more the Leſbian dames my paſſion move,
Once the dear objects of my guilty love;
All other loves are loſt in only thine,
Ah youth ungrateful to a flame like mine!
Whom wou'd not all thoſe blooming charms ſurpriſe,
Thoſe heav'nly looks, and dear deluding eyes?
The harp and bow wou'd you like Phœbus bear,
A brighter Phœbus Phaon might appear;
Would you with ivy wreath your flowing hair,
Not Bacchus' ſelf with Phaon could compare:

Yet Phœbus lov'd, and Bacchus felt the flame,
One Daphne warm'd, and one the Cretan dame;
Nymphs that in verſe no more could rival me,
Than even thoſe Gods contend in charms with thee.
The muſes teach me all their ſofteſt lays,
And the wide world reſounds with Sapho's praiſe.
Tho' great Alcæus more ſublimely ſings,
And ſtrikes with bolder rage the ſounding ſtrings,
No leſs renown attends the moving lyre,
Which Venus tunes, and all her loves inſpire.
To me what Nature has in charms deny'd,
Is well by Wit's more laſting flames ſupply'd.
Tho' ſhort by ſtature, yet my name extends
To heav'n itſelf, and earth's remoteſt ends.
Brown as I am, an Æthiopian dame
Inſpir'd young Perſeus with a generous flame.
Turtles and doves, of different hues, unite,
And gloſſy jet is pair'd with ſhining white.
If to no charms thou wilt thy heart reſign,
But ſuch as merit, ſuch as equal thine,
By none, alas! by none thou canſt be mov'd,
Phaon alone by Phaon muſt be lov'd!
Yet once thy Sapho could thy cares employ,
Once in her arms you center'd all your joy:
No time the dear remembrance can remove,
For oh! how vaſt a memory has love!
My muſick, then, you could for ever hear,
And all my words were muſick to your ear.
You ſtopp'd with kiſſes my inchanting tongue,
And found my kiſſes ſweeter than my ſong.
In all I pleas'd, but moſt in what was beſt;
And the laſt joy was dearer than the reſt.
Then with each word, each glance, each motion fir'd,
You ſtill enjoy'd, and yet you ſtill deſir'd,

'Till

'Till all diſſolving in the trance we lay,
And in tumultuous raptures died away.
The fair Sicilians now thy ſoul inflame;
Why was I born, ye Gods, a Leſbian dame?
But ah beware, Sicilian nymphs! nor boaſt
That wandering heart which I ſo lately loſt;
Nor be with all thoſe tempting words abus'd,
Thoſe tempting words were all to Sapho us'd.
And you that rule Sicilia's happy plains,
Have pity, Venus, on your poet's pains!
Shall fortune ſtill in one ſad tenor run,
And ſtill increaſe the woes ſo ſoon begun?
Enur'd to ſorrow from my tender years,
My parent's aſhes drank my early tears;
My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame,
Ignobly burn'd in a deſtructive flame;
An infant daughter late my griefs increas'd,
And all a mother's cares diſtract my breaſt.
Alas, what more could fate itſelf impoſe,
But thee, the laſt and greateſt of my woes?
No more my robes in waving purple flow,
Nor on my hand the ſparkling diamonds glow;
No more my locks in ringlets curl'd diffuſe
The coſtly ſweetneſs of Arabian dews,
Nor braids of gold the vary'd treſſes bind,
That fly diſorder'd with the wanton wind:
For whom ſhould Sapho uſe ſuch arts as theſe?
He's gone, whom only ſhe deſir'd to pleaſe!
Cupid's light darts my tender boſom move,
Still is there cauſe for Sapho ſtill to love:
So from my birth the Siſters fix'd my doom,
And gave to Venus all my life to come;
Or while my muſe in melting notes complains,
My yielding heart keeps meaſure to my ſtrains.

By charms like thine which all my ſoul have won,
Who might not—ah! who would not be undone?
For thoſe, Aurora, Cephalus might ſcorn,
And with freſh bluſhes paint the conſcious morn.
For thoſe might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's ſleep,
And bid Endymion nightly tend his ſheep.
Venus for thoſe had rapt thee to the ſkies,
But Mars on thee might look with Venus' eyes.
O ſcarce a youth, yet ſcarce a tender boy!
O uſeful time for lovers to employ!
Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race,
Come to theſe arms, and melt in this embrace!
The vows you never will return, receive:
And take at leaſt the love you will not give.
See, while I write, my words are loſt in tears;
The leſs my ſenſe, the more my love appears.
Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu,
(At leaſt to feign was never hard to you)
"Farewel, my Leſbian love!" you might have ſaid,
Or coldly thus, "Farewel, oh Leſbian maid!"
No tear did you, no parting kiſs receive,
Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.
No lover's gift your Sapho could confer,
And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.
No charge I gave you, and no charge could give,
But this; "Be mindful of our loves, and live."
Now by the Nine, thoſe powers ador'd by me,
And Love, the God that ever waits on thee.
When firſt I heard (from whom I hardly knew)
That you were fled, and all my joys with you,
Like ſome ſad ſtatue, ſpeechleſs, pale, I ſtood;
Grief chill'd my breaſt, and ſtopp'd my freezing blood:
No ſigh to riſe, no tear had power to flow;
Fix'd in a ſtupid lethargy of woe.

But

But when its way th' impetuous paſſion found,
I rend my treſſes, and my breaſt I wound;
I rave, then weep, I curſe, and then complain,
Now ſwell to rage, now melt in tears again:
Not fiercer pangs diſtract the mournful dame,
Whoſe firſt-born infant feeds the fun'ral flame.
My ſcornful brother with a ſmile appears,
Inſults my woes, and triumphs in my tears.
His hated image ever haunts my eyes,
And why this grief! thy daughter lives; he cries.
Stung with my love, and furious with deſpair,
And torn my garments, and my boſom bare,
My woes, thy crimes, I to the world proclaim;
Such inconſiſtent things are love and ſhame!
'Tis thou art all my care, and my delight,
My daily longing, and my dream by night:
O night more pleaſing than the brighteſt day,
When fancy gives what abſence takes away,
And dreſt in all its viſionary charms,
Reſtores my fair deſerter to my arms!
Then round your neck in wanton wreaths I twine,
Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine:
A thouſand tender words I hear and ſpeak;
A thouſand melting kiſſes give and take:
Then fiercer joys—I bluſh to mention theſe,
Yet while I bluſh confeſs how much they pleaſe!
But when with day the ſweet deluſions fly,
And all things wake to life and joy, but I,
As if once more forſaken, I complain,
And cloſe my eyes, to dream of you again.
Then frantick riſe, and like ſome fury rove
Thro' lonely plains, and thro' the ſilent grove;
As if the ſilent grove, and lonely plains,
That knew my pleaſures, could relieve my pains.

I view the grotto, once the ſcene of love,
The rocks around, the hanging roofs above,
That charm'd me more, with native moſs o'ergrown,
Than Phrygian marble or the Parian ſtone.
I find the ſhades that veil'd our joys before,
But, Phaon gone, thoſe ſhades delight no more.
Here the preſs'd herbs with bending tops betray
Where oft entwin'd in am'rous folds we lay;
I kiſs that earth which once was preſs'd by you,
And all with tears the withering herbs bedew.
For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,
And birds defer their ſongs till thy return:
Night ſhades the groves, and all in ſilence lie,
All, but the mournful Philomel and I.
With mournful Philomel I join my ſtrain,
Of Tereus ſhe, of Phaon I complain.
A ſpring there is, whoſe ſilver waters ſhow,
Clear as a glaſs, the ſhining ſands below;
A flow'ry Lotos ſpreads its arms above,
Shades all the banks, and ſeems itſelf a grove:
Eternal greens the moſſy margin grace,
Watch'd by the ſylvan Genius of the place.
Here as I lay, and ſwell'd with tears the flood,
Before my ſight a watry virgin ſtood.
She ſtood, and cry'd, "O you that love in vain!
"Fly hence; and ſeek the fair Leucadian main:
"There ſtands a rock, from whoſe impending ſteep
"Apollo's fane ſurveys the rolling deep;
"There injur'd lovers, leaping from above,
"Their flames extinguiſh, and forget to love.
"Deucalion once with hopeleſs fury burn'd,
"In vain he lov'd, relentleſs Pyrrha ſcorn'd;
"But when from hence he plung'd into the main,
"Deucalion ſcorn'd, and Pyrrha lov'd in vain.

"Haſte,

" Haſte, Sapho, haſte, from high Leucadia throw
" Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below!"
She ſpoke, and vaniſh'd with the voice——I riſe,
And ſilent tears fall trickling from my eyes.
I go, ye nymphs! thoſe rocks and ſeas to prove;
How much I fear, but ah! how much I love!
I go, ye nymphs! where furious love inſpires:
Let female fears ſubmit to female fires!
To rocks and ſeas I fly from Phaon's hate,
And hope from ſeas and rocks a milder fate.
Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,
And ſoftly lay me on the waves below!
And thou, kind Love, my ſinking limbs ſuſtain,
Spread thy ſoft wings, and waft me o'er the main,
Nor let a lover's death the guiltleſs flood profane!
On Phœbus' ſhrine my harp I'll then beſtow,
And this inſcription ſhall be plac'd below.
" Here ſhe who ſung to him that did inſpire,
" Sapho to Phœbus conſecrates her lyre.
" What ſuits with Sapho, Phœbus, ſuits with thee;
" The gift, the giver, and the God agree.
But why, alas, relentleſs youth! ah why
To diſtant ſeas muſt tender Sapho fly?
Thy charms than thoſe may far more powerful be,
And Phœbus' ſelf is leſs a God to me.
Ah! canſt thou doom me to the rocks and ſea,
O far more faithleſs and more hard than they!
Ah! canſt thou rather ſee this tender breaſt
Daſh'd on theſe rocks, than to thy boſom preſt?
This breaſt, which once, in vain! you lik'd ſo well;
Where the Loves play'd, and where the Muſes dwell——
Alas! the Muſes now no more inſpire,
Untun'd my lute, and ſilent is my lyre;
My languid numbers have forgot to flow,
And fancy ſinks beneath a weight of woe.

Ye Leſbian virgins, and ye Leſbian dames,
Themes of my verſe, and objects of my flames,
No more your groves with my glad ſongs ſhall ring,
No more theſe hands ſhall touch the trembling ſtring:
My Phaon's fled, and I thoſe arts reſign,
(Wretch that I am, to call that Phaon mine!)
Return, fair youth, return, and bring along
Joy to my ſoul, and vigour to my ſong!
Abſent from thee, the poet's flame expires,
But ah! how fiercely burn the lover's fires?
Gods! can no pray'rs, no ſighs, no numbers move
One ſavage heart, or teach it how to love?
The winds my prayers, my ſighs, my numbers bear,
The flying winds have loſt them all in air!
Oh when, alas! ſhall more auſpicious gales
To theſe fond eyes reſtore thy welcome ſails?
If you return—ah why theſe long delays?
Poor Sapho dies while careleſs Phaon ſtays.
O lanch thy bark, nor fear the watry plain,
Venus for thee ſhall ſmooth her native main.
O lanch thy bark, ſecure of proſp'rous gales,
Cupid for thee ſhall ſpread the ſwelling ſails.
If you will fly—(yet ah! what cauſe can be,
Too cruel youth, that you ſhould fly from me?)
If not from Phaon I muſt hope for eaſe,
Ah let me ſeek it from the raging ſeas:
To raging ſeas, unpity'd, I'll remove,
And either ceaſe to live, or ceaſe to love!

CANACE to MACAREUS.

By Mr. *DRYDEN.*

The ARGUMENT.

Macareus *and* Canace, *ſon and daughter to* Æolus, *God of the winds, lov'd each other inceſtuouſly:* Canace *was deliver'd of a ſon, and commited him to her nurſe, to be ſecretly convey'd away. The infant crying out, by that means was diſcover'd to* Æolus, *who, inrag'd at the wickedneſs of his children, commanded the babe to be expos'd to wild beaſts on the mountains: And withal, ſent a ſword to* Canace, *with this meſſage, That her crimes would inſtruct her how to uſe it. With this ſword ſhe ſlew herſelf: But before ſhe dy'd, ſhe writ the following letter to her brother* Macareus, *who had taken ſanctuary in the temple of* Apollo.

IF ſtreaming blood my fatal letter ſtain,
Imagine, ere you read, the writer ſlain:
One hand the ſword, and one the pen employs,
And in my lap the ready paper lies.
Think in this poſture thou behold'ſt me write:
In this my cruel father would delight.
O were he preſent, that his eyes and hands
Might ſee and urge the death which he commands;
Than all the raging winds more dreadful, he,
Unmov'd, without a tear my wounds would ſee.
Jove juſtly plac'd him on a ſtormy throne,
His peoples temper is ſo like his own.
The North and South, and each contending blaſt
Are underneath his wide dominion caſt:

Thoſe

Thoſe he can rule; but his tempeſtuous mind
Is, like his airy kingdom, unconfin'd.
Ah! what avail my kindred Gods above,
That in their number I can reckon Jove!
What help will all my heavenly friends afford.
When to my breaſt I lift the pointed ſword?
That hour which join'd us came before its time,
In death we had been one without a crime.
Why did thy flames beyond a Brother's move?
Why lov'd I thee with more than Siſter's love?
For I lov'd too; and knowing not my wound,
A ſecret pleaſure in thy kiſſes found:
My cheeks no longer did their colour boaſt,
My food grew loathſome, and my ſtrength I loſt:
Still ere I ſpoke, a ſigh would ſtop my tongue;
Short were my ſlumbers, and my nights were long.
I knew not from my love theſe griefs did grow,
Yet was, alas, the thing I did not know.
My wily nurſe by long experience found,
And firſt diſcover'd to my ſoul its wound.
'Tis love, ſaid ſhe, and then my down-caſt eyes,
And guilty dumbneſs, witneſs'd my ſurpriſe,
Forc'd at the laſt, my ſhameful pain I tell:
And, oh, what follow'd! we both know too well!
" When half denying, more than half content,
" Embraces warm'd me to a full conſent.
" Then with tumultuous joys my heart did beat,
" And guilt that made them anxious made them great.
But now my ſwelling womb heav'd up my breaſt,
And riſing weight my ſinking limbs oppreſt.
What herbs, what plants, did not my nurſe produce
To make abortion by their powerful juice?
What med'cines try'd we not, to thee unknown?
Our firſt crime common; this was mine alone.

But

But the ſtrong child, ſecure in his dark cell,
With nature's vigour did our arts repel.
And now the pale-fac'd empreſs of the night
Nine times had fill'd her orb with borrow'd light:
Not knowing 'twas my labour, I complain
Of ſudden ſhootings, and of grinding pain:
My throes came thicker, and my cries increaſt,
Which with her hand the conſcious nurſe ſuppreſt.
To that unhappy fortune was I come,
Pain urg'd my clamours; but fear kept me dumb.
With inward ſtruggling I reſtrain'd my cries,
And drank the tears that trickled from my eyes.
Death was in ſight, Lucina gave no aid;
And even my dying had my guilt betray'd.
Thou cam'ſt; and in thy count'nance ſate deſpair:
Rent were thy garments all, and torn thy hair:
Yet ſeeing comfort which thou cou'dſt not give,
(Preſt in thy arms, and whiſpering me to live:)
For both our ſakes (ſaidſt thou) preſerve thy life:
Live, my dear ſiſter, and my dearer wife.
Rais'd by that name, with my laſt pangs I ſtrove:
Such power have words, when ſpoke by thoſe we love:
The babe, as if he heard what thou hadſt ſworn,
With haſty joy ſprung forward to be born.
What helps it to have weather'd out one ſtorm?
Fear of our father does another form.
High in his hall, rock'd in a chair of ſtate,
The king with his tempeſtuous council ſate;
Thro' this large room our only paſſage lay,
By which we could the new-born babe convey;
Swath'd in her lap, the bold nurſe bore him out:
With olive branches cover'd round about;
And, muttering prayers, as holy rites ſhe meant,
Thro' the divided crowd unqueſtion'd went.

Juſt

Juſt at the door th' unhappy infant cry'd:
The grandſire heard him, and the theft he ſpy'd.
Swift as a whirlwind to the nurſe he flies,
And deafs his ſtormy ſubjects with his cries.
With one fierce puff he blows the leaves away:
Expos'd the ſelf-diſcover'd infant lay.
The noiſe reach'd me, and my preſaging mind
Too ſoon its own approaching woes divin'd.
Not ſhips at ſea with winds are ſhaken more,
Nor ſeas themſelves, when angry tempeſts roar,
Than I, when my loud father's voice I hear:
The bed beneath me trembled with my fear.
He ruſh'd upon me, and divulg'd my ſtain;
Scarce from my murder could his hands refrain.
I only anſwer'd him with ſilent tears;
They flow'd; my tongue was frozen up with fears.
His little grand-child he commands away,
To mountain wolves and every bird of prey.
The babe cry'd out, as if he underſtood,
And begg'd his pardon with what voice he cou'd.
By what expreſſions can my grief be ſhown;
(Yet you may gueſs my anguiſh by your own)
To ſee my bowels, and what yet was worſe,
Your bowels too, condemn'd to ſuch a curſe!
Out went the king; my voice its freedom found,
My breaſts I beat, my blubber'd cheeks I wound.
And now appear'd the meſſenger of death,
Sad were his looks, and ſcarce had drew his breath,
To ſay, 'Your Father ſends you——(with that word
His trembling hands preſented me a ſword:)
'Your father ſends you this; and lets you know,
'That your own crimes the uſe of it will ſhow.'
Too well I know the ſenſe thoſe words impart;
His preſent ſhall be treaſur'd in my heart.

Are

Are theſe the nuptial gifts a bride receives?
And this the fatal dower a father gives?
Thou God of marriage, ſhun thy own diſgrace,
And take thy torch from this deteſted place;
Inſtead of that, let furies light their brands;
And fire my pile with their infernal hands.
With happier fortune may my ſiſters wed;
Warn'd by the dire example of the dead.
For thee, poor babe, what crime could they pretend?
How could thy infant innocence offend?
A guilt there was; but Oh that guilt was mine!
Thou ſuffer'ſt for a ſin that was not thine.
Thy mother's grief and crime! but juſt enjoy'd,
Shewn to my ſight, and born to be deſtroy'd!
Unhappy offſpring of my teeming womb!
Drag'd headlong from thy cradle to thy tomb!
Thy un-offending life I could not ſave,
Nor weeping could I follow to thy grave!
Nor on thy tomb could offer my ſhorn hair;
Nor ſhew the grief which tender mothers bear.
Yet long thou ſhalt not from my arms be loſt,
For ſoon I will o'ertake thy infant ghoſt.
But thou, my love, and now my love's deſpair,
Perform his funerals with paternal care.
His ſcatter'd limbs with my dead body burn;
And once more join us in the pious urn.
If on my wounded breaſt thou drop'ſt a tear,
Think for whoſe ſake my breaſt that wound did bear;
And faithfully my laſt deſires fulfil,
As I perform my cruel father's will.

PHILLIS to DEMOPHOON.

By *ED. POLEY*, Esq;

The ARGUMENT.

Demophoon, *who was son to* Theseus *and* Phædra, *in returning from the* Trojan *war into his own country, was by a tempest driven upon the coast of* Thrace, *where* Phillis, *who was the queen of* Thrace, *entertain'd and marry'd him. When he had stay'd with her some time, he heard that* Menestheus *was dead, (who after he had conquer'd* Theseus, *had usurp'd the government of* Athens;) *and under pretence of settling his own affairs, he went to* Athens, *and promis'd the queen that he would come back again in a month. When he had been gone four months, and that she had heard no news of him, she writes him this letter.*

YOu've gone beyond your time, and ought to give
So kind a wife as Phillis leave to grieve.
You promis'd me you would no longer stay,
Than 'till the first full moon should light your way.
Thrice did it since its borrow'd light renew,
And thrice has chang'd, but not so much as you.
Did you the days, and hours, and minutes tell,
As Phillis does, and they that love so well,
You'd say, 'twere time to weep; your sorrows too
Would justify those tears she sheds for you.
Still did I hope, and thought you'd still be here;
We hardly can believe those things we fear;
Now 'tis too plain, and spite of love and you,
I must both fear it, and believe it too.

How

How oft did I deceive myſelf, and ſwore
I ſaw your ſhip juſt making to the ſhore?
Then curs'd thoſe friends I thought had caus'd your ſtay;
Would you were half ſo innocent as they.
Sometimes I fear'd, by foaming billows toſt,
You might be ſhipwreck'd whilſt you ſought the coaſt.
And griev'd t' have injur'd whom I thought ſo true,
I begg'd that pardon I'd refus'd to you.
Then, cruel man! did I the Gods implore
To let you live, tho' I ne'er ſaw you more.
When I a favourable gale eſpy'd,
He comes, if he's alive, he comes, I cry'd.
And thus my love ſtill ſought ſome new pretence,
And I grew eloquent in your defence.
Yet thou avoid'ſt me ſtill, nor do I ſee
Thoſe promiſes thou mad'ſt to heaven and me.
" But thy falſe vows, alas! were all but wind,
" Thy vows and wiſhes made the gale more kind:
" They fill'd your ſails, and you were forc'd away,
" By the ſame wiſhes, which you made to ſtay.
What have I done, but lov'd to an exceſs?
You'd not been guilty had I lov'd you leſs.
My only crime is, loving you too well;
But ſure ſome merit in that crime does dwell.
Where's now your faith? And where's the love you bore?
Where are the Gods by whom you falſly ſwore?
Where's Hymen too, who join'd our tender years?
He bid me love, and baniſh'd all my fears.
You ſwore by th' ſwelling billows of the main,
Which you oft try'd, and yet would truſt again,
Rather than ſtay with me, tho' much more kind,
And conſtant too, than are the ſeas or wind.
You ſwore by the great ruler of the flood,
The heav'nly author of your royal blood;

(If

(If e'er a God had any thing to do
In one ſo falſe, and ſo unkind as you.)
You ſwore by Venus, and the fatal ſteel
Of thoſe proud darts, which too, too much I feel!
And by great Juno, whoſe reſiſtleſs art
Gave thee my hand, when I had given my heart.
Thou ſwor'ſt ſo much, that if each God ſhould be
Juſt to revenge his injur'd ſelf and me,
Such num'rous miſchiefs on thy head would fall,
Thou'dſt not have room enough to bear them all.
Diſtracted I, as if I'd fear your ſtay,
Repair'd your ſhips to hurry you away.
What haſte you wanted, my curs'd care ſupply'd,
Oars to your ſails, and current to your tide.
Thus was I falſly by myſelf betray'd,
And periſh by the wounds my hands have made.
I fooliſhly believ'd thoſe oaths you ſwore,
The race you boaſted, and the Gods you bore.
Who could have thought ſuch gentle words e'er hung
Upon a treacherous, deluding tongue?
I ſaw your tears, and I believ'd them all;
Can they lye too, and are they taught to fall?
What needed all that numerous perjury?
One was enough to her that lov'd like me.
I'm not aſham'd I did your ſhips receive,
And your own wants did carefully relieve;
Thoſe debts I ow'd you on a nobler ſcore;
But then, 'tis true, I ſhould have done no more.
All I repent, is, that I baſely ſtrove
T' increaſe your welcome by a nuptial love.
That night that uſher'd in th' unhappy day,
Which did me to your guilty love betray;
I wiſh that fatal night had been my laſt;
Then I had dy'd, but then I had been chaſte.

I hop'd

I hop'd you were, 'cauſe I deſerv'd you, true!
Is it a crime to wiſh what is our due?
'Tis ſure no mighty glory to deceive
A tender maid, ſo willing to believe.
My weakneſs does but heighten your offence,
You kindly ſhould have ſpar'd my innocence.
You've gain'd a maid that lov'd you, and may't be
Your greateſt prize, and only victory.
May your proud ſtatue, rais'd by this ſucceſs,
Shame your great father, 'cauſe his crimes were leſs;
And when late ſtory ſhall of tyrants tell,
And who by Sciron, and Procruſtes fell;
The Centaurs flight, the Thebans overthrow,
Who 'twas durſt force the diſmal ſhades below;
Then for your honour ſhall at laſt be ſaid,
Here's He, who by a wretched wile betray'd
A loving, innocent, believing maid.
Of all thoſe acts, we in your father knew,
His treachery alone remains in you.
What only can excuſe the ills you do,
You both inherit and admire it too.
He Ariadne did betray, but ſhe
Enjoys a huſband mightier far than he.
But the ſcorn'd Thracians my embraces ſhun,
'Cauſe I from them into thy arms did run.
Let her, they cry, to learned Greece be gone,
We'll find a monarch to ſupply the throne.
Thus all we do depends on an ill fate,
Which does for ever on th' unhappy wait;
But may that fate all his beſt thoughts attend,
Who judges others actions by the end.
For ſhould'ſt thou ever bleſs theſe ſeas again,
They'd praiſe that love of which they now complain.

Then

Then would they ſay, What could ſhe better do,
Both for herſelf, and for her kingdom too?
But I have err'd, and thou'rt for ever fled,
Forget'ſt my empire, and forget'ſt my bed.
Methinks I ſee thee ſtill, Demophoon,
Thy ſails all hoiſted, ready to be gone.
When boldly thou didſt my ſoft limbs embrace,
And with long kiſſes dwelt'ſt upon my face;
Drown'd in my tears, and in your own you lay,
And curs'd the winds that haſten'd you away.
Then parting cry'd, (methinks I hear thee ſtill)
Phillis, I'll come, you may be ſure I will.
Can I expect that thou'lt e'er ſee this ſhore,
Who left'ſt it that thou ne'er might'ſt ſee me more?
And yet I beg you'd come too, that you may
Be only guilty in too long a ſtay.
What do I aſk? thou, by new charms poſſeſs'd,
Forget'ſt my kindneſs on another breaſt;
And, better to compleat the treachery,
Swear'ſt all thoſe oaths, which thou haſt broke to me.
And haſt (falſe man) perhaps forgot my name,
And aſk'ſt too, who I am, and whence I came?
But that thou better may'ſt remember me,
Know, thou ungrateful man, that I am ſhe,
Who, when thou'dſt wander'd all the ocean o'er,
Harbour'd thy ſhips, and welcom'd thee to ſhore;
Thy coffers ſtill repleniſh'd from my own,
And to that height a prodigal was grown,
I gave thee all thou aſk'dſt, and gave ſo faſt,
I gave myſelf into thy power at laſt;
I gave my ſcepter and my crown to thee,
A weight too heavy to be borne by me,
Where Hæmus does his ſhady head diſplay,
And gentle Heber cuts his ſacred way.

So

So great's the empire, and ſo wide the land,
Scarce to be govern'd by a woman's hand.
She whom Fate would not ſuffer to be chaſte,
Whoſe nuptials with a funeral pomp was grac'd;
Shrill cries diſturb'd us 'midſt our ſwifteſt joys,
And our drawn curtains trembled with the noiſe;
Then cloſe to thee I clung, all drown'd in tears,
And ſought my ſhelter, where I'd found my fears.
And now while others drown their care in ſleep,
I run to th' barren ſhore and rocks, to weep,
And view with longing eyes the ſpacious deep.
All day and night I the wind's courſe ſurvey,
Impatient 'till I find it blows this way:
And when afar, a coming ſail I view,
I thank my ſtars, and I conclude 'tis you;
Then with ſtrange haſte I run my love to meet;
Nor can the flowing waters ſtop my feet.
When near, I grow more fearful than before,
A ſudden trembling ſeizes me all o'er,
And leaves my body breathleſs on the ſhore.
Hard by, where two huge mountains guard the way,
There lies a fearful, ſolitary bay;
Oft I've reſolv'd, while on this place I've ſtood,
To throw myſelf into the raging flood,
Wild with deſpair, and I will do it ſtill,
Since you continue thus to uſe me ill.
And when the kinder waves ſhall waft me o'er,
May'ſt thou behold my body on the ſhore
Unburied lie; and though thy cruelty
Harder than ſtone, or than thyſelf ſhou'd be,
Yet ſhalt thou cry, aſtoniſh'd with the ſhow,
Phillis, I was not to be follow'd ſo.
Raging with poiſons would I oft expire,
And quench my own by a much happier fire.

Then,

Then, to revenge the loſs of all my reſt,
Would ſtab thy image in my tortur'd breaſt.
Or by a knot (more welcome far to me
Than that, falſe man, which I have ty'd with thee,)
Strangle that neck, where thoſe falſe arms of thine,
With treach'rous kindneſs, us'd ſo oft to twine;
And as becomes a poor unhappy wife,
Repair my ruin'd honour with my life.
When we can once with our hard fate comply,
'Tis eaſy then to chuſe the way to die.
Then on my tomb ſhall the proud cauſe be read,
And thy ſad crime ſtill live, when I am dead:
'Poor Phillis dy'd, by him ſhe lov'd oppreſs'd;
'The trueſt miſtreſs, by the falſeſt gueſt.
'He was the cruel cauſe of all her woe,
'But her own hand perform'd the fatal blow.

PHILLIS to DEMOPHOON.

By Mr. *ED. FLOYD.*

The ARGUMENT.

Demophoon, *the ſon of* Theſeus *and* Phædra, *returning from the* Trojan *wars, was by adverſe winds driven on the* Thracian *ſhore, where he was royally entertained, and received into familiarity by* Phillis, *daughter to* Lycurgus *and* Cruſtumena, *king and queen of* Thrace: *With whom, after he had a while remain'd, hearing of the death of* Mneſtheus *(the depoſer of his father) he went to take poſſeſſion of his own realm of* Athens, *yet with earneſt proteſtations of returning within the ſpace of one month. But being detain'd paſt the appointed time by the diſtractions his people were under, he gave occaſion to* Phillis *(impatient of delays) to write him this epiſtle.*

PHillis (who entertain'd thy love and thee,
Faithleſs Demophoon) blames thy perjury;
How when with pain we parted didſt thou mourn,
And ſeem'dſt to live alone for thy return!
How didſt thou limit my diſtreſs, and ſwear
Within one month thy ſpeedy preſence here!
Yet now four moons are weary'd out, and ſee
Thee ſtill regardleſs of thy vows and me.
Hadſt thou a tender ſenſe to know the pain
Of abſent lovers who expect in vain,
Thou wouldſt not call me haſty, nor upbraid
Theſe humble murmurs of a wife betray'd.

We're ſlow in our believing ill, for I
Flatter'd myſelf that yet I ſhou'd not die:
Myſelf I've oft deluded,— thought thee kind—
——Thy ſhip returning with a proſp'rous wind:
Theſeus I've curſt, and yet unjuſtly him,
For thou perhaps art author of thy crime.
The dang'rous ſhoals of Hebrus made me mourn,
As fancying thee expos'd in thy return.
Oft for thy health I've ſought the Gods by pray'r,
And incenſe burnt to place thee in their care.
Whene'er the wind ſtood fair, I fancy'd ſtraight
Thy ſudden preſence, or thy certain fate.
Then have I ſtudy'd reaſons for thy ſtay,
And urg'd my wit to favour thy delay:
Yet doſt not thou the ſenſe of vows retain,
To Gods, and me, made equally in vain.
Thy ſtricteſt vows did mix with common air,
Nor does thy tardy fleet the fault repair.
Thy abſence fully does my crime reprove,
And ſeems deſign'd to pay ſo cheap a love.
My only fault was loving eaſily;
And yet that fault claims gratitude in thee.
Where's now thy faith—thy ſuppliant hands, and where
The God prophan'd by thy fallacious pray'r?
Where's Hymen now, that ſhould our hearts unite,
Bleſs and ſecure our conjugal delight?
Firſt, by the ſea thou ſwor'ſt thy meaning juſt,
The ſea that then thou wert about to truſt:
Thou ſwor'ſt by thy pretended grandſire's name,
The God that does rebellious ſtorms reclaim.
By Venus and by love's artillery,
The inſtruments of mighty woes to me:
By Juno, who of marriage vows takes care,
And Ceres, who the hallow'd torch does bear:

Shou'd

Shou'd theſe wrong'd pow'rs be juſt, cou'dſt thou with-
The angry ſtroke of an almighty hand? [ſtand
Thy ſhips I did repair, thy ſails improve,
And ſtrengthen'd the deſerter of my love.
I gave thee oars as inſtruments of ſpeed,
And ſharpen'd all the darts by which I bleed.
Thy words—thy kindred Gods—whate'er was feign'd
With joy I heard, with faith I entertain'd:
View'd with regard thy falſe commanded tears,
Thy artful ſorrow, and thy ſeeming fears.
Thy arts of love to me thou might'ſt have ſpar'd,
For I was too unhappily prepar'd.
Nor ſhou'd I grieve to have well treated thee,
And limited my hoſpitality;
But to admit thee looſely to my breaſt,
Is treaſon, fatal to my preſent reſt.
Ah! had I dy'd before that evening came,
I then had dy'd in peace, ſecure of fame.
Yielding I hop'd thy gratitude might move,
And ſhewing mine, deſerve thy utmoſt love.
But 'tis inglorious thus to have betray'd
(Ah pitileſs) a frail believing maid:
A maid that lov'd thee thou haſt robb'd of fame,
And may no greater honour reach thy name.
In Athens when thy ſtatue ſhall be plac'd
Near thy great father, with his trophies grac'd;
When Sciron and Procuſtes ſhall be read,
Scinis and Minotaure in triumph led:
Thebes quite reduc'd, the Centaurs overcome,
Hell ſtorm'd, and the black king diſturb'd at home;
Thy hated image thus inſcrib'd ſhall end——
——'He who betray'd his miſtreſs and his friend.'
Of all thy mighty father has atchiev'd,
Thou lik'ſt that Ariadne was deceiv'd:

What he repented, thou doſt ſtill admire,
And only to his treachery art heir:
(Unenvy'd) ſhe enjoys a nobler mate,
And drawn by harneſs'd tigers, rides in ſtate.
The Thracians, whom I ſcorn'd, now ſhun my bed,
As one by ſtrange polluted hands miſled:
Says one, Let learned Athens be her place,
Some nobler hand ſhall govern warlike Thrace.
The end proves all——and may he never hit
His rath preſage, who dares condemn thee yet.
For ſhould'ſt thou now return, each will conclude
I ſtudy'd with my own my country's good;
I've fail'd, alas! Thou no review doſt make
Or of my palace or the cryſtal lake.
My eyes retain thy graceful image, when
With mournful bows thou bad'ſt me hope again.
Thou didſt embrace me, and with ſuch delay,
That long breath'd kiſſes ſeem'd to mean thy ſtay;
Thou didſt exchange and mix our tears, and ſwear
The wind was inauſpicious, when 'twas fair;
When our divorce thou cou'dſt no more decline,
Thou ſaid'ſt, 'Expect me—Phillis, I am thine:'
Him I expect, who meant to come no more,
And ſhips no more deſign'd to touch this ſhore:
Yet ſtill I hope—ah! come, tho' paſt thy time,
That thy delay may be thy only crime.
Some wanton maid (perhaps) ſeduces thee,
And buys thy love with cheap diſcourſe of me.
Thou canſt not be unmindful who I am,
Conſult thyſelf for my neglected name;
Phillis, thy conſtant, hoſpitable friend,
Who did her harbour and aſſiſtance lend:
Love, empire, all ſubmitted to thy will,
Who gave thee much, and wiſh'd to give thee ſtill;

Lycurgus'

Lycurgus' land ſurrender'd to thy ſway,
And to thy hand its ſcepter did convey,
As far as Rhodope and Hæmus go,
And the ſoft ſtreams of ſacred Hebrus flow;
Thee my laſt bluſhes bleſt, thy love's long toils
Rewarded with my conquer'd virgin ſpoils.
The howling fiends and ominous birds of night
With diſmal notes perform'd each nuptial rite:
With her curl'd ſnakes the fierce Alecto came,
To light our tapers with infernal flame.
On rocks I walk—and o'er the barren ſand,
Far as my eyes can reach the ſpacious ſtrand,
Look out all hours to ſee what wind ſtands fair,
By earth's cold damp untir'd, or heav'n's bleak air;
When any diſtant ſail I chance to ſpy,
I fancy thy looſe ſtreamers drawing nigh;
Lanch'd into ſea, the tardy gales I chide,
And to meet thee I ſtem th' impetuous tide;
When their approach declares my hopes are vain,
I fainting crave th' aſſiſtance of my train.
Above the bay, which the ſpent billows blocks,
And forms a precipice of pendent rocks,
Thence my deſpair preſented me a grave,
And nought but thy return my life ſhall ſave.
May ſome kind wave to thy own ſhore convey,
And at thy feet thy floating Phillis lay,
Thy melting heart this diſmal ſound will groan,
In theſe embraces join'd, we meet too ſoon——
Oft have I thirſted for a pois'nous draught,
As oft a death from ſome kind poniard ſought;
Oft round that neck a ſilken twine I caſt,
Which once thy dear perfidious arms embrac'd.
By death I'll heal my preſent infamy,
But ſtay to chooſe the ſpeedieſt way to die.

This ſad ſhort epitaph ſhall ſpeak my doom,
And fix my mournful ſtory on my tomb,
'This monument did falſe Demophoon build,
'With the cold aſhes of his miſtreſs fill'd;
'He was the cauſe, and hers the hand that kill'd.

HYPERM-

HYPERMNESTRA to LINUS.

By Mr. *WRIGHT.*

The ARGUMENT.

Danaus, *king of* Argos, *had by ſeveral wives fifty daughters, his brother* Egyptus *as many ſons.* Danaus, *refuſing to marry his daughters to his brother's ſons, was at laſt compell'd by an army. In revenge, he commands his daughters each to murder her huſband on the wedding night: All obey'd but* Hypermneſtra, *who aſſiſted her huſband* Linus *to eſcape; for which being afterwards impriſoned and put in irons, ſhe writes this epiſtle.*

TO that dear brother who alone ſurvives,
Of fifty, late, whoſe love betray'd their lives,
Writes ſhe that ſuffers in her lord's defence:
Unhappy wife, whoſe crime's her innocence!
For ſaving him I love, I'm guilty call'd:
Had I been truly ſo, I'd been extoll'd.
Let me be guilty ſtill, ſince this they ſay
Is guilt, I glory thus to diſobey.
Torments nor death ſhall draw me to repent:
Though againſt me they uſe that inſtrument
From which I ſav'd a huſband's dearer life,
And with one ſword kill Linus and his wife;
Yet will I ne'er repent for being true,
Or bluſh t' have lov'd: That let my ſiſters do:
Such ſhame, and ſuch repentance is their due.

I'm ſeiz'd with terror, while I but relate,
And ſhun remembrance of a crime I hate!
The frightful memory of that dire night
Enervates ſo my hand I ſcarce can write.
Howe'er I'll try. With ceremony gay
About the ſet of night, and riſe of day,
The wicked ſiſters were in triumph led,
And I among 'em, to the nuptial bed.
The marriage lights, as fun'ral lamps appear,
And threat'ning omens meet us every where.
Hymen they call: Hymen neglects their cries:
Nay Juno too from her own Argos flies.
Now come the Bridegrooms, high with wine, to find
Something with us, more lov'd than wine, behind.
Full of impatient love, careleſs and brave,
They ſeize the bed, not ſeeing there a grave.
What follow'd, ſhame forbids me to expreſs;
But who ſo ignorant as not to gueſs?
Now their tir'd ſenſes they to ſleep commit,
A ſleep as ſtill as death; ah, too like it!
'Twas then, methought, I heard their groans that dy'd.
Alas! 'twas more than thought! I, terrify'd,
Lay trembling, cold, and without power to move
In that dear bed, which you had made me love.
While you in the ſoft bonds of ſleep lay faſt,
Charm'd with the joys of love, then newly paſt:
Fearing to diſobey, I riſe at laſt.
Witneſs, ſweet heav'ns, how tender was the ſtrife,
Betwixt the name of daughter and of wife.
Thrice o'er your breaſt, which did ſo lately join
In ſuch an ecſtacy of love to mine,
I rais'd the pointed ſteel to pierce that part;
But ah! th' attempt ſtruck nearer to my heart.

My

My ſoul divided thus, theſe words, among
A thouſand ſighs, fell ſoftly from my tongue.
'Doſt thou not heed a father's awful will?
'Doſt thou not fear his pow'r? on then and kill.
'How can I kill, when I conſider who?
'Can I think death? againſt a lover too?
'What has my ſex with blood and arms to do?
'Fy, thou art now by love to ſhame betray'd;
'Thy ſiſter-brides by this have all obey'd;
'With ſhame their courage and their duty ſee:
'If not a daughter, yet a ſiſter be.
'No, I will never ſtrike: If one muſt die,
'Linus ſhall live, and my death his ſupply.
'What has he done, or I, what greater ill?
'For him to die, and I much worſe, to kill?
'Were he as guilty as my father wou'd
'Preſent him, why muſt I be ſtain'd with blood?
'Poniards and ſwords ill with my ſex agree:
'Soft looks, and ſighs of love, our weapons be.'
As I lamented thus, the tears apace
Dropt from my pitying eyes, on thy lov'd face.
While you, with kind and am'rous dreams poſſeſt,
Threw careleſly your dear arm o'er my breaſt,
There thinking to repeat joys lately known,
Your hand upon my ſword was almoſt thrown.
'Twas time to call; no longer I forbore,
Dreading the day's approach, my father's more.
Wake, Linus, wake, I cry'd; O quickly wake,
Or ſleep for ever here! Th' alarm you take,
Start up; aſk twenty queſtions in one breath:
To all I anſwer thus——delay is death;
Fly while 'tis dark, and 'ſcape eternal night.
While it was dark you made a happy flight:
I ſtay'd to meet the terrors of the light.

With day my father comes, the dead to view;
And finds the diſmal ſum one ſhort by you.
Enrag'd to ſee his treachery betray'd,
By his command, I'm thus in fetters laid.
Is this reward due to my love from fate?
Ah, wretched flame! paſſion unfortunate?
Since Io ſuffer'd under Juno's rage,
Nothing that rival'd goddeſs can aſſwage.
Th' unhappy miſtreſs of the mighty Jove,
Chang'd to a cow, a form unapt for love,
Views in her father's ſtreams her head's array,
Sees her own horns, and frighted, ſtarts away.
When ſhe'd complain, ſhe lows; and equal fears
From her new ſelf ſurpriſe her eyes and ears.
In vain to loſe the frightful ſhape ſhe tries,
For Io follows ſtill, where Io flies.
In vain ſhe wanders over lands and ſeas:
Can ſhe find cure whoſe ſelf is the diſeaſe?
Sadly ſevere the change in her appear'd,
Whoſe beauty Jove has lov'd, and Juno fear'd:
Graſs and the ſprings her food and drink ſupply:
Her only lodging's the unſheltring ſky.
What need I urge antiquity? my fate
Is a freſh inſtance of the Goddeſs' hate.
A double ſtock of tears by me are ſpilt,
Both for my brothers death, and ſiſters guilt.
Yet, as if that were ſmall, theſe chains arrive,
'Cauſe I, alone, am guiltleſs, you alive.
But, my dear lord, if any thought you have,
Or of the love, or of the life I gave:
If any memory with you does laſt,
Or of the pleaſures, or the dangers paſt,
Now, Linus, now ſome help to her afford,
Who wants the liberty ſhe gave her lord.

If life forſake me ere I you can ſee,
And death, before my Linus, ſet me free,
Yet my unhappy earth from hence remove,
And give thoſe obſequies are due to love.
When I'm interr'd I know ſome tears will fall:
Then let this little epitaph be all.
'Here lies a love compleat, tho' hapleſs wife,
'Who catch'd the death aim'd at her huſband's life.'
Here I muſt reſt my hand, tho' much remains,
'Tis quite diſabled with the weight of chains.

ARIADNE to THESEUS.

The ARGUMENT.

Minos, *King of* Crete, *by a ſharp war compell'd the* Athenians, *(who had treacherouſly ſlain his ſon* Androgeos) *to ſend yearly ſeven young men, and as many virgins, to be devoured by the* Minotaure; *a monſter begotten by a bull upon his wife* Paſiphae, *while he was engaged in that war. The chance at laſt fell upon* Theſeus *to be ſent among thoſe youths; who by the inſtruction of* Ariadne *eſcaped out of the labyrinth, after he had kill'd the* Minotaure, *and together with her, fled to the iſle of* Naxos. *But being commanded by* Bacchus, *he forſook her, while ſhe ſlept. When ſhe awak'd, and found herſelf deſerted, ſhe writes this letter.*

THan ſavage beaſts more fierce, more to be fear'd;
Expos'd by thee, by them I yet am ſpar'd!
Theſe lines from that unhappy ſhore I write,
Where you forſook me in your faithleſs flight,
And the moſt tender lover did betray,
While lock'd in ſleep, and in your arms ſhe lay.
When morning dew on all the fields did fall,
And birds with early ſongs for day did call;
Then I, half-ſleeping, ſtretch'd me tow'rds your place,
And ſought to preſs you with a new embrace:
Oft ſought to preſs you cloſe, but ſtill in vain;
My folding arms came empty back again.
Startled, I roſe, and found that you were gone,
Then on my widow'd bed fell raging down:
Beat the fond breaſt, where ſpite of me you dwell,
And tore that hair, which once you lik'd ſo well.

By

By the moon's light I the wide ſhore did view,
But all was deſart, and no ſight of you.
Then every way with love's mad haſte I fly,
But ill my feet with my deſires comply;
Weary they ſink in the deep yielding ſands,
Refuſing to obey ſuch wild commands.
To all the ſhore of Theſeus I complain,
The hills and rocks ſend back that name again:
Oft they repeat aloud the mournful noiſe,
And kindly aid a hoarſe and dying voice.
Tho' faint, yet ſtill impatient, next I try
To climb a rough ſteep mountain which was nigh:
(My furious love unuſual ſtrength ſupply'd:
From thence, caſting my eyes on every ſide,
Far off the flying veſſel I eſpy'd.
In your ſwell'd ſails the wanton winds did play,
(They court you ſince they ſee you falſe as they.)
I ſaw, or fancy'd that I ſaw you there,
And my chill veins froze up with cold deſpair:
Thus did I languiſh, 'till returning rage
In new extremes did my fir'd ſoul engage.
Theſeus, I cry, perfidious Theſeus ſtay!
(But you are deaf, deaf as the winds, or ſea!)
Stay your falſe flight and let your veſſel bear
Hence the whole number which ſhe landed here!
In loud and doleful ſhrieks I tell the reſt;
And with freſh fury wound my hated breaſt.
Then all my ſhining ornaments I tear,
And with ſtretch'd arms wave them in open air,
That you might ſee her whom you could not hear.
But when out of my ſight the veſſel flew,
And the horizon ſhut me from the view;
From my ſad eyes, what floods of tears did fall!
('Till then rage would not let me weep at all.)

Still

Still let them weep, for loſing ſight of you,
'Tis the whole buſineſs which they ought to do.
Like Bacchus' raving prieſts ſometimes I go:
With ſuch wild haſte, with hair diſhevel'd ſo.
Then on ſome craggy rock ſit ſilent down,
As cold, unmov'd, and ſenſeleſs as the ſtone.
To our once happy bed I often fly;
(No more the place of mutual love and joy.)
See where my much-lov'd Theſeus once was laid,
And kiſs the print which his dear body made.
Here we both lay, I cry, falſe bed, reſtore
My Theſeus, kind and faithful as before.
I brought him here, here loſt him while I ſlept.
How well, falſe bed, you have my lover kept!
Alone and helpleſs in this deſart place,
The ſteps of man or beaſt I cannot trace;
On ev'ry ſide the foaming billows beat,
But no kind ſhip does offer a retreat.
And ſhould the gods ſend me ſome lucky ſail,
Calm ſeas, good pilots, and a proſp'rous gale;
Yet then my native ſoil I durſt not ſee,
But a ſad exile muſt for ever be.
From all Crete's hundred cities I am curſt,
From that fam'd iſle where infant Jove was nurſt.
Crete I betray'd for you, and, what's more dear,
Betray'd my father, who that crown does wear,
When to your hands the fatal clew I gave,
Which thro' the winding lab'rinth led you ſafe:
Then how you lov'd, how eagerly embrac'd!
How oft you ſwore, by all your dangers paſt,
That with my life your love ſhou'd ever laſt!
Ah, perjur'd Theſeus, I thy love ſurvive,
If one forſaken and expos'd does live.
Had you ſlain me, as you my brother ſlew,
You'd then abſolv'd yourſelf from ev'ry vow;

Now

Now both my preſent grief denies me reſt,
And all, that a wild fancy can ſuggeſt
Of dreadful ills to come, diſtracts my breaſt.
Before my eyes a thouſand deaths appear,
I live, yet ſuffer all the deaths I fear.
Sometimes I think that lions there do go,
And ſcarce dare truſt my ſight that 'tis not ſo.
Imagine that fierce wolves are howling there,
And at th' imagin'd noiſe ſhrink up with fear.
Then think what monſters from the ſea may riſe,
Or fancy bloody ſwords before my eyes.
But moſt I dread to be a captive made,
And ſee theſe hands in ſervile works imploy'd,
Unworthy my extraction from a line
On one ſide royal, and on both divine:
And, (which my indignation more would move,)
Unworthy her whom Theſeus once did love.
If tow'rds the ſea I look, or tow'rds the land,
Objects of horror ſtill before me ſtand.
Nor dare I look tow'rds Heav'n, or hope to find
Aid from thoſe Gods who chang'd my Theſeus' mind.
If beaſts alone within this iſland ſtay,
Behold me left to them a helpleſs prey!
If men dwell here, they muſt be ſavage too:
This ſoil, this heav'n made gentle Theſeus ſo.
Would Athens never had my brother ſlain,
Nor for his paid ſo many lives again.
Would thy ſtrong arm had never giv'n the wound,
Which ſtruck the doubtful monſter to the ground;
Nor I had giv'n the guiding thread to thee,
Which to my own deſtruction, ſet thee free.
Let the unknowing world thy conqueſt praiſe,
It does not Ariadne's wonder raiſe:
So hard a heart, unarm'd, might ſafely ſcorn
The ſtrength and ſharpneſs of the monſter's horn,

If

If flint or ſteel could be ſecure of wound,
No room for fear could in that breaſt be found.
Curſt be the ſleep which ſeal'd theſe eyes ſo faſt!
Curſt that, begun, it did not ever laſt!
For ever curſt be that officious wind,
Which fill'd thy ſails, and in my ruin join'd!
Curſt hand, which me, and which my brother kill'd!
(With what misfortunes our ſad houſe 't has fill'd!)
And curſt the tongue, which with ſoft words betray'd,
And empty vows, a poor believing maid!
Sleep and the winds againſt me had combin'd
In vain, if perjur'd Theſeus had not join'd.
Poor Ariadne, thou muſt periſh here,
Breathe out thy ſoul in ſtrange and hated air,
Nor ſee thy pitying mother ſhed one tear:
Want a kind hand which thy fix'd eyes may cloſe,
And thy ſtiff limbs may decently compoſe.
Thy carcaſe to the birds muſt be a prey.
Thus Theſeus all thy kindneſs does repay!
Mean while to Athens your ſwift ſhip does run;
There tell the wondering croud what you have done:
How the mixt prodigy you did ſubdue;
The beaſt and man how with one ſtroke you ſlew.
Deſcribe the lab'rinth, and how, taught by me,
You 'ſcap'd from all thoſe perplex'd mazes free.
Tell, in return, what gen'rous things you've done:
Such gratitude will all your triumphs crown!
Sprung ſure from rocks and not of human race!
Thy cruelty does thy great line diſgrace.
Yet couldſt thou ſee, as barb'rous as thou art,
Theſe diſmal looks, ſure, they would touch thy heart:
You cannot ſee, yet think you ſaw me now
Fix'd to ſome rock, as if I there did grow,
And trembling at the waves which roll below.

Look

Look on my torn and my diſorder'd hairs,
Look on my robe wet through with ſhow'rs of tears.
With the cold blaſts ſee my whole body ſhakes,
And my numb'd hand unequal letters makes.
I do not urge my hated merit now,
But yield, this once, that you do nothing owe.
I neither ſav'd your life, nor ſet you free:
Yet therefore muſt you force this death on me?
Ah! ſee this wounded breaſt worn out with ſighs,
And theſe faint arms ſtretch'd to the ſeas and ſkies;
See theſe few hairs yet ſpar'd by grief and rage,
Some pity let theſe flowing tears engage.
Turn back, and, if I'm dead when you return,
Yet lay my aſhes in their peaceful urn.

HERMIONE to ORESTES.

By JOHN PULTNEY, Eſq;

The ARGUMENT.

Hermione, *the daughter of* Menelaus *and* Helena, *was by* Tindarus *her grandfather (to whom* Menelaus *had committed the government of his houſe when he went to* Troy) *contracted to* Oreſtes. *Her father* Menelaus, *not knowing thereof, had betroth'd her to* Pyrrhus, *the ſon of* Achilles, *who returning from the* Trojan *wars, ſtole her away. Whereupon ſhe writes to* Oreſtes *as follows.*

THIS, dear Oreſtes, this, with health to you,
From her that was your wife and couſin too;
Your couſin ſtill, but oh! that dearer name
Of wife another now does falſely claim.
What woman can, I have already done,
Yet I'm confin'd by rough Achilles' ſon.
With much of pain, and all the art I knew,
I ſtrove to ſhun him, yet all would not do.
Stand off, ſaid I, foul raviſher, take heed,
My injur'd huſband will revenge this deed;
Yet he, more deaf than angry tempeſts are,
To his loath'd chamber drag'd me by the hair.
Had Troy ſtill ſtood, had every Grecian dame
Become a prey to th' haughty victor's flame,
What could I more have ſuffer'd than I do?
Far more than poor Andromache e'er knew.
But oh, my dear! if, as I have for thee,
Thou haſt a tender care, or thought for me,

Come

Come bravely on, and as robb'd tigers bold,
Snatch me half murder'd from the monſter's hold.
Can you purſue each petty robber's life?
And yet thus tamely loſe a raviſh'd wife?
Think how my father Menelaus rag'd
For his loſt queen, think what a war he wag'd,
When pow'rful Greece was in his cauſe engag'd.
Had he ſat quietly, and nothing try'd,
As once ſhe was, ſhe'd ſtill been Paris' bride.
Prepare no fleet, you will no forces need,
By you, and only you, I would be freed.
Not but wrong'd marriage is a cauſe alone
Sufficient for th' inraging world to own.
Sprung from the royal Pelopean line,
You are no leſs by blood than marriage mine,
Theſe double ties a double love perſuade,
And each ſufficient to deſerve your aid.
I to your arms was by my guardian given,
The only bliſs I would have begg'd from heaven.
But that unknown, (O my unhappy fate!)
My father gave me to the man I hate.
Juſt were thoſe infant vows to you I made,
But this laſt act has all thoſe vows betray'd.
Too well he knows what 'tis to be in love;
How can he then my paſſion diſapprove?
Since love himſelf has felt, he will, nay muſt,
Allow this paſſion in his daughter juſt.
My fate reſembles my wrong'd father's caſe,
And Pyrrhus is that thief that Paris was.
Let my proud gaoler the brave deeds run o'er,
Count all the laurels his great parent wore,
What e'er his cou'd, yours greater did, and more.
Let him claim kindred with ſome God above,
You are deſcended from the mighty Jove.

Brave

Brave as you are, I wiſh 'twere underſtood
By ſomething elſe, than by Ægiſthus' blood:
Yet you are innocent, fate drew the ſword,
And a religious duty gave the word.
With this the tyrant does my lord diſgrace,
And what's ſtill worſe, dares do it to my face:
Whilſt burſt with envy, I am forc'd to be
Rackt and tormented with his blaſphemy.
Shall my Oreſtes be abus'd, and I
As one that's unconcern'd ſit careleſs by?
No, though diſabled, and of arms bereft,
Yet as a woman I have one way left,
Tears I can ſhed, ſuch as will yield relief
To my ſick mind, choak'd with exceſs of grief;
For when the big charg'd ſtorm hath loſt its pow'r,
It ſighs itſelf into a ſilent ſhow'r.
This I can do, whilſt by each other preſt,
This dewy pearls run trickling o'er my breaſt.
But how ſhou'd I this fatal woe eſcape?
All our whole race was ſubject to a rape:
I need not tell, how, in ſoft feathers dreſt,
The wanton god his ſofter nymph poſſeſt;
How thro' the deep in unknown ſhips convey'd
Hippodamé was from her friends betray'd;
How the fair Tyndaris, by force detain'd,
By th' Amyclean brethren was regain'd,
How afterwards by all the Grecian pow'r
She was brought back from the Idæan ſhore.
I ſcarce remember that ſad day, and yet,
Young as I was, I do remember it.
Her brothers wept, her ſiſter, to remove
Her fears, call'd on the Gods, and her own Jove.
Mother, ſaid I, in a weak mournful tone,
" Will you be gone, and leave me here alone?

" When

" When you are gone, why ſhou'd I ſtay behind?"
All this I ſpoke, but ſpoke it to the wind.
Now, like the reſt of my curſt pedigree,
By this loath'd wretch I am detain'd from thee.
The brave Achilles wou'd have blam'd his ſon,
Nor, had he liv'd, wou'd this have e'er been done.
He ne'er had thought it lawful to divide
Thoſe two, whom marriage had ſo firmly ty'd.
What is't, ye Gods, that thus provokes your hate,
Or what curs'd ſtar rules my unhappy fate?
Why am I plagu'd by your injurious pow'r,
Robb'd of my parents in a tender hour?
He, to the war, ſhe with her lover fled,
Though living both, yet both to me were dead.
No babbling words, half fram'd upon my tongue,
Lull'd me to ſoft repoſe when I was young.
Your tender neck was ne'er embrac'd by me,
Nor ſat I ever ſmiling on your knee;
You never tended me, nor was I led
By thee (dear mother) to my marriage-bed.
At your return, I ſaw, but knew you not;
So ſure my mother's face I had forgot.
I gaz'd, and gaz'd, but knew no feature there,
Yet thought 'twas you, 'cauſe ſo divinely fair.
Such was our ignorance, ev'n you, alas!
Aſk'd your own daughter, where your daughter was.
Thou, my Oreſtes, wert my ſole delight,
Yet thee too I muſt loſe, unleſs you fight.
Pyrrhus withholds me from thy arms, that's all
Hermione has gain'd by Ilium's fall.
Soon as the early harbinger of day
Gilds the glad orb with his reſplendent ray;
My grief's made gentler by th' approaching light,
And ſome pains ſeem to vaniſh with the night;

And when a darkneſs o'er the earth is ſpread,
And I return all penſive to my bed,
Tears from my eyes, as ſtreams from fountains flow,
I ſhun this huſband, as I'd ſhun a foe.
Oft grown unmindful through diſtractive cares,
I've ſtretch'd my arms, and touch'd him unawares;
Straight then I check the wand'ring ſenſe, and fly
To the bed's utmoſt limits, yet I lie
Reſtleſs ev'n there, and think I'm ſtill too nigh.
Oft I for Pyrrhus have Oreſtes ſaid,
But bleſt the error which my tongue had made.
Now by that royal God, whoſe frown can make
The vaſſal globe of his creation ſhake,
Th' almighty ſire of our unhappy race,
And by the ſacred urn that does embrace
Thy father's duſt, whoſe once loud blood may boaſt
Thou in repoſe haſt laid his ſleeping ghoſt;
I'll either live my dear Oreſtes' wife,
Or to untimely fate reſign my life.

LEANDER to HERO.

By Mr. *TATE.*

The ARGUMENT.

Leander, *accuſtom'd nightly to ſwim over the* Heleſpont *to viſit* Hero *(prieſteſs of* Venus's *temple) being at laſt hinder'd by ſtorms from his wonted courſe, ſends her the following epiſtle.*

REceive this letter from Leander, fraught
With ſervice which he rather would have brought.
Read with a ſmile,—and yet, if thou would'ſt crown
My wiſer wiſhes, read them with a frown:
That anger from thy kindneſs will proceed,
'Cauſe of Leander thou canſt only read.
The ſeas rage high, and ſcarce could we prevail
With the moſt daring mariner to ſail.
Embark'd at laſt, and ſculking in the hold,
My ſtealth is to my jealous parents told,
As much too tim'rous they, as I too bold.
I writ, ſince writing was my ſole relief,
And o'er the dewy ſheets thus breath'd my grief.
Bleſt letter, go, my tend'reſt thoughts convey,
To her warm lip thy ſignets ſhe will lay,
And with a kiſs diſſolve thy ſeals away.
Sev'n tedious nights guiltleſs of ſleep I've ſtood;
Sigh'd with the winds, and murmur'd with the flood:
Then climbing th' utmoſt cliffs her coaſt to view,
My tears, like glaſſes, th' object nearer drew:
By th' adverſe winds and waves detain'd on ſhore,
My thoughts run all our former pleaſures o'er,

And in ſoft ſcenes of fancy re-enjoy
The bliſs that did our infant loves imploy.
'Twas night (a curſe on the impert'nent light
That pry'd and marr'd the pleaſures of that night)
When firſt I ſwam the ford; while Cynthia's beams
Look'd pale, and trembled for me in the ſtreams.
My drooping arms, in hopes they ſhall at length
Embrace thy neck, feel freſh ſupplies of ſtrength;
The wond'ring waves to their new fury yield,
Not Tritons faſter plow the liquid field.
Soon on the temple's ſpire your torch I ſpy'd,
Fix'd like a ſtar my wat'ry courſe to guide;
Which, planet-like, ſhoots vigour through my veins;
The warmth of my immortal love ſuſtains,
In the cold flood, life's periſhing remains.
But now the gentleſt ſtar that bleſt my way,
Your bright ſelf on the turret I ſurvey.
Then with redoubled ſtrokes the waves divide,
And by my Hero am at laſt deſcry'd:
Scarce could your careful confident reſtrain,
But you would plunge, and meet me in the main;
And made ſo far your kind endeavours good,
That ancle-deep on the ford's brink you ſtood,
And ſeem'd the new-ris'n Venus of the flood.
The ſhore now gain'd, to your dear arms I flew,
All dropping as I was with briny dew;
Nor prov'd for that a more unwelcome gueſt;
Your warm lip to my bloodleſs cheek you preſt,
Nor felt my locks diſtilling on your breaſt.
Your haſty robes are o'er my ſhoulders thrown,
To ſhroud my ſhiv'ring limbs you ſtript your own:
Forgetting how your too officious care
Left thee (my tend'reſt part) expos'd to air;
The night and we are conſcious to the reſt;
Delights that ought not, cannot be expreſt:

We

We knew ſhort ſpace was to our pleaſures ſet,
And therefore lov'd not at the common rate;
But th' utmoſt fury of our flames imploy'd,
The minutes flew leſs faſt than we enjoy'd.
With ſuch diſpatch that night's dear joys we wrought,
To recollect would make an age of thought.
At length the ſick'ning ſtars began t'expire,
And I with them am ſummon'd to retire.
Confus'dly then we our love-taſk diſpatcht,
Ten thouſand kiſſes in a minute ſnatcht.
Your woman chid that I ſo long delay'd,
You preſt me cloſe, then aſk'd me why I ſtaid.
My ſtay you firſt reprov'd, and then my haſte,
Nor cry'd Farewel, 'till you had claſp'd me faſt.
Day broke ere we our am'rous ſtrife could end;
Then ſighing I to the cold beach deſcend.
Truſt me, the ſeas from your dear coaſts ſeem ſteep,
And all the way methinks I climb the deep.
But when reviſiting your ſhores, I ſeem
Deſcending ſtill, and rather fall than ſwim.
I loath my native ſoil, and only prize
That region where my love's dear treaſure lies.
Why is not Seſtos to Abydus join'd?
Since we united are in heart and mind.
The ſame our hopes, our fears, and our deſires,
Love is our life, and one love both inſpires.
But ah! what mis'ries on that love attend,
Whoſe joys on hum'rous ſeas and winds depend!
I by their quarrel loſe, forc'd to delay
My tender viſit, 'till they end the fray.
When firſt I croſt the gulph, the dolphins gaz'd,
The ſea-nymphs fled, the Tritons were amaz'd.
But now no more I ſeem a prodigy,
But paſs for an inhabitant o' th' ſea.

And ſince my paſſage is by ſtorms withſtood,
I'm nightly miſs'd by th' brothers of the flood.
Oft have I curſt the tedious way, but oh!
I wiſh in vain that tedious paſſage now.
Yield me again, kind floods, my tireſome way,
'Twas never half ſo tireſome as my ſtay.
Muſt then my Halcyon love all winter ſleep,
And ne'er lanch forth into a troubled deep?
Muſt I deſiſt my homage to perform,
And ſculk at home for ev'ry peeviſh ſtorm;
If thus the ſummer guſts detain my courſe,
How ſhall I through the winter ſurges force?
Abſence ev'n then I ſhall not long ſuſtain,
But boldly plunge into the raging main;
And if the ſwelling floods not ſoon aſſwage,
I'll make my boaſting good, and dare their rage.
My vent'rous 'ſcape ſhall in your arms be bleſt,
Or if I'm loſt, my anxious love find reſt.
The waves at leaſt will do my corps the grace
To waft it to my wonted landing place:
Or of its own accord the am'rous clay
Will thither float, nor loſe ſo known a way!
I gueſs your kindneſs will even then perform
To the cold trunk, what you were wont when warm;
Yourſelf diſmantling, you will ſhroud me o'er,
And grieve to find your boſom's warmth no more
Have pow'r my vital ſpirits to reſtore.
If this ſad fancy diſcompoſe thy breaſt,
Think 'twas but fancy, and reſume thy reſt.
Invoke the wat'ry pow'rs, (thy pray'rs are charms)
T'aſſwage the ſtorm, and yield me to thy arms.
But when to your dear manſion I arrive,
Looſe ev'ry wind, and let the tempeſt drive,
'Twill give my ſtay pretence, nor can you chide
Whilſt thunder pleads ſo loudly on my ſide.

'Till

'Till then permit this letter to ſupply
The author's place, and in thy boſom lie.
Lodg'd in thy breaſt, my paſſion 'twill impart,
And whiſper its ſoft meſſage to thy heart.

HERO's Anſwer.

By the ſame Hand.

WITH ſuch delight I read your letter o'er,
Your preſence only could have giv'n me more.
Excuſe my paſſion, if it ſoar above
Your thought; no man can judge of woman's love.
With buſineſs you, or pleaſures, may ſuſtain
The pangs of abſence, and divert the pain.
The hills, the vales, the woods, and ſtreams are ſtor'd
With game, and profit with delight afford.
Whilſt gins for beaſts, and ſnares for fowls you ſet,
You ſmile, and your own am'rous chains forget.
Ten thouſand helps beſides effect your cure,
Whilſt woman's ſole relief is to endure.
Or with my confident I hold diſcourſe,
Debating what ſhould interrupt your courſe:
Or viewing from aloft the troubled tide,
Mix in the fray, and with the tempeſt chide:
Or in the ſtorm's leaſt interval ſuſpect
Your ſtay, and almoſt charge you with neglect.
I ſeek your footſteps on the ſands in vain,
The ſands no more confeſs thee than the main.
I watch th'arriving barks, and never fail
T' inquire of you, and write by ev'ry ſail.
Still as the ſetting ſun reſtores the night,
(The night to me more welcome than the light,)
I fix my flaming torch to guide my love,
Nor ſhines there any friendlier ſtar above.

Then

Then with my work or book the time I cheat,
And 'midſt the taſk Leander's name repeat.
My wedded thoughts no other theme purſue,
I talk a hundred things—but all of you.
What think'ſt thou, nurſe, does my Leander come?
Or waits he 'till his parents ſleep at home?
For he is forc'd to ſteal his paſſage there,
As nightly we by ſtealth admit him here.
Think'ſt thou that now he ſtrips him in the bay,
Or is already plung'd, and on his way?
Whilſt ſhe, poor ſoul, with tedious watching ſpent,
Makes half replies, and nodding gives aſſent.
Yet cannot I the ſmalleſt pauſe allow,
But cry, He is lanch'd forth for certain now.
Then ev'ry moment thro' the window peep;
With greedy eyes examine all the deep;
And whiſper to the floods a tender pray'r
In your behalf, as if I ſpy'd you there.
Or to beguile my griefs my ear incline,
And take each gentle breeze's voice for thine:
At laſt, ſurpris'd with ſleep, in dreams I gain
That bliſs for which I wak'd ſo long in vain.
To ſhroud you then my ſhoulders I diveſt,
And claſp you ſhiv'ring to my warmer breaſt;
A lover need not be inform'd the reſt.
Theſe pleaſures oft my ſlumb'ring thoughts imploy,
But ſtill they're dreams, and yield no ſolid joy.
Tho' ne'er ſo lively the fruition be,
To fill my bliſs I muſt have very thee.
At preſent, I confeſs, the ſeas are rough,
But were laſt night compos'd, and calm enough;
Why did you then my longing hopes delay?
Why diſappoint me with a total ſtay?

Is it your fear that makes my wiſhes vain?
When rougher, you have oft engag'd the main;
If it be fear, that friendly fear retain,
Nor viſit me 'till you ſecurely may;
Your danger would afflict me more than ſtay.
Dread ev'ry guſt that blows, but oh! my mind
Miſgives, leſt you prove various as that wind.
If e'er you change, your error ſecret keep,
And in bleſt ignorance permit me ſleep.
Not that I am inform'd y'are chang'd at all,
But abſent lovers fear whate'er may fall.
Detain'd by th' floods, your ſtay I will not blame;
But leſs I dread the floods than ſome new flame.
Be huſht ye winds, ye raging billows ſleep,
And yield my love ſafe paſſage through the deep.
Bleſt ſign, the taper ſparkles whilſt I pray,
A gueſt i'th' flame! Leander's on his way!
Our houſhold altar yields propitious ſigns,
From which my nurſe your ſwift approach divines:
The crickets too of your arrival warn,
And ſay our number ſhall increaſe ere morn.
Come, gentle youth, and with thy preſence make
The glad conjecture true; the day will break,
And marr our bliſs; prevent the haſt'ning morn;
To me and love's forſaken joys return.
My bed without thee will afford no reſt,
There is no pillow like Leander's breaſt.
Doſt thou ſuſpect the time will be too ſhort?
Or want'ſt thou ſtrength th' adventure to ſupport?
If this detain thee, oh! no longer ſtay,
I'll plunge and meet thee in the flood half way.
Thus in the verdant waves our flames ſhall meet,
And danger make the ſoft embrace more ſweet.
Our love's our own, which yet we take by ſtealth,
Like midnight miſers from their hidden wealth.

'Twixt

'Twixt decency and love unhappy made,
Whilſt fame forbids what our deſires perſuade.
How art thou nightly ſnatch'd from me away,
To dare the flood, when ſailors keep the bay?
Yet be adviſ'd, thou conqu'ror of the tide,
Nor in thy youthful ſtrength ſo much confide.
Think not thine arms can more than oars prevail:
Nor dare to ſwim, when pilots fear to ſail.
With much regret I cautiouſly perſuade,
And almoſt wiſh my counſel diſobey'd.
Yet when to the rough main my eyes I turn,
Methinks I never can enough forewarn:
Nor does my laſt night's viſion leſs affright,
(Tho' expiated with many a ſacred rite,)
A ſporting Dolphin, whilſt the flood retir'd,
Lay hid i' th' ooze, and on the beach expir'd.
Whate'er the dream portend, as yet reſide
In the ſafe port, nor truſt th' inconſtant tide.
The ſtorm (too fierce to laſt) will ſoon decay,
Then with redoubled ſpeed redeem your ſtay.
'Till then theſe ſheets ſome pleaſure may impart;
They bring what moſt you prize, your Hero's heart.

Laodamia to Proteſilaus.

By *THO. FLATMAN*, Eſq;

The ARGUMENT.

Proteſilaus, *lying wind-bound at* Aulis, *in the* Grecian *fleet, deſign'd for the* Trojan *war, his wife* Laodamia *ſends this following epiſtle to him.*

HEalth to the gentle man of war, and may
What Laodamia ſends, the Gods convey.
The wind that ſtill in Aulis holds my dear,
Why was it not ſo croſs to keep him here?
Let the wind raiſe an hurricane at ſea,
Were he but ſafe and warm aſhore with me.
Ten thouſand kiſſes I had more to give him,
Ten thouſand cautions, and ſoft words to leave him;
In haſte he left me, ſummon'd by the wind
(The wind to barbarous mariners only kind.)
The ſeaman's pleaſure is the lover's pain,
(Proteſilaus is from my boſom ta'en!)
As from my falt'ring tongue half ſpeeches fell,
(Scarce could I ſpeak that wounding word, 'Farewel!')
A merry gale (at ſea they call it ſo)
Fill'd ev'ry ſail with joy, my breaſt with woe;
There went my dear Proteſilaus——
While I could ſee thee, full of eager pain,
My greedy eyes epicuriz'd on thine.

When

When thee no more, but thy ſpread ſails I view,
I look'd, and look'd, 'till I had loſt them too;
But when nor thee, nor them I could deſcry,
And all was ſea that came within my eye,
They ſay, (for I have quite forgot) they ſay
I ſtraight grew pale, and fainted quite away;
Compaſſionate Iphiclus, and the good old man,
My mother too, to my aſſiſtance ran;
In haſte, cold water on my face they threw,
And brought me to myſelf with much ado;
They meant it well, to me it ſeem'd not ſo,
Much kinder had they been to let me go;
My anguiſh with my ſoul together came,
And in my heart burſt out the former flame:
Since which, my uncomb'd locks unheeded flow,
Undreſt, forlorn, I care not how I go;
Inſpir'd with wine thus Bacchus' frolick rout
Stagger'd of old, and ſtraggled all about.
Put on, put on, the happy ladies ſay,
The royal robes, fair Laodamia.
Alas! before Troy's walls my dear does lie,
What pleaſure can I take in Tyrian dye?
Shall curls adorn my head, an helmet thine?
I in bright treſſes, thou in armour ſhine?
Rather with ſtudied negligence I'll be
As ill, if not diſguiſed worſe than thee.
O Paris! rais'd by ruins! may'ſt thou prove
As fatal in thy war, as in thy love!
O that the Grecian dame had been leſs fair,
Or thou leſs lovely hadſt appear'd to her!
O Menelaus! timely ceaſe to ſtrive;
With how much blood wilt thou thy loſs retrieve?
From me, ye Gods, avert your heavy doom,
And bring my dear laden with laurels home.

But my heart fails me, when I think of war;
The ſad reflections coſt me many a tear:
I tremble when I hear the very name
Of ev'ry place where thou ſhalt fight for fame.
Beſides th' adventurous raviſher well knew
The ſafeſt arts his villany to purſue;
In noble dreſs he did her heart ſurpriſe,
With gold he dazzled her unguarded eyes,
He back'd his rape with ſhips and armed men,
Thus ſtorm'd, thus took the beauteous fortreſs in.
Againſt the power of love, and force of arms,
There's no ſecurity in the brighteſt charms.
Hector I fear, much do I Hector fear,
A man (they ſay) experienc'd in war.
My dear, if thou haſt any love for me,
Of that ſame Hector pr'ythee mindful be;
Fly him, be ſure, and every other foe,
Leſt each of them ſhould prove an Hector too.
Remember, when for fight thou ſhalt prepare,
Thy Laodamia charg'd thee, have a care,
For what wounds thou receiv'ſt, are given to her.
If by thy valour Troy muſt ruin'd be,
May not the ruin leave one ſcar on thee;
Sharer in th' honour, from the danger free!
Let Menelaus fight, and force his way
Through the falſe raviſher's troops to Helena.
Great by his victʼry, as his cauſe is good,
May he ſwim to her in his enemies blood.
Thy caſe is different——may'ſt thou live to ſee
(Deareſt) no other combatant but me!
Ye gen'rous Trojans, turn your ſwords away
From his dear breaſt, find out a nobler prey:
Why ſhould you harmleſs Laodamia ſlay?

My

My poor good-natur'd man did never know
What 'tis to fight, or how to face a foe;
Yet in love's field what wonders can he do!
Great is his proweſs, and his fortune too;
Let them go fight, that know not how to woo.
Now I muſt own, I fear'd to let thee go;
My trembling lips had almoſt told thee ſo.
When from thy father's houſe thou didſt withdraw,
Thy fatal ſtumble at the door I ſaw;
I ſaw it, ſigh'd, and pray'd the ſign might be
Of thy return a happy prophecy!
I cannot but acquaint thee with my fear,
Be not too brave,——remember, have a care,
And all my dreads will vaniſh into air.
Among the Grecians ſome one muſt be found
That firſt ſhall ſet his foot on Trojan ground;
Unhappy ſhe that ſhall his loſs bewail,
Grant, O ye Gods, thy courage then may fail,
Of all the ſhips, be thine the very laſt,
Thou the laſt man that lands; there needs no haſte
To meet a potent and a treach'rous foe;
Thou'lt land, I fear, too ſoon, tho' ne'er ſo ſlow.
At thy return ply ev'ry ſail and oar,
And nimbly leap on thy deſerted ſhore.
All the day long, and all the lonely night,
Black thoughts of thee my anxious ſoul affright:
Darkneſs, to other womens pleaſures kind,
Augments, like hell, the torments of my mind;
I court e'en dreams, on my forſaken bed,
Falſe joys muſt ſerve, ſince all my true are fled.
What's that ſame airy phantom ſo like thee?
What wailings do I hear, what paleneſs ſee?
I wake, and hug myſelf, 'tis but a dream——
The Grecian altars know I feed their flame.

The want of hallow'd wine my tears ſupply,
Which make the ſacred fire burn bright and high.
When ſhall I claſp thee in theſe arms of mine,
Theſe longing arms, and lie diſſolv'd in thine?
When ſhall I have thee by thyſelf alone,
To learn the wond'rous actions thou haſt done?
Which when in rapt'rous words thou haſt begun,
With many and many a kiſs, pr'ythee tell on;
Such interruptions graceful pauſes are,
A kiſs in ſtory's but a halt in war.
But when I think of Troy, of winds and waves,
I fear the pleaſant dream my hope deceives:
Contrary winds in port detain thee too,
In ſpite of wind and tide why wouldſt thou go?
Thus to thy country thou wouldſt hardly come,
In ſpite of wind and tide thou went'ſt from home,
To his own city Neptune ſtops the way,
Revere the omen, and the Gods obey.
Return, ye furious Grecians, homeward fly;
Your ſtay is not of chance, but deſtiny:
How can your arms expect deſir'd ſucceſs,
That thus contend for an adultereſs?
But, let not me foreſpeak you, no,—ſet ſail,
And heav'n befriend you with a proſp'rous gale!
Ye Trojans! with regret methinks I ſee
Your firſt encounter with your enemy;
I ſee fair Helen put on all her charms,
To buckle on her luſty bridegroom's arms;
She gives him arms, and kiſſes ſhe receives.
(I hate the tranſports each to other gives.)
She leads him forth, and ſhe commands him come
Safely victorious, and triumphant home;
And he (no doubt) will make no nice delay,
But diligently do whate'er ſhe ſay.

Now

Now he returns!— ſee with what am'rous ſpeed
She takes the pond'rous helmet from his head,
And courts the weary champion to her bed.
'We women, too too credulous, ala!
'Think what we fear will ſurely come to paſs.
Yet, while before the leaguer thou doſt lie;
Thy picture is ſome pleaſure to my eye,
That I careſs in words moſt kind and free,
And lodge it on my breaſt, as I would thee;
There muſt be ſomething in it more than art,
'Twere very thee, could it thy mind impart;
I kiſs the pretty idol, and complain,
As if (like thee) 'twould anſwer me again.
By thy return, by thy dear ſelf, I ſwear,
By our loves vows, which moſt religious are,
By thy beloved head, and thoſe grey hairs
Which time may on it ſnow in future years,
I come, where-e'er thy fate ſhall bid thee go,
Eternal partner of thy weal and woe,
So thou but live, tho' all the Gods ſay No.
Farewel,——but pr'ythee very careful be
Of thy beloved ſelf (I mean) of me.

OENONE to PARIS.

By Mr. *JOHN COOPER.*

The ARGUMENT.

Hecuba, *being with child of* Paris, *dream'd ſhe was deliver'd of a firebrand:* Priam, *conſulting the prophets, was anſwer'd, the child ſhould be the cauſe of the deſtruction of* Troy; *wherefore* Priam *commanded it ſhou'd be deliver'd to wild beaſts as ſoon as born: But* Hecuba *conveys it ſecretly to mount* Ida, *there to be foſter'd by the ſhepherds, where he falls in love with the nymph* OEnone; *but at length being known and own'd, he ſails into* Greece, *and carries* Helen *to* Troy; *which* OEnone *hearing, writes him this epiſtle.*

READ this, (if your new bride will ſuffer) read;
And no upbraiding from Mycena dread.
Only OEnone here does of her ſwain
(If he will let her call him hers) complain.
What God has robb'd me of your love and you?
Or from what crime of mine proceeds my woe?
Misfortunes, when deſerv'd, we may endure,
But when unjuſtly borne, can find no cure.
Tho' now a prince, not yet ſo great you was,
When a fam'd nymph, I ſtoop'd to your imbrace:
A ſlave you was (forgive what I have ſaid)
Slave as you was, I took you to my bed.
Often, amidſt your flocks, beneath ſome ſhade,
On leaves and flow'rs we am'rouſly were laid.
As oft, upon the ſtraw, our joys we prov'd
In ſome low ſhed from winter ſtorms remov'd.

When

When you roſe up to hunt, I ſhew'd you game,
Surpris'd the infant ſavage and his dam:
Companion of your ſports, the toils did place,
And chear'd the ſwift-pac'd hounds upon the chace!
Upon the trees your fickle carv'd my name,
And ev'ry beach is conſcious of your flame.
Well I remember that tall poplar tree,
(Its trunk is fill'd, and with records of me.)
Which, may it live! on the brook's margin ſet,
Has on its knotty bark theſe verſes writ:
'When Paris lives not to OEnone true,
'Back Xanthus' ſtreams ſhall to their fountain flow.'
Turn! turn ye ſtreams! and Xanthus backwards go!
The faithleſs Paris has forgot his vow.

Calm was our love, bleſt with delightful eaſe,
'Till a black ſtorm o'ercaſt my former peace,
When the three heav'nly beauties bleſt thine eyes,
Deſign'd thee umpire to beſtow the prize.
As from your mouth the fatal ſtory came,
A ſwift cold trembling ſhot thro' all my frame.
To ancient ſages my juſt doubts I bear,
And all conclude ſome dreadful miſchief near.

Now the tall pines into ſtrong barks you ſhape,
Which ſweep the ſurface of the yielding deep.
From your ſwoln eyes the tears at parting crept,
Deny it not, nor be aſham'd you wept:
(Your love was then no injury to your fame,
You daily burn in a more ſhameful flame.)
You wept, and on my eyes you gazing ſtood,
Whoſe falling tears increas'd the briny flood.
About my neck your wreathing arms you flung,
Cloſer than vines to their lov'd elms you clung:
When for your ſtay you did the tempeſts blame,
How oft they laugh'd who knew the ocean calm;

'Midſt

'Midſt thouſand kiſſes, when you bid farewel,
Scarce could your tongue the fatal meſſage tell.
You are embarqu'd: Againſt your gally's ſide
Thy plying oars beat up the foaming tide:
'Till hurry'd from my ſight, your ſhips I view,
Then my ſalt tears the parched ſands bedew.
Soon, ye Sea-Gods, again ſoon may he come,
(I fondly pray'd) but to my ruin ſoon.
The Gods my wiſhes do ſucceſsful make,
But all, alas! for that curſt ſtrumpet's ſake:
My pray'rs into another's arms have brought you back.
A vaſt high rock there is, whoſe craggy ſides
Suſtain the fury of incroaching tides;
Your ſails hence ſpy'd, I hardly could delay,
Plung'd in the deep, to meet you by the way;
When one I ſaw, while a ſhort pauſe I made,
Upon the deck in glorious purple clad:
Gods! how I ſhook! fear did my ſoul poſſeſs
With horror, to behold th' unuſual dreſs.
As nearer to the ſhore your veſſel came,
I ſpy'd, O blaſting ſight! the charming dame;
Nay more,—her wanton head (into the ſea
Why leapt I not?) upon your boſom lay.
'Twas then I beat my breaſt, and tore my hair,
With all the ſymptoms of a deep deſpair.
I fill'd the air with my diſtracted cries,
And Ida's mount reſounded with the noiſe.
Thence with dire imprecations I remov'd
Unto thoſe conſcious caves, where once we lov'd.
Hear me, ye Gods! May the curſt Helen be
As wretched full as ſhe has render'd me;
May ſhe complain of falſe and broken vows,
And pine, like me, for a regardleſs ſpouſe,

Now

Now they do charm, who from their huſbands fly,
And the wide ocean plow, to follow thee;
When a poor ſhepherd, a ſmall flock you fed,
Then I, and only I, vouchſaf'd my bed.
Nor think I ſue to be in courts ador'd,
And own'd the daughter of all Aſia's lord;
Tho' your great parents need not be aſham'd
When 'mongſt their many children I am nam'd.
A ſcepter would not ill become this hand,
So much I wiſh and merit to command.
Deſpiſe me not, becauſe with you I lay,
And paſs'd, on new-fall'n leaves, the well-ſpent day;
For thy OEnone's worthy of a bed,
Not with green leaves but gaudy purple ſpread.
Safe you may ſleep and harmleſs in my arms,
Your joys uninterrupted with alarms:
But with my rival thus you muſt not live,
For Greece in arms demands the fugitive;
Ruin is all the dow'ry ſhe can give.
Aſk your grave friends, with piercing wiſdom fraught,
Whom many years have much experience taught,
Aſk ſage Antenor, and your aged ſire,
If ſhe's to be reſtor'd whom they require.
Baſe man! your country for her ſake deſtroy'd,
Shame's on your part, and juſtice on their ſide.
Or can you think that ſhe will conſtant prove,
Who was ſo eaſily entic'd to love?
When once debauch'd, our ſex for ever burn
In lawleſs fire; virtue knows no return;
Diſhonour never gives a ſecond blow;
And once a whore ſhe will be ever ſo.
But her firm love that ſcruple has remov'd;
Vain man! ev'n thus Atrides once ſhe lov'd.

Alone

Alone he lies, poor cred'lous cuckold, now!
And does deplore what you ere-while muſt do.
Fool that he was to think ſhe could be true!
Happy Andromache! who juſtly art
Poſſeſſed of a firm and loyal heart!
A faith like hers thou haſt beheld in me,
And Hector's virtue ſhould have ſhin'd in thee;
But thou art lighter than the ſapleſs leaf,
Of which the autumn blaſts the trees bereave;
Or than the ſtalks of the well-ripen'd wheat,
Made the winds ſport by the ſun's parching heat.
Well I remember what your ſiſter ſaid,
When the ſtrange God poſſeſs'd the furious maid;
'OEnone, ceaſe to plow up fruitleſs lands,
'And ſow thy ſeed upon the barren ſands.
'The Grecian heifer comes, who reaps thy joys,
'The bane of Troy, and Priam's ancient houſe.'
She comes! forbid it, heav'n: And in the deep,
Now, now, ye Gods, ſink down the guilty ſhip;
Now is the time to plunge it in the flood,
It brings deſtruction, and is fraught with blood.
She ſaid, her people ſnatch'd her from my view,
As thro' the woods full of the God ſhe flew.
Too true ſhe ſpoke! my joys that heifer prove
Does in my groves and flow'ry meadows move,
And all the pleaſant paſtures of my love.
Fair tho' ſhe be, your Helen is a whore,
Whom each new face draws from her native ſhore.
With Theſeus thus the falſe inconſtant fled;
But he untouch'd reſtor'd the ſpotleſs maid.
Ah who can faith to the forg'd ſtory yield?
His veins with youthful blood and vigour fill'd,
A lover too! could he his joys forbear?
And in poſſeſſion of his heav'n deſpair?

Miſcall

Miſcall not thus her ready flight a rape,
Her wicked ſelf contriv'd the wiſh'd eſcape.
But I, falſe as you are, have kept my vows,
Tho' your example would my crimes excuſe.
Long time I liv'd a tenant of the groves,
The common object of the ſatyrs loves;
Me, Faunus too, who o'er the mountains fled,
Purſu'd, with leafy chaplets on his head;
And Phœbus, who, but with much force, obtain'd
That bliſs for which the reſt in vain complain'd.
I tore my hair, while my ſoft limbs he preſt,
And that curſt face for which I was diſgrac'd.
No ſordid recompence of wealth I ſought;
That creature's mean whoſe love is to be bought;
But me the grateful God with knowledge ſtor'd,
And the ſame gifts for which himſelf's ador'd.
For no one plant the fertile earth does yield,
But in its virtues I am amply ſkill'd.
Wretch! of what uſe does thy vain knowledge prove?
No drug, alas! can cure the wounds of love.
Not Phœbus' ſelf, the author of our art,
Could in this caſe guard his immortal heart:
Nought or from earth or heav'n can cure my wound,
In thee alone muſt my relief be found:
My Paris can, and he muſt pity ſhow
To her who merits all he can beſtow:
For I am yours, with you of old did paſs,
In childiſh innocence, my infant days;
And I beſeech you, Gods, to fix my doom,
And give that bleſſing to the time to come.
So in his arms, to whom my youth I lent,
Shall the remains of my bleſt life be ſpent.

A PARAPHRASE On the foregoing EPISTLE OF OENONE to PARIS.

By Mrs. *A. BEHN.*

TO thee, dear Paris, lord of my deſires,
Once tender partner of my ſofteſt fires;
To thee I write, mine, whilſt a ſhepherd's ſwain,
But now a prince, that title you diſdain.
Oh fatal pomp, that cou'd ſo ſoon divide
What love, and all our vows ſo firmly ty'd!
What God our loves induſtrious to prevent,
Curſt thee with pow'r, and ruin'd my content?
Greatneſs, which does at beſt but ill agree
With love, ſuch diſtance ſets 'twixt thee and me.
Whilſt thou a prince, and I a ſhepherdeſs,
My raging paſſion can have no redreſs.
Wou'd Heav'n, when firſt I ſaw thee, thou hadſt been
This great, this cruel celebrated thing,
That without hope I might have gaz'd and bow'd,
And mix'd my adoration with the crowd;
Unwounded then I had eſcap'd thoſe eyes,
Thoſe lovely authors of my miſeries.

Not

Not that leſs charms their fatal pow'r had dreſt,
But fear and awe my love had then ſuppreſt:
My unambitious heart no flame had known,
But what devotion pays to Gods alone.
I might have wonder'd, and have wiſht that he,
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A title! which more virgin hearts has won,
Than that of being own'd king Priam's ſon.
Whilſt me a harmleſs neighb'ring cottager
You ſaw, and did above the reſt prefer.
You ſaw! and at firſt ſight you lov'd me too,
Nor cou'd I hide the wounds receiv'd from you.
Me all the village herſdmen ſtrove to gain,
For me the ſhepherds ſigh'd and ſu'd in vain,
Thou hadſt my heart, and they my cold diſdain.
Not all their offerings, garlands, and firſt-born
Of their lov'd ewes, could bribe my native ſcorn.
My love, like hidden treaſure long conceal'd,
Could only, where 'twas deſtin'd, be reveal'd.
And yet how long my maiden bluſhes ſtrove
Not to betray the eaſy new-born love.
But at thy ſight the kindling fire would riſe,
And I, unſkill'd, declare it at my eyes.
But oh the joy! the mighty ecſtaſy
Poſſeſt thy ſoul at this diſcovery!
Speechleſs, and panting at my feet you lay,
And ſhort-breath'd ſighs told what you could not ſay,
A thouſand times my hand with kiſſes preſt,
And look'd ſuch darts, as none cou'd e'er reſiſt.

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Silent

Silent we gaz'd, and as my eyes met thine,
New joys fill'd theirs, new love and ſhame fill'd mine
You ſaw the fears my kind diſorder ſhows,
And broke your ſilence with a thouſand vows!
Heav'ns, how you ſwore! by ev'ry pow'r divine!
You wou'd be ever true! be ever mine!
Each God a ſacred witneſs you invoke,
And wiſh'd their curſe, whene'er thoſe vows you broke.
Quick to my heart the perjur'd accents run,
Which I took in, believ'd, and was undone.
Vows are love's poiſon'd arrows, and the heart
So wounded, rarely finds a cure in art.
At leaſt this heart which fate has deſtin'd yours,
This heart unpractis'd in love's myſtic pow'rs;
For I am ſoft, and young as April flow'rs.
Now uncontroul'd we meet, uncheck'd improve
Each happier minute in new joys of love!
Soft were the hours! and laviſhly the day
We gave entirely up to love and play.
Oft to the cooling groves our flocks we led,
And, ſeated on ſome ſhady flow'ry bed,
Watch'd the united wantons as they fed.
And all the day my liſt'ning ſoul I hung
Upon the charming muſic of thy tongue,
And never thought the bleſſed hours too long.
No ſwain, no God like thee cou'd ever move,
Or had ſo ſoft an art in whiſpering love:
No wonder that thou art ally'd to Jove.
And when you pip'd, or ſung, or danc'd, or ſpoke,
The God appear'd in ev'ry grace, and look.
Pride of the ſwains, and glory of the ſhades,
The grief and joy of all the love-ſick maids.
Thus whilſt all hearts you rul'd without controul,
I reign'd the abs'lute monarch of your ſoul.

Each

Each beech my name yet bears, carv'd out by thee,
Paris and his OEnone fill each tree;
And as they grew, the letters larger ſpread,
Grow ſtill a witneſs of my wrongs when dead!
Cloſe by a ſilent ſilver brook there grows
A poplar, under whoſe dear gloomy boughs
A thouſand times we have exchang'd our vows!
Oh may'ſt thou grow an endleſs date of years!
Who on thy bark this fatal record bears;
" When Paris to OEnone proves untrue,
" Back Xanthus' ſtreams ſhall to their fountain flow."
Turn! turn your tide! back to your fountain run!
The perjur'd ſwain from all his faith is gone!
Curſt be that day, may fate point out the hour,
As ominous in his black kalendar,
When Venus, Pallas, and the wife of Jove
Deſcended to thee in the myrtle grove,
In ſhining chariots drawn by winged clouds;
Naked they come, no veil their beauty ſhrouds;
But ev'ry charm and grace expos'd to view,
Left Heav'n to be ſurvey'd and judg'd by you.
To bribe thy voice, Juno wou'd crowns beſtow;
Pallas more gratefully wou'd dreſs thy brow
With wreaths of wit; Venus propos'd the choice
Of all the faireſt Greeks; and had thy voice.
Crowns, and more glorious wreaths thou didſt deſpiſe,
And promis'd beauty more than empire prize!
This when you told, Gods! what a killing fear
Did over all my ſhivering limbs appear!
And I preſag'd ſome ominous change was near!
The bluſhes left my cheeks, from ev'ry part
The blood ran ſwift to guard my fainting heart.
You in my eyes the glimmering light perceiv'd
Of parting life, and on my pale lips breath'd
Such vows, as all my terrors undeceiv'd.

But

But ſoon the envying Gods diſturb our joys,
Declare thee great! and all my bliſs deſtroys!
And now the fleet is anchor'd in the bay
That muſt to Troy the glorious youth convey.
Heav'ns! how you look'd! and what a godlike grace
At their firſt homage beautify'd your face!
Yet this no wonder or amazement brought,
You ſtill a monarch were in ſoul and thought!
Nor could I tell which moſt the ſight augments,
Your joys of pow'r, or parting diſcontents.
You kiſs the tears which down my cheeks did glide,
And mingled yours with the ſoft-falling tide,
And 'twixt your ſighs a thouſand times you ſaid,
"Ceaſe, my OEnone! ceaſe, my charming maid!
"If Paris lives his native Troy to ſee,
"My lovely nymph, thou ſhalt a princeſs be:"
But my prophetick fear no faith allows,
My breaking heart reſiſted all thy vows.
"Ah muſt we part! I cry'd; thoſe killing words
"No further language to my grief affords."
Trembling I fell upon thy panting breaſt,
Which was with equal love and grief oppreſt,
Whilſt ſighs and looks, all dying, ſpoke the reſt.
About thy neck my feeble arms I caſt,
Not vines nor ivy circle elms ſo faſt.
To ſtay what dear excuſes didſt thou frame,
And fancied tempeſts when the ſeas were calm!
How oft the winds contrary feign'd to be,
When they, alas, were only ſo to me!
How oft new vows of laſting faith you ſwore,
And 'twixt your kiſſes all the old run o'er.
But now the wiſely grave, who love deſpiſe,
(Themſelves paſt hope) do buſily adviſe,
Whiſper renown, and glory in thy ear,
Language which lovers fright, and ſwains ne'er hear.

For

For Troy, they cry, theſe ſhepherds weeds lay down!
Change crooks for ſcepters! garlands for a crown!
" Be ſure that crown does far leſs eaſy ſit
" Than wreaths of flow'rs, leſs innocent and ſweet.
" Nor can thy beds of ſtate ſo grateful be,
" As thoſe of moſs, and new-fall'n leaves with me.
Now tow'rds the beach we go, and all the way
The groves, the fern, dark woods, and ſprings ſurvey;
That were ſo often conſcious to the rites
Of ſacred love, in our dear ſtol'n delights.
With eyes all languiſhing, each place you view,
And ſighing, cry'd, " Adieu, dear ſhades, adieu!"
Then 'twas thy ſoul e'en doubted which to do,
Refuſe a crown, or thoſe dear ſhades forego!
Glory and love the great diſpute purſu'd!
But the falſe idol ſoon the God ſubdu'd!
And now on board you go, and all the ſails
Are looſen'd to receive the flying gales;
Whilſt I half dead on the forſaken ſtrand,
Beheld thee ſighing on the deck to ſtand,
Wafting a thouſand kiſſes from thy hand.
And whilſt I cou'd the leſſening veſſel ſee,
I gaz'd, and ſent a thouſand ſighs to thee;
And all the ſea born Nereids implore
Quick to return to thee our ruſtick ſhore.
Now like a ghoſt I glide thro' ev'ry grove,
Silent, and ſad as death, about I rove,
And viſit all our treaſuries of love!
This ſhade th' account of thouſand joys does hide,
As many more this murm'ring river's ſide,
Where the dear graſs, as ſacred, does retain
The print, where thee and I ſo oft have lain.
Upon this oak thy pipe and garlands plac'd,
That ſycamore is with thy ſheep-hook grac'd,

Here feed thy flocks, once lov'd, tho' now thy ſcorn;
Like me forſaken, and like me forlorn!
A rock there is, from whence I cou'd ſurvey
From far the blueiſh ſhore, and diſtant ſea,
Whoſe hanging top with toil I climb each day,
With greedy view I run the proſpect o'er,
To ſee what wiſh'd for ſhips approach our ſhore.
One day all hopeleſs on its point I ſtood,
And ſaw a veſſel bounding o'er the flood,
And as it nearer drew, I could diſcern
Rich purple ſails, ſilk cords, and golden ſtern;
Upon the deck a canopy was ſpread
Of antick work in gold and ſilver made,
Which, mix'd with ſun beams, dazling light diſplay'd
But oh! beneath this glorious ſcene of ſtate
(Curſt be the ſight) a fatal beauty ſate,
And fondly you were on her boſom lay'd,
Whilſt with your perjur'd lips her fingers play'd:
Wantonly curl'd and dally'd with that hair
Of which, as ſacred charms, I bracelets wear.
Oh hadſt thou ſeen me then in that mad ſtate,
So ruin'd, ſo deſign'd for death and fate,
Fix'd on a rock, whoſe horrid precipice
In hollow murmurs wars with angry ſeas,
Whilſt the bleak winds aloft my garments bear,
Ruffling my careleſs and diſhevel'd hair,
I look'd like the ſad ſtatue of deſpair.
With out-ſtretch'd voice I cry'd, and all around
The rocks and hills my dire complaints reſound.
I rend my garments, tear my flatt'ring face,
Whoſe falſe deluding charms my ruin was.
Mad as the ſeas in ſtorms, I breathe deſpair,
Or winds let looſe in unreſiſting air,
Raging and frantick through the woods I fly,
And Paris! lovely, faithleſs Paris! cry.

But

But when the echos ſound thy name again,
I change to new variety of pain.
For that dear name ſuch tenderneſs inſpires,
As turns all paſſion to love's ſofter fires.
With tears I fall to kind complaints again;
So tempeſts are allay'd by ſhow'rs of rain.
Say, lovely youth, why wouldſt thou thus betray
My eaſy faith, and lead my heart aſtray?
I might ſome humble ſhepherd's choice have been,
Had I that tongue ne'er heard, thoſe eyes ne'er ſeen;
And in ſome homely cott, in low repoſe,
Liv'd undiſturb'd with broken vows and oaths:
All day by ſhaded ſprings my flocks have kept,
And in ſome honeſt arms at night have ſlept.
Then unupbraided with my wrongs thou'dſt been
Safe in the joys of the fair Grecian queen.
What ſtars do rule the great? no ſooner you
Became a prince, but you were perjur'd too:
Are crowns and falſhoods then conſiſtent things?
And muſt they all be faithleſs who are kings?
The Gods be prais'd that I was humbly born,
Ev'n tho' it renders me my Paris' ſcorn.
And I had rather this way wretched prove,
Than be a queen, and faithleſs in my love.
Not my fair rival wou'd I wiſh to be,
To come prophan'd by others joys to thee.
A ſpotleſs maid into thy arms I brought,
Untouch'd in fame, ev'n innocent in thought.
Whilſt ſhe with love has treated many a gueſt,
And brings thee but the leavings of a feaſt:
With Theſeus from her country made eſcape,
Whilſt ſhe miſcall'd the willing flight a rape:
So now from Atreus' ſon, with thee is fled,
And ſtill the rape hides the adult'rous deed.

And is it thus great ladies keep intire
That virtue they ſo boaſt, and you admire.
Is this a trick of courts? Can raviſhment
Serve for a poor evaſion of conſent?
Hard ſhift to ſave that honour priz'd ſo high,
Whilſt the mean fraud's the greater infamy.
How much more happy are we rural maids,
Who know no other palaces than ſhades!
Who want no titles to inſlave the croud,
Leſt they ſhou'd babble all our crimes aloud.
No arts our good to ſhow, our ills to hide,
Nor know to cover faults of love with pride.
I lov'd, and all love's dictates did purſue,
And never thought it cou'd be ſin with you.
To Gods, and men, I did my love proclaim;
For one ſoft hour with thee, my charming ſwain,
Wou'd recompenſe an age to come of ſhame,
Cou'd it as well but ſatisfy my fame.
But oh thoſe tender hours are fled and loſt,
And I no more of fame, or thee, can boaſt!
'Twas thou wert honour, glory, all to me:
'Till ſwains had learn'd the vice of perjury,
No yielding maids were charg'd with infamy.
'Tis falſe and broken vows make love a ſin,
Hadſt thou been true, we innocent had been.
But thou leſs faith than Autumn leaves doſt ſhow,
Which ev'ry blaſt bears from their native bough.
Leſs weight, leſs conſtancy, in thee is born
Than in the ſlender mildew'd ears of corn.
Oft when you garlands wove to deck my hair,
Where myſtick pinks and daiſies mingled were,
You ſwore 'was fitter diadems to bear:
And when with eager kiſſes preſt my hand,
Have ſaid, "How well a ſcepter 'twou'd command:"

And if I danc'd upon the flow'ry green,
With charming, wiſhing eyes ſurvey my mien,
And cry, "The Gods deſign'd thee for a queen!"
Why then for Helen doſt thou me forſake?
Can a poor empty name ſuch diff'rence make?
Beſides, if love can be a ſin, thine's one,
Since Helen does to Menelaus belong.
Be juſt, reſtore her back, ſhe's none of thine,
And, charming Paris, thou art only mine.
'Tis no ambitious flame that makes me ſue
To be again belov'd, and bleſt with you;
No vain deſire of being ally'd t' a king;
Love is the only dowry I can bring,
And tender love is all I aſk again.
Whilſt on her dang'rous ſmiles fierce war muſt wait,
With fire and vengeance at your palace gate,
Rouze your ſoft ſlumbers with their rough alarms,
And rudely ſnatch you from her faithleſs arms:
Turn then, fair fugitive, ere 'tis too late,
Ere thy miſtaken love procures thy fate;
Ere a wrong'd huſband does thy death deſign,
And pierce that dear, that faithleſs heart of thine.

PARIS to HELEN.

By Mr. *RICHARD DUKE.*

The ARGUMENT.

Paris, *having ſail'd to* Sparta *for the obtaining of* Helen, *whom* Venus *had promiſed him as the reward of his adjudging the prize of beauty to her, was nobly there entertain'd by* Menelaus, Helen's *huſband; but he being call'd away to* Crete, *to take poſſeſſion of what was left him by his grandfather* Atreus, *commends his gueſt to the care of his wife. In his abſence* Paris *courts her, and writes to her the following epiſtle.*

ALL health, fair nymph, thy Paris ſends to thee,
Tho' you, and only you, can give it me.
Shall I then ſpeak? or is it needleſs grown
To tell a paſſion that itſelf has ſhown?
Does not my love itſelf too open lay,
And all I think in all I do betray?
If not, oh! may it ſtill in ſecret lie,
'Till time with our kind wiſhes ſhall comply,
'Till all our joys may to us come ſincere,
Nor loſe their price by the allay of fear.
In vain I ſtrive; who can that fire conceal,
Which does itſelf by its own light reveal?
But if you needs would hear my trembling tongue
Speak what my actions have declar'd ſo long,
I love; you've there the word that does impart
The trueſt meſſage from my bleeding heart.

Forgive

Forgive me, madam, that I thus confeſs
To you, my fair phyſician, my diſeaſe;
And with ſuch looks this ſuppliant paper grace,
As beſt becomes the beauties of that face.
May that ſmooth brow no angry wrinkle wear,
But be your looks as kind as they are fair.
Some pleaſure 'tis to think theſe lines ſhall find
An entertainment at your hands ſo kind,
For this creates a hope, that I too may,
Receiv'd by you, as happy be as they.
Ah! may that hope be true! nor I complain
That Venus promis'd you to me in vain.
For know, leſt you through ignorance offend
The Gods, 'tis heav'n that me does hither ſend.
None of the meaneſt of the pow'rs divine
That firſt inſpir'd, ſtill favours my deſign.
Great is the prize I ſeek, I muſt confeſs,
But neither is my due or merit leſs:
Venus has promis'd ſhe would you aſſign,
Fair as herſelf, to be for ever mine.
Guided by her, my Troy I left for thee,
Nor fear'd the dangers of the faithleſs ſea.
She with a kind and an auſpicious gale
Drove the good ſhip, and ſtretch'd out ev'ry ſail.
For ſhe, who ſprung out of the teeming deep,
Still o'er the main does her wide empire keep.
Still may ſhe keep it, and as ſhe with eaſe
Allays the wrath of the moſt angry ſeas,
So may ſhe give my ſtormy mind ſome reſt,
And calm the raging tempeſt of my breaſt,
And bring home all my ſighs and all my vows
To their wiſh'd harbour, and deſir'd repoſe.
Hither my flames I brought, not found 'em here;
I my whole courſe by their kind light did ſteer:

For I by no miſtake or ſtorm was toſt
Againſt my will upon this happy coaſt.
Nor as a merchant did I plow the main
To venture life, like ſordid fools, for gain.
No; may the Gods preſerve my preſent ſtore,
And only give me you to make it more.
Nor to admire the place came I ſo far;
I have towns richer than your cities are.
'Tis you I ſeek, to me from Venus due,
You were my wiſh, before your charms I knew.
Bright images of you my mind did draw,
Long e'er my eyes the lovely object ſaw.
Nor wonder that with the ſwift-winged dart,
At ſuch a diſtance you could wound my heart:
So fate ordain'd, and leſt you fight with fate,
Hear and believe the truth I ſhall relate.

Now in my mother's womb ſhut up I lay,
Her fatal burden longing for the day,
When ſhe in a myſterious dream was told,
Her teeming womb a burning torch did hold;
Frighted ſhe riſes, and her viſion ſhe
To Priam tells, and to his prophets he;
They ſing that I all Troy ſhould ſet on fire:
But ſure fate meant the flames of my deſire.
For fear of this among the ſwains expos'd,
My native greatneſs every thing diſclos'd;
Beauty, and ſtrength, and courage join'd in one,
Through all diſguiſe ſpoke me a monarch's ſon.
A place there is in Ida's thickeſt grove
With oaks and fir-trees ſhaded all above,
The graſs here grows untoucht by bleating flocks,
Or mountain goat, or the laborious ox.
From hence Troy's tow'rs, magnificence and pride,
Leaning againſt an aged oak, I ſpy'd:

When

When ſtraight methought I heard the trembling ground
With the ſtrange noiſe of trampling feet reſound.
In the ſame inſtant Jove's great meſſenger,
On all his wings borne through the yielding air,
Lighting before my wond'ring eyes did ſtand,
His golden rod ſhone in his ſacred hand;
With him three charming Goddeſſes there came,
Juno, and Pallas, and the Cyprian dame.
With an unuſual fear I ſtood amaz'd,
'Till thus the God my ſinking courage rais'd;
'Fear not; thou art Jove's ſubſtitute below,
'The prize of heav'nly beauty to beſtow;
'Contending Goddeſſes appeal to you,
'Decide their ſtrife;' He ſpake, and up he flew.
Then bolder grown, I throw my fears away,
And ev'ry one with curious eyes ſurvey.
Each of 'em merited the victory,
And I, their doubtful judge, was griev'd to ſee,
That one muſt have it, when deſerv'd by three.
But yet that one there was which moſt prevail'd,
And with more powerful charms my heart aſſail'd.
Ah! would you know who thus my breaſt could move?
Who could it be but the fair queen of love?
With mighty bribes they all for conqueſt ſtrive,
Juno will empires, Pallas valour give,
Whilſt I ſtand doubting which I ſhould prefer,
Empire's ſoft eaſe, or glorious toils of war;
But Venus gently ſmil'd, and thus ſhe ſpake,
'They're dang'rous gifts, O do not, do not take!
'I'll make thee love's immortal pleaſures know,
'And joys that in full tides for ever flow.
'For, if you judge the conqueſt to be mine,
'Fair Leda's fairer daughter ſhall be thine.'

She ſpake: And I gave her the conqueſt due,
Both to her beauty, and her gift of you.
Mean-while (my angry ſtars more gentle grown)
I am acknowledg'd royal Priam's ſon;
All the glad court, all Troy does celebrate,
With a new feſtival, my change of fate.
And as I languiſh now, and die for thee,
So did the beauties of all Troy for me.
You in full pow'r over a heart do reign,
For which a thouſand virgins ſigh'd in vain:
Nor did queens only fly to my embrace,
But nymphs of form divine, and heav'nly race;
I all their loves with cold diſdain repreſt,
Since hopes of you firſt fir'd my longing breaſt.
Your charming form all day my fancy drew,
And when night came, my dreams were all of you.
What pleaſures then muſt you yourſelf impart,
Whoſe ſhadows only ſo ſurpris'd my heart?
And oh! how did I burn approaching nigh'r,
That was ſo ſcorch'd by ſo remote a fire!
For now no longer could my hopes refrain
From ſeeking their wiſh'd object thro' the main.
I fell the ſtately pine, and ev'ry tree
That beſt was fit to cut the yielding ſea;
Fetch'd from Gargarian hills tall firs I cleave,
And Ida naked to the winds I leave,
Stiff oaks I bend, and ſolid planks I form,
And ev'ry ſhip with well-knit ribs I arm.
To the tall maſt I ſails and ſtreamers join,
And the gay-poops with painted gods do ſhine.
But on my ſhip does only Venus ſtand
With little Cupid ſmiling in her hand,
Guide of the way ſhe did herſelf command.

My fleet thus rigg'd, and all my thoughts on thee,
I long to plow the vaſt Ægean ſea;
My anxious parents my deſires withſtand,
And both with pious tears my ſtay command:
Caſſandra too, with looſe diſhevel'd hair,
Juſt as our haſty ſhips to ſail prepare,
Full of prophetick fury cries aloud,
'Oh whither ſteers my brother thro' the flood?
'Little, ah! little doſt thou know, or heed,
'To what a raging fire theſe waters lead.'
True were her fears, and in my breaſt I feel
The ſcorching flames her fury did foretel.
Yet out I ſail, and favour'd by the wind,
On your bleſt ſhore my wiſh'd for haven find:
Your huſband then, ſo heav'n, kind heav'n ordains,
In his own houſe his rival entertains;
Shews me whate'er in Sparta does delight
The curious traveller's enquiring ſight:
But I, who only long'd to gaze on you,
Could taſte no pleaſure in the idle ſhow.
But at thy ſight, oh! where was then my heart!
Out from my breaſt it gave a ſudden ſtart,
Sprung forth and met half-way the fatal dart.
Such, or leſs charming, was the queen of love,
When with her rival Goddeſſes ſhe ſtrove.
But faireſt, hadſt thou come among the three,
Even ſhe the prize muſt have reſign'd to thee.
Your beauty is the only theme of fame,
And all the world ſounds with fair Helen's name;
Nor lives there ſhe whom pride itſelf can raiſe
To claim with you an equal ſhare of praiſe:
Do I ſpeak falſe? rather report does ſo,
Detracting from you in a praiſe too low.

More here I find than that could ever tell,
So much your beauty does your fame excel.
Well then might Theſeus, he who all things knew,
Think none was worthy of his theft but you:
I this bold theft admire; but wonder more
He ever would ſo dear a prize reſtore:
Ah! would theſe hands have ever let you go?
Or could I live, and be divorc'd from you?
No; ſooner I with life itſelf could part,
Than e'er ſee you torn from my bleeding heart.
But could I do as he, and give you back,
Yet ſure ſome taſte of love I firſt would take,
Would firſt in all your blooming excellence
And virgin ſweets feaſt my luxurious ſenſe;
Or if you wou'd not let that treaſure go,
Kiſſes at leaſt you ſhould, you would beſtow,
And let me ſmell the flow'r as it did grow.
Come then into my longing arms, and try
My laſting, fix'd, eternal conſtancy,
Which never till my fun'ral pile ſhall waſte;
My preſent fire ſhall mingle with my laſt.
Scepters and crowns for you I did diſdain,
With which great Juno tempted me in vain.
And when bright Pallas did her bribes prepare,
One ſoft embrace from you I did prefer
To courage, ſtrength, and all the pomp of war.
Nor ſhall I ever think my choice was ill,
My judgment's ſettled, and approves it ſtill.
Do you but grant my hopes may prove as true
As they were plac'd above all things but you.
I am, as well as you, of heav'nly race,
Nor will my birth your mighty line diſgrace;
Pallas and Jove our noble lineage head,
And then a race of godlike kings ſucceed.

All

All Aſia's ſcepters to my father bow,
And half the ſpacious Eaſt his pow'r allow.
There you ſhall ſee the houſes roof'd with gold,
And temples glorious as the Gods they hold.
Troy you ſhall ſee, and divine walls admire,
Built to the conſort of Apollo's lyre.
What need I the vaſt flood of people tell,
That over its wide banks does almoſt ſwell?
You ſhall gay troops of Phrygian matrons meet,
And Trojan wives ſhining in ev'ry ſtreet.
How often then will you yourſelf confeſs
The emptineſs and poverty of Greece!
How often will you ſay, one palace there
Contains more wealth than do whole cities here!
I ſpeak not this your Sparta to diſgrace,
For whereſoe'er your life began its race
Muſt be to me the happieſt, deareſt place.
Yet Sparta's poor; and you, that ſhould be dreſs'd
In all the riches of the ſhining Eaſt,
Should underſtand how ill that ſordid place
Suits with the beauty of your charming face.
That face with coſtly dreſs and rich attire
Should ſhine, and make the gazing world admire.
When you the habit of my Trojans ſee,
What, think ye, muſt that of their ladies be?
O! then be kind, fair Spartan, nor diſdain
A Trojan in your bed to entertain.
He was a Trojan, and of our great line,
That to the Gods does mix immortal wine;
Tithonus too, whom to her roſy bed
The Goddeſs of the morning bluſhing led;
So was Anchiſes of our Trojan race,
Yet Venus ſelf to his deſir'd embrace,

With

With all her train of little loves, did fly,
And in his arms learn'd for a while to lie.
Nor do I think that Menelaus can,
Compar'd with me, appear the greater man.
I'm ſure my father never made the ſun
With frighted ſteeds from his dire banquet run:
No grandfather of mine is ſtain'd with blood,
Or with his crimes names the Myrtoan flood.
None of our race does in the Stygian lake
Snatch at thoſe apples he wants pow'r to take.
But ſtay; ſince you with ſuch a huſband join,
Your father Jove is forc'd to grace his line
He (Gods!) a wretch unworthy of thoſe charms,
Does all the night lie melting in your arms,
Does ev'ry minute to new joys improve,
And riots in the luſcious ſweets of love.
I but at table one ſhort view can gain,
And that too only to increaſe my pain:
O may ſuch feaſts my worſt of foes attend,
As often I at your ſpread table find.
I loath my food, when my tormented eye
Sees his rude hand in your ſoft boſom lie.
I burſt with envy when I him behold
Your tender limbs in his looſe robe infold.
When he your lips with melting kiſſes ſeal'd,
Before my eyes I the large goblet held.
When you with him in ſtrict embraces cloſe,
My hated meat to my dry'd palate grows.
Oft have I ſigh'd, then ſigh'd again to ſee
That ſigh with ſcornful ſmiles repaid by thee.
Oft I with wine would quench my hot deſire
In vain; for ſo I added fire to fire.
Oft have I turn'd away my head in vain,
You ſtraight recall'd my longing eyes again.

What

What ſhall I do? your ſports with grief I ſee,
But it's a greater, not to look on thee.
With all my art I ſtrive my flames to hide,
But through the thin diſguiſe they are deſcry'd;
Too well, alas! my wounds to you are known,
And O that they were ſo to you alone!
How oft turn I my weeping eyes away,
Leſt he the cauſe ſhould aſk, and I betray?
What tales of love tell I, when warm'd with wine?
To your dear face applying ev'ry line.
In borrow'd names I my own paſſion ſhew:
They the feign'd lovers are, but I the true.
Sometimes more freedom in diſcourſe to gain,
For my excuſe I drunkenneſs would feign.
Once I remember your looſe garment fell,
And did your naked, ſwelling breaſts reveal,
Breaſts, white as ſnow, or the falſe down of Jove,
When to your mother the kind ſwan made love:
Whilſt with the ſight ſurpris'd I gazing ſtand,
The cup I held, dropt from my careleſs hand.
If you your young Hermione but kiſs,
Straight from her lips I ſnatch the envy'd bliſs.
Sometimes ſupinely laid, love-ſongs I ſing,
And wafted kiſſes from my fingers fling.
Your women to my aid I try to move
With all the pow'rful rhetorick of love,
But they, alas! ſpeak nothing but deſpair,
And in the midſt leave my neglected pray'r.
Oh! that by ſome great prize you might be won,
And your poſſeſſion might the victor crown:
As Pelops his Hippodamia won,
Then had you ſeen what I for you had done.
But now I've nothing left to do but pray,
And myſelf proſtrate at your feet to lay,

O thou,

O thou, thy houſe's glory, brighter far
Than thy two ſhining brothers friendly ſtar!
O worthy of the bed of heav'n's great king,
If ought ſo fair but from himſelf could ſpring!
Either with thee I back to Troy will fly,
Or here a wretched baniſh'd lover die;
With no ſlight wound my tender breaſt does ſmart,
My bones and marrow feel the piercing dart;
I find my ſiſter true did propheſie,
I with a heav'nly dart ſhould wounded die;
Deſpiſe not then a love by heav'n deſign'd,
So may the Gods ſtill to your vows be kind.
Much I could ſay, but what, will beſt be known
In your apartment, when we are alone.
You bluſh, and with a ſuperſtitious dread
Fear to defile the ſacred marriage bed:
Ah! Helen, can you then ſo ſimple be,
To think ſuch beauty can from faults be free?
Or change that face, or you muſt needs be kind;
Beauty and virtue ſeldom have been join'd.
Jove and bright Venus do our thefts approve;
Such thefts as theſe gave you your father Jove.
And if in you ought of your parents laſt,
Can Jove and Leda's daughter well be chaſte?
Yet then be chaſte when we to Troy ſhall go;
(For ſhe who ſins with one alone, is ſo.)
But let us now enjoy that pleaſing ſin,
Then marry, and be innocent again.
Ev'n your own huſband doth the ſame perſuade;
Silent himſelf, yet all his actions plead:
For me they plead; and he, good man, becauſe
He'll ſpoil no ſport, officiouſly withdraws.
Had he no other time to viſit Crete?
Oh! how prodigious is a huſband's wit!

He

He went, and as he went, he cry'd, My dear,
Inſtead of me, you of your gueſt take care.
But you forget your lord's command, I ſee,
Nor take you any care of love or me.
And think you ſuch a thing as he does know
The treaſure that he holds, in holding you?
No: did he underſtand but half your charms,
He durſt not truſt 'em in a ſtranger's arms.
If neither his nor my requeſt can move,
We're forc'd by opportunity to love;
We ſhould be fools, ev'n greater fools than he,
Should ſo ſecure a time unactive be.
Alone theſe tedious winter nights you lie
In a cold widow'd bed, and ſo do I.
Let mutual joys our willing bodies join,
That happy night ſhall the mid-day out-ſhine:
Then will I ſwear by all the pow'rs above,
And in their awful preſence ſeal my love.
Then if my wiſhes may aſpire ſo high,
I with our flight ſhall win you to comply;
But if nice honour little ſcruples frame,
The force I'll uſe ſhall vindicate your fame.
Of Theſeus and your brothers I can learn,
No precedents ſo nearly you concern;
You Theſeus, they Leucippus' daughter ſtole,
I'll be the fourth in the illuſtrious roll.
Well mann'd, well-arm'd, for you my fleet does ſtay,
And waiting winds murmur at our delay.
Thro' Troy's throng'd ſtreets you ſhall in triumph go,
Ador'd as ſome new Goddeſs here below.
Where-e'er you tread, ſpices and gums ſhall ſmoke,
And victims fall beneath the fatal ſtroke.
My father, mother, all the joyful court,
All Troy to you with preſents ſhall reſort.

Alas!

Alas! 'tis nothing what I yet have ſaid;
What there you'll find, ſhall what I write exceed.
Nor fear, leſt war purſue our haſty flight,
And angry Greece ſhould all her force unite.
What raviſh'd maid did ever wars regain?
Vain the attempt, and fear of it as vain.
The Thracians Orythia ſtole from far,
Yet Thrace ne'er heard the noiſe of following war.
Jaſon too ſtole away the Colchian maid,
Yet Colchos did not Theſſaly invade.
He who ſtole you, ſtole Ariadne too,
Yet Minos did not with all Crete purſue.
Fear in theſe caſes than the danger's more,
And when the threatning tempeſt once is o'er,
Our ſhame's then greater than our fear before.
But ſay from Greece a threatned war purſue,
Know I have ſtrength and wounding weapons too.
In men and horſe more numerous than Greece,
Our empire is not in its compaſs leſs.
Nor does your huſband Paris ought excel
In gen'rous courage, or in martial ſkill,
Ev'n but a boy, from my ſlain foes I gain'd
My ſtolen herd, and a new name attain'd;
Ev'n then o'ercome by me I cou'd produce
Deiphobus and great Ilioneus.
Nor hand to hand more to be fear'd am I.
Than when from far my certain arrows fly.
You for his youth can no ſuch actions feign,
Nor can he e'er my envy'd ſkill attain.
But could he, Hector's your ſecurity,
And he alone an army is to me.
You know me not, nor the hid proweſs find
Of him that Heav'n has for your bed deſign'd.
Either no war from Greece ſhall follow thee,
Or if it does, ſhall be repell'd by me.

Nor

Nor think I fear to fight for ſuch a wife,
That prize would give the coward's courage life.
All after ages ſhall your fame admire,
If you alone ſet the whole world on fire.
To ſea, to ſea, while all the Gods are kind,
And all I promiſe, you in Troy ſhall find.

HELEN to PARIS.

By the right honourable the earl of Mulgrave, *and Mr.* Dryden.

The ARGUMENT.

Helen, *having receiv'd the foregoing epiſtle from* Paris, *returns the following anſwer: wherein ſhe ſeems at firſt to chide him for his preſumption in writing as he had done, which could only proceed from his low opinion of her virtue; then owns herſelf to be ſenſible of the paſſion which he had expreſs'd for her, tho' ſhe much ſuſpected his conſtancy; and at laſt diſcovers her inclination to be favourable to him: the whole letter ſhewing the extreme artifice of woman-kind.*

WHEN looſe epiſtles violate chaſte eyes,
She half conſents, who ſilently denies:
How dares a ſtranger, with deſigns ſo vain,
Marriage and hoſpitable rights prophane?
Was it for this, your fleet did ſhelter find
From ſwelling ſeas, and ev'ry faithleſs wind?
(For tho' a diſtant country brought you forth,
Your uſage here was equal to your worth)
Does this deſerve to be rewarded ſo?
Did you come here a ſtranger, or a foe?
Your partial judgment may perhaps complain,
And think me barb'rous for my juſt diſdain;
Ill-bred then let me be, but not unchaſte,
Nor my clear fame with any ſpot defac'd.

Tho'

Tho' in my face there's no affected frown,
Nor in my carriage a feign'd niceneſs ſhown,
I keep my honour ſtill without a ſtain,
Nor has my love made any coxcomb vain.
Your boldneſs I with admiration ſee;
What hope had you to gain a queen like me?
Becauſe a hero forc'd me once away,
Am I thought fit to be a ſecond prey?
Had I been won, I had deſerv'd your blame,
But ſure my part was nothing but the ſhame:
Yet the baſe theft to him no fruit did bear,
I 'ſcap'd unhurt by any thing but fear.
Rude force might ſome unwilling kiſſes gain,
But that was all he ever could obtain.
You on ſuch terms would ne'er have let me go;
Were he like you, we had not parted ſo.
Untouch'd the youth reſtor'd me to my friends,
And modeſt uſage made me ſome amends.
'Tis virtue to repent a vicious deed;
Did he repent, that Paris might ſucceed?
Sure 'tis ſome fate that ſets me above wrongs,
Yet ſtill expoſes me to buſy tongues.
I'll not complain, for who's diſpleas'd with love,
If it ſincere, diſcreet, and conſtant prove?
But that I fear; not that I think you baſe,
Or doubt the blooming beauties of my face;
But all your ſex is ſubject to deceive,
And ours, alas, too willing to believe.
Yet others yield: and love o'ercomes the beſt:
But why ſhould I not ſhine above the reſt?
Fair Leda's ſtory ſeems at firſt to be
A fit example ready form'd for me;
But ſhe was cozen'd by a borrow'd ſhape,
And under harmleſs feathers felt a rape:

If

If I ſhould yield, what reaſon could I uſe?
By what miſtake the loving crime excuſe?
Her fault was in her powerful lover loſt,
But what of Jupiter have I to boaſt?
Tho' you to heroes, and to kings ſucceed,
Our famous race does no addition need,
And great alliances but uſeleſs prove
To one that's come herſelf from mighty Jove.
Go then and boaſt in ſome leſs haughty place
Your Phrygian blood, and Priam's ancient race,
Which I would ſhew I valu'd, if I durſt;
You are the fifth from Jove, but I the firſt.
The crown of Troy is pow'rful I confeſs,
But I have reaſon to think ours no leſs.
Your letter fill'd with promiſes of all
That men can good, and women pleaſant, call,
Gives expectation ſuch an ample field,
As wou'd move Goddeſſes themſelves to yield.
But if I e'er offend great Juno's laws,
Yourſelf ſhall be the dear, the only cauſe;
Either my honour I'll to death maintain,
Or follow you, without mean thoughts of gain.
Not that ſo fair a preſent I deſpiſe;
We like the gift, when we the giver prize.
But 'tis your love moves me, which made you take
Such pains, and run ſuch hazards for my ſake.
I have perceiv'd (tho' I diſſembled too)
A thouſand things that love has made you do:
Your eager eyes would almoſt dazzle mine,
In which (wild man) your wanton thoughts wou'd ſhine.
Sometimes you'd ſigh, ſometimes diſorder'd ſtand,
And with unuſual ardor preſs my hand;
Contrive juſt after me to take the glaſs,
Nor wou'd you let the leaſt occaſion paſs,

When

When oft I fear'd, I did not mind alone,
And bluſhing ſate for things which you have done:
Then murmur'd to myſelf, He'll for my ſake
Do any thing; I hope 'twas no miſtake.
Oft have I read within this pleaſing grove,
Under my name, thoſe charming words, "I love."
I frowning ſeem'd not to believe your flame,
But now, alas, am come to write the ſame.
If I were capable to do amiſs,
I could not but be ſenſible of this.
For oh! your face has ſuch peculiar charms,
That who can hold from flying to your arms!
But what I ne'er can have without offence,
May ſome bleſt maid poſſeſs with innocence.
Pleaſure may tempt, but virtue more ſhould move;
O learn of me to want the thing you love.
What you deſire is ſought by all mankind:
As you have eyes, ſo others are not blind.
Like you they ſee, like you my charms adore,
They wiſh not leſs, but you dare venture more.
Oh! had you then upon our coaſts been brought,
My virgin love when thouſand rivals ſought,
You had I ſeen, you ſhould have had my voice;
Nor cou'd my huſband juſtly blame my choice.
For both our hopes, alas! you come too late;
Another now is maſter of my fate.
More to my wiſh I cou'd have liv'd with you,
And yet my preſent lot can undergo.
Ceaſe to ſollicit a weak woman's will,
And urge not her you love, to ſo much ill.
But let me live contented as I may,
And make not my unſpotted fame your prey.
Some right you claim, ſince naked to your eyes
Three Goddeſſes diſputed Beauty's prize.

One

One offer'd valour, t'other crowns, but ſhe
Obtain'd her cauſe, who ſmiling promis'd Me.
But firſt I am not of belief ſo light,
To think ſuch nymphs wou'd ſhew you ſuch a ſight.
Yet granting this the other part is feign'd;
A bribe ſo mean your ſentence had not gain'd.
With partial eyes I ſhou'd myſelf regard,
To think that Venus made me her reward:
I humbly am content with human praiſe;
A Goddeſs's applauſe wou'd envy raiſe:
But be it as you ſay, for 'tis confeſt,
The men, who flatter higheſt, pleaſe us beſt.
That I ſuſpect it, ought not to diſpleaſe;
For miracles are not believ'd with eaſe.
One joy I have, that I had Venus' voice;
A greater yet, that you confirm'd her choice;
That proffer'd laurels, promis'd ſovereignty,
Juno and Pallas you contemn'd for me.
Am I your empire then, and your renown?
What heart of rock, but muſt by this be won?
And yet bear witneſs, oh you pow'rs above,
How rude I am in all the arts of love!
My hand is yet untaught to write to men:
This is th' eſſay of my unpractis'd pen:
Happy thoſe nymphs, whom uſe has perfect made;
I think all crime, and tremble at a ſhade.
Ev'n while I write, my fearful conſcious eyes
Look often back, miſdoubting a ſurpriſe.
For now the rumour ſpreads among the croud,
At court in whiſpers, but in town aloud:
Diſſemble you, whate'er you hear 'em ſay:
To leave off loving were your better way,
Yet if you will diſſemble it, you may.
Love ſecretly: the abſence of my lord
More freedom gives, but does not all afford:

Long

Long is his journey, long will be his ſtay;
Call'd by affairs of conſequence away.
To go or not when unreſolv'd he ſtood,
I bid him make what ſwift return he cou'd:
Then kiſſing me, he ſaid, I recommend
All to thy care, but moſt my Trojan friend.
I ſmil'd at what he innocently ſaid,
And only anſwer'd, you ſhall be obey'd.
Propitious winds have borne him far from hence,
But let not this ſecure your confidence.
Abſent he is, yet abſent he commands:
You know the proverb, princes have long hands.
My fame's my burden; for the more I'm prais'd,
A juſter ground of jealouſy is rais'd.
Were I leſs fair, I might have been more bleſt:
Great beauty through great danger is poſſeſt.
To leave me here his venture was not hard,
Becauſe he thought my virtue was my guard.
He fear'd my face, but truſted to my life,
The beauty doubted, but believ'd the wife.
You bid me uſe th' occaſion while I can,
Put in our hands by the good eaſy man.
I wou'd, and yet I doubt, 'twixt love and fear;
One draws me from you, and one brings me near.
Our flames are mutual, and my huſband's gone:
The nights are long; I fear to lie alone.
One houſe contains us, and weak walls divide,
And you're too preſſing to be long deny'd:
Let me not live, but ev'ry thing conſpires
To join our loves, and yet my fear retires.
You court with words, when you ſhou'd force employ:
A rape is requiſite to ſhame-fac'd joy.
Indulgent to the wrongs which we receive,
Our ſex can ſuffer what we dare not give.

What have I ſaid! for both of us 'twere beſt
Our kindling fire if each of us ſuppreſt.
The faith of ſtrangers is too prone to change,
And, like themſelves, their wandring paſſions range.
Hypſipile, and the fond Minonian maid,
Were both by truſting of their gueſts betray'd.
How can I doubt that other men deceive,
When you yourſelf did fair OEnone leave?
But leſt I ſhould upbraid your treachery,
You make a merit of that crime to me.
Yet grant you were to faithful love inclin'd,
Your weary Trojans wait but for a wind.
Should you prevail; while I aſſign the night,
Your ſails are hoiſted, and you take your flight:
Some bawling mariner our love deſtroys,
And breakes aſunder our unfiniſh'd joys.
But I with you may leave the Spartan port,
To view the Trojan wealth and Priam's court,
Shown while I ſee, I ſhall expoſe my fame;
And fill a foreign country with my ſhame:
In Aſia what reception ſhall I find?
And what diſhonour leave in Greece behind?
What will your brothers, Priam, Hecuba,
And what will all your modeſt matrons ſay?
Ev'n you, when on this action you reflect,
My future conduct juſtly may ſuſpect:
And whate'er ſtranger lands upon your coaſt,
Conclude me, by your own example, loſt.
I from your rage a ſtrumpet's name ſhall hear,
While you forget what part in it you bear.
You, my crime's author, will my crime upbraid:
Deep under ground oh let me firſt be laid!
You boaſt the pomp and plenty of your land,
And promiſe all ſhall be at my command:

Your

Your Trojan wealth, believe me, I deſpiſe;
My own poor native land has dearer ties.
Shou'd I be injur'd on your Phrygian ſhore.
What help of kindred could I there implore?
Medea was by Jaſon's flatt'ry won:
I may, like her, believe, and be undone.
Plain honeſt hearts, like mine, ſuſpect no cheat,
And love contributes to its own deceit.
The ſhips, about whoſe ſides loud tempeſts roar,
With gentle winds were wafted from the ſhore.
Your teeming mother dreamt a flaming brand
Sprung from her womb, conſum'd the Trojan land.
To ſecond this, old prophecies conſpire,
That Ilium ſhall be burnt with Grecian fire:
Both give me fear, nor is it much allay'd,
That Venus is oblig'd our loves to aid,
For they who loſt their cauſe, revenge will take;
And for one friend two enemies you make.
Nor can I doubt, but ſhou'd I follow you,
The ſword would ſoon our fatal crime purſue:
A wrong ſo great my huſband's rage would rouze,
And my relations would his cauſe eſpouſe.
You boaſt your ſtrength and courage, but, alas!
Your words receive ſmall credit from your face.
Let heroes in the duſty field delight,
Thoſe limbs were faſhion'd for another fight.
Bid Hector ſally from the walls of Troy,
A ſweeter quarrel ſhould your arms employ.
Yet fears like theſe ſhould not my mind perplex,
Were I as wiſe as many of my ſex.
But time and you may bolder thoughts inſpire;
And I perhaps may yield to your deſire.
You laſt demand a private conference,
Theſe are your words, but I can gueſs your ſenſe.

Your unripe hopes their harveſt muſt attend:
Be rul'd by me, and time may be your friend.
This is enough to let you underſtand,
For now my pen has tir'd my tender hand;
My woman knows the ſecret of my heart,
And may hereafter better news impart.

PENELOPE to ULYSSES.

By Mr. *RHYMER.*

The ARGUMENT.

The rape of Helen *having carry'd all the* Grecian *princes to the ſiege of* Troy; Ulyſſes, *among the reſt, there ſignaliz'd his manhood and prudence particularly. But the ſiege at an end, and he not returning with the other captains,* Penelope *ſends this letter in queſt of him. She had render'd herſelf as deſervedly famous on her part, by reſiſting all the while the importunity of her ſuitors with an unuſual conſtancy and fidelity. She complains to* Ulyſſes *of their carriage, ſhe likewiſe tells him her apprehenſions and fears for him during the war and ſince, acquaints him with the ill poſture of his family through his abſence, and deſires him to haſten home as the only means to ſet all right again.*

TO your Penelope at length break home,
Send no excuſe, nor ſtay to write, but come.
Our trouble long, Troy does not hold you now;
Nor twenty Troys were worth all this ado.
Wou'd ſome juſt ſtorm and raging ſea had drown'd
The ruffian, when for Lacedæmon bound;
I ſhou'd not then of tedious days complain,
Nor cold a-nights, and comfortleſs have lain;
Nor ſhould this pains to paſs the ev'nings take,
And work, and weave, ev'n till my fingers ake.
I always fear'd worſe dangers than the true,
(As always love unquiet fears purſue)

Fancy'd thee by fierce Trojans compaſs'd round,
And Hector's name ſtill ſtruck me to the ground.
When told of Neſtor's ſon, by Hector ſlain,
Straight Neſtor's ſon rouz'd all my fears again.
When for his ſham how dear Patroclus paid:
I wept to find that wit no better ſped.
Tlepolemus by Trojan jav'lin kill'd,
Through all my veins an icy terror thrill'd:
Whatever Greeks miſcarry'd in the fray,
I fainted, and fell (well nigh) dead as they.
Heav'n for chaſte love has better fate in ſtore,
My huſband lives, and Troy is now no more.
Our captains well return'd, each altar flames,
And temples all barbarian booty crams;
For their ſafe loves the women off'rings bring,
And Trojan fates by ours defeated ſing.
All ſtand amaz'd to hear both old and young,
And liſt'ning wives upon their huſbands hung,
Some on the table drew each bloody fight,
And ſpilling wine the whole ſad Iliad write.
This Simois, that the Sigean land,
And there did Priam's lofty palace ſtand.
Here ſkulk'd Ulyſſes, there Achilles dar'd,
There Hector torn the foaming horſes ſcar'd.
All did old Neſtor to your ſon explain,
To ſeek you ſent; who told me all again.
Your ſword how Dolon, no, nor Rheſus 'ſcap'd,
Banter'd the one, this taken as he napp'd.
Fool-hardy you, and us remembring ill,
Nightly amidſt thoſe Thracian tents to ſteal,
There numbers ſlay, one only aiding thee.
Thou haſt been wiſe, and would'ſt have thought on me.
Still pant I, told, how all in triumph brave,
Round your friends camp thoſe Thracian ſteeds you drave.

But

But what avails it me that Troy did yield,
And by your proweſs now the town's a field?
As when Troy ſtood, I ſtill remain alone;
Th' effect continues, tho' the cauſe is gone;
To others ſack'd, to only me upheld,
Ev'n whilſt it lies by Greek abiders till'd.
For Priam's tow'rs, now lofty corn appears,
And Phrygian blood a pond'rous harveſt rears.
No houſe remains, nought of a Trojan found,
Unleſs you dig their bones from under ground.
Where art thou, conqueror? what detains thee now?
Or may not I your new atchievements know?
Whatever ſkipper hither comes aſhore,
For thee I aſk, and aſk him o'er and o'er;
Nor parts he, 'till I ſcribble half a ſheet,
To give thee, ſhould ye ever chance to meet.
We ſent to Pylous, Neſtor's ancient ſeat,
From Pilos we no certain tidings get:
To Sparta ſent, the Spartans nothing know,
What courſe you ſteer, nor where you wander now.
Wou'd thoſe ſame God-built walls were ſtanding ſtill,
(Now I repent that e'er I wiſh'd 'em ill.)
Then where thou fought'ſt, I ſurely ſhould have learn'd,
Nor, ſave for war, the common grievance mourn'd.
Now, what I know not, all I madly fear,
And a wild field lies open to my care.
By ſea, or land whatever dangers ſway,
Thoſe I ſuſpect the cauſes of your ſtay.
Whilſt thus I ſimply muſe, who knows your mind?
Perhaps abroad ſome other love you find:
Perhaps to her your dowdy wife define;
Who knows no more, ſo that her cup-board ſhine.
No; vaniſh jealous thoughts, nor fright me more,
He wou'd be with me were it in his pow'r.

My ſire would force me from my widow's bed,
Blames my delay, and chides, and ſhakes his head.
Let him chide on, yours ſtill, yours only, I,
Penelope, Ulyſſes' wife will die.
Yet by my chaſte deſires, and virtue bent,
His temper does a little now relent.
From Crete and Samos, Rhodes and Zant ſet out,
To court me come a wild unruly rout;
Who revel in your houſe without controul,
And eat, and waſte your means, our blood and ſoul.
Of Medon, Polybus, Piſander, fell
Eurymachus, alas, why ſhould I tell?
With many more (you ſadly out o'th' way)
Feed here, and on your ſuſtance let 'em prey.
The beggar Irus, and that goat-herd clown,
Melanthius, range and rummage up and down.
So kept your houſe, ſuch ſtout defenders we,
A helpleſs wife, old man, and little boy;
Whom late by treach'ry we had well nigh loſt,
'Gainſt all our minds as he to Pylos croſt;
But Heav'ns preſerve him 'till he die in courſe,
Having firſt clos'd mine eyes, and alſo yours.
Thus the old nurſe, the hind, and hogherd prey;
True ſervants, all, and faithful in their way.
Diſarm'd by age, Laertes is not fit
Amidſt thoſe bullies to maintain your right.
Age, if he lives, Telemachus may bring
To ſtrength, but yet he needs his father's wing.
I, what am I? alas, my help is ſmall!
Come you, the ſtrength and ſafety of us all.
So may your ſon in virtuous arts increaſe,
So may the old Laertes die in peace;
Who in my bloom did at your parting mourn,
I wither'd grow, in waiting your return.

PENELOPE

PENELOPE to ULYSSES.

By the Honourable Mrs. *WHARTON.*

PEnelope this ſlow epiſtle ſends
To him on whom her future hope depends;
'Tis your Penelope, diſtreſs'd, forlorn,
Who aſks no anſwer, but your quick return.
Priam and Troy, the Grecian dames juſt hate,
Have long ere this, 'tis known, receiv'd their fate,
For which thy abſence pays too dear a rate.
O! ere my hopes and joys had found their graves,
Why did not Paris periſh by the waves?
I ſhould not then paſs tedious nights alone,
Courting with fervent breath the riſing ſun;
But all in vain, for day is night to me:
Nor day nor night brings comfort, only thee.
My tender hands with weaving would not tire,
Nor my ſoft thoughts with unobtain'd deſire.
Still did my mind new fearful forms preſent,
To kill my hopes, and raiſe my diſcontent,
Love, jealous love, has more than eagles eyes
To ſpy out ſorrows, but o'er-look our joys;
I fancy'd furious Trojans ſtill were nigh
To ſlay my lord, and all my hopes deſtroy.
As there the arms of Hector ſtill prevail,
Here at his very name my cheeks grew pale;
When told Antilochus by him was ſlain,
My hopes decay'd, my fears reviv'd again.
I wept when young Patroclus was o'erthrown,
To find how weak the arts of wit were grown,

The deeds of fierce Tlepolemus alarm'd
My tender ſoul, and all my ſpirits charm'd,
Each fatal ſcene grief to my heart did ſhow,
Whate'er they felt, I ſuffer'd here for you.
But virtuous love propitious heav'n befriends,
My huſband's ſafe, on whom my life depends;
Troy is o'erthrown, and all our ſorrow ends.
The Grecians triumph they at large declare,
The fall of Ilium, and the foes deſpair.
Old men and tender maids with pleaſure hear
The fatal end of all their griefs and fear.
The joyful wife from ſoft embraces now
Will hardly time to hear theſe tales allow,
Forgets long abſence, and renews her vow.
Some on the tables their feign'd combats draw,
With ſparkling bowls the victor ſpeaks his joy,
And with ſpilt wine deſcribes the famous Troy;
Here, ſays he, Priam's palace did appear,
The far-fam'd river Simois glided here;
Here 'twas Achilles fought, Ulyſſes too;
At that to guard my heart my ſpirits flew:
Achilles' mighty name paſs'd careleſs by,
But at this name Penelope could die.
One ſhows the place where mangled Hector lay,
To fierce Achilles' fury made a prey.
Deſcribes the horſes which the body drew,
Taught by an inſtinct, they before ne'er knew,
To fear the man, who could no more purſue.
Breathleſs on earth was laid the ſoul of Troy,
The army's triumph, and the city's joy.
This Neſtor told your ſon, whom my fond haſte
Sent to enquire of dangers which were paſt.
He told how Rheſus was with Dolon ſlain;
Theſe tedious tales did but augment my pain,
I liſten'd ſtill to hear of you again.

How truly valiant were you, tho' unkind?
You little thought of what you left behind,
When in the night you ventur'd to invade
The Thracian camp, my ſoul was fill'd with dread.
Aſſiſted but by one their ſtrength you prove,
Too ſtrong your courage, but too weak your love.
But what remains to me for conqueſts paſt,
If like that city, ſtill my hopes lie waſte?
Your preſence would my ſpringing joy renew;
Would Troy were glorious ſtill, ſo I had you.
Others I ſee their victories enjoy,
Driving along the fatted ſpoils of Troy:
Th' unhappy beaſts compell'd turn rebels now,
And where their captive maſters mourn, muſt plough.
Where barren walls were once, now fruitful fields
Expect the ſickle, and glad harveſt yield.
Still they inſult upon the conquer'd foes,
Raiſing their bury'd limbs with crooked ploughs;
Ev'n death to them is not the end of woes.
Graſs grows, where once the tow'rs erected high
Of ſtately Ilium durſt out-face the ſky.
But why do I glad victories relate?
I have no conqueſt, but the conquer'd's fate.
Thou, mighty victor, from my arms art fled,
Deſpair here triumphs, and my comfort's dead;
Thy image ſtill I find within my heart,
But if thou ſtray'ſt, with that and life I part.
Whatever ſtranger lands upon our ſhore,
Thither I run, wing'd hope flies on before;
I aſk, Where is my lord? Will he return?
Is he in health? Or muſt I ever mourn?
Then to his hands a letter ſtraight I give,
And cry, Give this to him in whom I live.
But if no quick reply the ſtranger makes,
The ſpringing blood my trembling cheeks forſakes.

I fear your death, and more I fear your ſcorn,
I think Penelope is now forlorn,
Ulyſſes falſe, and all his vows forſworn.
I ſent to Pylos to enquire for thee,
But found thee there a ſtranger as to me;
To Sparta, but could there no tidings hear:
Where art thou, my Ulyſſes, tell me where?
Where doſt thou hide thyſelf t'increaſe my fear?
None of thy victories to me return,
Apollo's city's vanquiſh'd, yet I mourn:
Ah! would it ſtood, that ſcene of pomp and pride,
Then I ſhould know where all my hopes reſide:
But now, alas! I know not where thou art,
My vows are turn'd, and help to break my heart.
What may be, tho' 'tis not, augments my care,
I know not where to limit now my fear;
My ſorrows wander in ſo large a field,
I fear all dangers ſea and earth can yield.
Forgive me, dear Ulyſſes, if ſometimes
My eager love dares tax thy heart of crimes.
I ſometimes think ſome crafty ſtranger may
Have made thy abſent wand'ring heart a prey;
Where to make ſure the vows to her are ſworn,
Penelope each day is made a ſcorn,
Thou tell'ſt her, the weak diſtaff is my care,
I know no art the conqu'ror to enſnare;
The homely duties of a wife I prove,
But never knew to fix a wand'ring love.
When thus I think, I'm fill'd with deep deſpairs,
Then ſtraight I rave, and chide away thoſe fears;
I think thou'rt true, and were it in thy pow'r
Ulyſſes were Penelope's this hour.
My father adds to my inſulting fate,
Bidding me quit thoſe robes and widow'd ſtate;

And

And laughs to hear me feign ſome weak excuſe,
Rather than all my vows and hopes abuſe:
But let him laugh, I'm thine, and only thine,
Tho' much I fear Ulyſſes is not mine;
My fix'd reſolves at length have conquer'd him,
He thinks I may be true without a crime.
Slaves I have many, who affect to move,
But vainly tempt my fix'd and conſtant love:
Vain, youthful, gay, endu'd with all thoſe arts
Which captive and ſecure leſs faithful hearts;
They lord it here o'er all, now thou'rt away,
Thy wealth is theirs, who bleſs thy kind delay,
All but thy wife to them is made a prey.
Why ſhould I reckon up each hated name,
Hateful to me, and cruel to thy fame?
Pylander, Polypus, and Medon here
Are fierce thro' pow'r, I feeble thro' deſpair.
Why ſhould I name the ſly Eurymachus,
The curs'd and covetous Antinous?
Ulyſſes, theſe and more to thy diſgrace
Live on thy riches, while thy herds decreaſe;
The mean Melanthus and poor Irus too
Are ever in the way t' aſſiſt the crew,
Whoſe careleſs riots all my hopes undo:
Alone upon thy ſuccour we depend,
We are but three, and weakly we defend;
I am a woman, and Laertes old,
Telemachus too young, the foe too bold;
Telemachus nigh loſt the other day,
For he for Pylos had prepar'd his way
Againſt my will, who ne'er could have deſign'd
Parting with th' only pledge you left behind.
O may he live, that when I'm freed by death,
Ulyſſes' ſoul may in his boſom breath.

The

The little family you left behind
Thus pray for him, whom all the Gods deſign'd
Heir to thy wealth, and to thy richer mind.
Laertes 'mongſt his foes is old and weak,
His pow'r decays, in vain his help I ſeek.
Your ſon may live, the foe may grow leſs ſtrong,
As yet they're powerful, and their hopes are young.
Return, my wand'ring lord, the only ſcope
Of all our pray'rs, the end of our hope;
Return, and teach your ſon, like you, to know
The arts to govern, and ſubdue a foe;
Inſtruct his tender years for learning fit,
His blood is thine, and thine may be his wit;
Return, and bleſs Laertes, ere he dies,
With thy dear ſight, then cloſe his willing eyes;
Return, and bleſs thy wife, whoſe youth decays
With ſhedding tears at thy unkind delays;
Return, life of our hopes, light of our days.

HYPSIPYLE to JASON.

By Mr. *SETTLE.*

The ARGUMENT.

The deſire of gaining the golden Fleece put Jaſon *upon a voyage to* Colchos. *In his paſſage he ſtopp'd at the iſland of* Lemnos, *of which place* Hypſipyle *was then queen, fam'd for her pious ſaving of her father* Thaos, *in a general maſſacre of the men there by the women of that country. Her entertainment of* Jaſon *was ſo kind, as induced him to ſtay there two years, at the end of which he left the iſland, and the queen, (then big with child;) and after a thouſand vows of conſtancy, and ſpeedy return, purſues his firſt intended voyage, and arrives at* Colchos, *where* Æta *was king.* Medea *his daughter falls in love with* Jaſon, *and by her charms he gain'd the golden Fleece; with which, and* Medea, *he ſail'd home to* Theſſaly. Hypſipyle, *hearing of his landing with her more happy rival* Medea, *writes him this epiſtle.*

LAden, they ſay, with Jaſon's golden prize,
Proud Argo in Theſſalia's harbour lies.
I would congratulate your ſafe return;
But from your pen I ſhould that ſafety learn.
When from my ſlighted coaſt you bore away,
Spite of the winds, you ſhow'd leſs faith than they.
If 'twas too much t'enjoy my deareſt lord,
Sure I deſerv'd one line, one tender word.
Why did fame firſt, and not their conqu'ror, ſhow,
How war's fierce God ſaw his tam'd bulls at plow?

How

How th'earth-born warriors roſe, and how they fell
By their own ſwords, without your conqu'ring ſteel?
How in your charms the fetter'd dragon lay,
Whilſt your bold hand bore the curl'd gold away?
When doubtful tongues ſhall Jaſon's wonders tell,
Would I could ſay, See here's my oracle.
But tho' unkind love's ſilence I deplore,
Your heart ſtill mine, I would deſire no more.
But ah, that hope is vain;——a witch deſtroys
My fancy'd pleaſures, and my promis'd joys.
Would I could ſay (but oh, love's fear's too ſtrong!)
Would I could ſay, I guiltleſs Jaſon wrong.
Lately a gueſt came from th' Hemonian land:
My door ſcarce reach'd, with tranſport I demand
How fares my Jaſon? His ſad look he bore,
Fixt with an ominous ſilence on the floor.
My robes I tore, and thus, with horror, cry'd,
Lives he? or with one wound both hearts muſt bleed?
He lives, ſaid he; to which I made him ſwear:
He ſwore by heav'n, yet I retain'd my fear.
My ſenſe return'd to aſk your deeds; he ſaid,
That the yok'd bulls of Mars in chains you led:
The ſnake's own teeth a crop of heroes bore,
Whilſt a rough native caſe their limbs huſkt o'er:
And by their own inteſtine fury ſlain,
One day's ſhort age compleats their active reign.
Again I aſk, Do's my dear Jaſon live?
Such ebbs and flows love's fears and hopes do give;
He fatally proceeds, and with much art
Would hide, yet ſhews the falſeneſs of your heart.
Ah, where's your nuptial faith, that flatt'ring ſtyle,
Love's torch, more fit to light my fun'ral pile!
I have no lawleſs plea to Jaſon's love;
Juno and Hymen our juſt chaplets wove:

Ah

Ah no! not theſe mild gods: Erinnys' hand,
At our curſt rites, held her infernal brand.
Why to my Lemnos did your veſſel ſteer?
Or why, fond fool, did I admit you here?
Here no bright ram with golden glory ſhone,
Nor was my Lemnos the Ætean throne.
At firſt— (but fates all faint reſolves withſtand)
I thought t'expel you with a female hand.
The Lemnian ladies are in arms well ſkill'd:
Their guard has been my life's ſecureſt ſhield.
But in my city, roof, my ſoul receiv'd,
For two bleſt years my darling Jaſon liv'd.
Forc'd the third ſummer to a ſad farewel,
Mixt with his tears theſe parting accents fell:
Do not at our divided fates repine,
Thine I depart, to return ever thine.
May our yet unborn pledge live long, to prove
The object of its rival parents love.
'Twixt ſighs and tears, thro' thoſe falſe gales did pour
Theſe falſer ſhow'rs, 'till grief could ſpeak no more.
You were the laſt the fatal Argo reach'd,
Whoſe ſwelling ſails th' o'erhaſty winds had ſtretch'd.
The furrowing keel the ſea's green ſurface plow'd:
You to the ſhore, to th' ſeas I gazing bow'd.
In haſte I ran to an adjacent tow'r:
My tears o'er all my face and boſom ſhow'r.
There my wet eyes my wafted ſoul purſue,
And ev'n beyond their natural opticks flew.
A thouſand vows for your return I made;
You are return'd, and they ſhould now be paid.
My vows for curs'd Medea's triumphs pay!
My heart to grief, my love to rage gives way.
Shall I deck temples, and make altars ſhine,
For that falſe man that lives, but lives not mine!

I never

I never was ſecure. 'Twas my long dread,
You by your father's choice a Greek might wed.
To no Greck bride, t'an unexpected foe,
My wounds I t'a barbarian harlot owe:
One who by ſpells and herbs does hearts ſurpriſe:
Nor are her ſlaves the trophies of her eyes.
She from her courſe the ſtruggling moon would hold,
The ſun himſelf in magick ſhades infold;
She curbs the waves, and ſtops the rapid floods,
And from their ſeats removes whole rocks and woods.
With her diſhevell'd hair the wand'ring hag
Does half-burnt bones from their warm aſhes drag.
In molten wax, tho' abſent, kills by art,
Arm'd with her needle, goars a tortur'd heart.
Nay, what deſert and form ſhould only move,
By philters ſhe ſecures her Jaſon's love.
How can you dote on ſuch infernal charms,
And ſleep ſecurely in a Siren's arms?
You, as the bulls, ſhe does t' her yoke ſubdue,
And as ſhe tam'd the dragon, conquers you.
Tho' your great deeds, and no leſs race you boaſt,
Link'd to that fiend your ſullied fame is loſt.
Nay by the cenſuring world 'tis juſtly thought,
Your conqueſts by her ſorceries were wrought;
And the Phryxean ram's triumphant ore,
They ſay, not Jaſon, but Medea bore.
This northern bride your parents diſapprove;
Conſult your duty in your nobler love.
Let ſome wild Scythian her loath'd bed poſſeſs,
A miſtreſs only fit for ſavages.
Jaſon, more falſe, more changeable than wind,
Have vows no weight, and oaths no pow'r to bind?
Mine you departed: ah, return mine too,
Let my kind arms their long-loſt ſcenes renew.

If

If high birth, and great names your heart can turn,
Know, I'm the royal Thoas' daughter born.
Bacchus my grandſire is, whoſe bride divine
All leſſer conſtellations does out-ſhine.
My dower theſe and fertile Lemnos make,
All theſe and me, thy equal title, take.
Nay, I'm a mother: A kind father be,
And ſoften all the pains I've borne for thee.
Yes, heav'n with twins has bleſt our genial bed;
And would you in their look their father read?
His treacherous ſmiles they are too young to wear,
In all things elſe you'll find your picture there:
I'd ſent thoſe envoys in theſe letters ſtead,
Both for their own and mother's wrongs to plead,
Had not their ſtepdame's murders bid 'em ſtay;
Too dear a treaſure for that monſter's prey.
Would her deaf rage, that rent her brother's bones,
Spare my young blood, or hear their tender groans?
Yet in your arms this dearer traitreſs lies;
Above my truth you this falſe pois'ner prize.
This mean adult'rate wretch was baſely kind;
Love's ſacred lamp our chaſte embraces join'd;
Her father ſhe betray'd, mine lives by me,
I Lemnos' pride, ſhe Colchos' infamy.
And thus her guilt my piety outvies,
Whilſt with her crimes her dow'r your heart ſhe buys.
Falſe man, I blame, nor wonder at the rage
O'th' Lemnian dames: wrongs do all arms ingage.
Suppoſe, in vengeance to your guilt, juſt heav'n
Had on my ſhore the perjur'd Jaſon driv'n;
Whilſt I with my young twins to meet you came,
And made you call on rocks to hide your ſhame.
How could you look upon my ſons and me?
Traitor, what pains, what death too bad for thee?

Perhaps

Perhaps indeed I Jaſon had not hurt,
But 'tis my mercy more than his deſert:
The harlot's blood had ſprinkled all the place,
Daſh'd in your faithleſs, and once charming face.
I to Medea ſhould Medea prove;
And if Jove hears the pray'rs of injur'd love,
May that loath'd hag, that has my bed enjoy'd,
Be by my fate and her own arts deſtroy'd.
Like me, a mother and a wife forlorn,
Be from her raviſh'd lord and children torn.
May her ill-gotten trophies never laſt,
But round the world be th' hunted monſter chas'd.
Thoſe dooms, her ſire and murder'd brother met,
May ſhe t' her huſband and her ſons repeat.
Driv'n from the world, let her attempt the ſkies,
'Till in deſpair by her own hand ſhe dies.
Thus wrong'd Thoantias prays, your lives curſt remnant lead,
An execrable pair, in a deteſted bed.

MEDEA to JASON.

By Mr. *TATE.*

The ARGUMENT.

Jaſon *arrives with his companions at* Colchos, *where the golden fleece was kept, which before he can obtain, he is to undertake ſeveral adventures; firſt to yoke the wild bulls; then to ſow the ſerpent's teeth; from whence ſhould inſtantly riſe an army, with which he muſt encounter; and laſtly, to make his paſſage by the dragon that never ſlept. In order to this, he ſollicits* Medea, *daughter to the king, and ſkilful in charms, by whoſe aſſiſtance (on promiſe of love) he gains the prize. Then flies with her; the king purſues them.* Medea *kills her little brother, ſcatters his limbs, and whilſt the king ſtays to gather them up, eſcapes with her lover into* Theſſaly; *where ſhe reſtores decrepit* Æſon *to his Youth. On the ſame promiſe perſuades* Pelias *his daughters to let out their father's blood, but deceitfully leaves them guilty of parricide. For this, and other crimes,* Jaſon *caſts her off: marries* Creüſa *daughter to* Creon *king of* Corinth; *on which the enrag'd* Medea, *according to the various tranſports of her paſſion, writes this complaining, ſoothing, and menacing epiſtle.*

YET I found leiſure, tho' a queen, to free
By magick arts thy Grecian friends and thee;
The fates ſhould then have finiſh'd with my reign,
The life that ſince was one continu'd pain.
Who would have dreamt the youth of diſtant Greece
Should e'er have ſail'd to ſeize the Phrygian fleece!

That

That th' Argo ſhould in view of Colchos ride!
A Grecian army ſtem the Phaſian tide!
Why were thoſe ſnares, thy looks, ſo tempting made!
A tongue ſo falſe, ſo pow'rful to perſuade!
No doubt but he that had ſo raſhly fought
Our ſhore, with the fierce-bulls unſpell'd had fought:
And fondly too th' arms-bearing ſeed had ſown,
'Till by the crop the tiller were o'erthrown.
How many frauds had then expir'd with thee!
As many killing griefs remov'd from me!
'Tis ſome relief, when ill returns are made,
With favours done th' ingrateful to upbraid:
This triumph will afford ſome little eaſe,
Falſe Jaſon leaves me this——

When firſt your doubtful veſſel reach'd our port,
And you had entrance to my father's court;
There was I then, what now your new bride's here,
My royal father might with hers compare.
With princely pomp was your arrival grac'd,
The meaneſt Greek on Tyrian beds we plac'd.
Then firſt I gaz'd my liberty away!
And date my ruin from that fatal day!
Fate puſht me on, and with your charms combin'd;
I view'd your ſparkling eyes, 'till I was blind.
You ſoon perceiv'd, for who cou'd ever hide
A flame that by its own light is deſcry'd?
But now that taſk's propos'd, and thou muſt tame
The bulls with brazen hoofs and breath of flame.
With theſe the fatal field thou art to plow,
From whence a ſudden hoſt of foes muſt grow.
Thoſe dangers paſt, ſtill to the golden prey
The baleful fiery dragon guards the way.
Thus ſpake the king; your knights ſtart from the feaſt,
And ev'n your cheeks a pale deſpair confeſt.

Where

Where then was your ador'd Creüſa's dow'r?
And where her father Creon's boaſted pow'r?
Sad went'ſt thou forth; my pitying eyes purſue,
I ſigh'd, and after ſent a ſoft adieu!
In reſtleſs tears I ſpent that tedious night,
Preſenting ſtill thy dangers to my ſight;
The ſavage bulls, and more the ſavage hoſt,
But th' horrid ſerpent did affright me moſt!
Thus toſt with fear and love, (fear ſwell'd the flame)
My ſiſter early to my apartment came:
Sad and dejected ſhe ſurpris'd me there,
With eyes diſtilling, and diſhevell'd hair;
On your behalf ſhe fought me, nor cou'd crave
My aid for you, ſo freely as I gave!
A grove there is, an awful gloomy ſhade,
Too cloſe for ev'n the ſun himſelf t'invade;
Theſe woods with great Diana's fane were grac'd,
I' th' midſt the Goddeſs on high tripods plac'd,
There (if that place you can remember yet,
Who have forgotten me) 'twas there we met.
Then, thus in ſoft deluding ſounds you ſaid——
" Take pity on our ſuff'rings, royal maid!
" Reſt, pleas'd thou haſt the pow'r to kill, but give
" Proofs of diviner might, and make us live!
" By our diſtreſſes, (which thy art alone
" Has pow'r to ſuccour,) by th' all ſeeing ſun,
" By the chaſte deity that governs here,
" And what e'er elſe you ſacred hold or dear,
" Take pity on our youth, and bind us ſtill
" Eternal ſervants to Medea's will!
" And if a ſtranger's form can touch your mind,
" (If ſuch bleſt fate was e'er for me deſign'd!)
" This fleſh to duſt diſſolve, this ſpirit to air,
" When I think any but Medea fair.

" Be

" Be conſcious, Juno, witneſs to my vow,
" And this dread Goddeſs at whoſe ſhrine we bow."
Your charming tongue ſtopt here, and left the reſt
To be by yet more pow'rful tears expreſt.
I yield——and by my art inſtruct you now,
To yoke the braſs-hooft bulls, and make 'em plow.
Then with a daring hand you ſow the field,
That for an harveſt does an army yield;
Ev'n I look pale, that gave the pow'rful charms,
To ſee the wondrous crop of ſhining arms!
'Till th' earth-born brothers in fierce battle join'd,
Their ſudden lives more ſuddenly reſign'd:
The ſerpent next, a yet more dangerous toil,
With ſcaly boſom plows the yielding ſoil,
O'erſhades the field with vaſt expanded wings,
And brandiſhes in air his threat'ning ſtings!
Where was Creüſa at this needful hour?
Where then were her fam'd charms and matchleſs dow'r?
Medea, that Medea, that is now
Deſpis'd thought poor, held guilty too by you,
'Twas ſhe that charm'd the wakeful dragon's ſight,
Gave you the fleece, and then ſecur'd your flight:
To merit you, what could I more have done?
My father I betray, my country ſhun,
And all the hazards of an exile run!
Tho', whilſt I yield me thus a robber's prize,
My tender mother in my abſence dies,
And at her feet my breathleſs ſiſter lies.
Why left I not my brother too?——cold fear
Arreſts my hand, and I muſt finiſh here!
This hand that tore the infant in our flight,
What then it dar'd to act, dreads now to write.
To the rough ſeas undaunted I repair;
For after guilt, what can a woman fear?

Why 'ſcap'd our crimes thoſe ſeas? we ſhould have dy'd;
For falſhood thou, and I for parricide.
The juſtling iſles ſhould there have daſh'd our bones,
And hung us piece-meal on the ragged ſtones;
Or Scylla gorg'd us in her rav'nous den,
Wrong'd Scylla thus ſhou'd uſe ingrateful men!
Charybdis too ſhou'd in our fate have ſhar'd,
Nor ought of our ſad wreck his whirl-pool ſpar'd.
Yet ſafe we reach your ſhore; the Phrygian fleece
Is made an off'ring to the Gods of Greece.
The Pelian daughters pious bloody deed
I paſs, that raſhly made their father bleed;
Your ſafety 'twas that drew me to this fraud:
The guilt that others blame, you ſhou'd applaud!
But 'ſtead of thanks, your court I am forbid;
Yourſelf forbade me, faithleſs Jaſon did!
With none but my two infants I depart,
And Jaſon's form, that ne'er forſakes my heart.
At length thy rev'ling nuptial ſongs ſurpriſe
My wounded ear, thy nuptial torch my eyes;
The rabble ſhout, the clamour nearer drew,
And as it came more near, more dreadful grew:
My ſervants weep in corners, and refuſe
Th' ingrateful taſk of ſuch unwelcome news!
I yet forbear t'enquire, tho' ſtill my breaſt
The dreadful apprehenſions did ſuggeſt.
My youngeſt boy now from the window ſpy'd
The coming pomp, and jocund thus he cry'd,
"Look mother, look! ſee where my father rides,
"With ſhining reins his golden chariot guides."
At this, my pale forſaken breaſt I tore,
Nor ſpar'd the face, whoſe beauties charm no more.
Alas! what did I ſpare! ſcarce cou'd I ſpare
My honour, ſcarcely thee, cou'd ſcarce forbear

To force my paſſage to the chariot now,
And tear the garland from thy perjur'd brow.
Offended father, now thy griefs diſcharge!
My brother's blood is now reveng'd at large.
The man (for whom I fled and injur'd thee!
Whoſe love ſole comfort of my flight cou'd be)
Th' ingrateful man has now forſaken me!
I tam'd the bulls, and cou'd the ſerpents bind,
But for perfidious love no ſpell can find:
The dragon's baleful fires my arts ſuppreſt,
But not the flames that rage within my breaſt.
In love my pow'rfull'ſt herbs are uſeleſs made,
In vain is Hecate ſummon'd to my aid;
I ſigh the day, the night in watches ſpend,
No ſlumbers on my careful brows deſcend:
With poppies juice in vain my eyes I ſteep,
And try the charm that made the dragon ſleep.
I only reap no profit from my charms!
They ſav'd, but ſav'd thee for my rival's arms!
There, 'cauſe you know the theme will grateful be,
Perhaps you're ſo unjuſt t' exclaim on me!
To tax my manners, rally on my face,
And make th' adult'reſs ſport with my diſgrace!
Laugh on, proud dame; but know thy fate is nigh,
When thou ſhalt yet more wretched be than I;
When wrong'd Medea unreveng'd ſits ſtill,
Sword, flame, and poiſon, have forgot to kill.
If pray'rs the flinty Jaſon's breaſt can move,
My juſt complaint will ſure ſucceſsful prove.
Stretch'd at thy feet a ſuppliant princeſs ſee;
Such was thy poſture, when ſhe pity'd thee.
And tho' a wife's diſcarded title fail,
My infants ſtill are thine, let them prevail!
So much th'are thine, ſo much thy likeneſs bear,
Each look I caſt is follow'd by a tear.

Now

Now by the Gods, by all our paſt delights,
By thoſe dear pledges of our am'rous nights,
Reſtore to me thy love; I claim my due;
Be to my merit, and thy promiſe true.
I aſk thee not what I perform'd for thee,
To ſet me from fierce bulls and ſerpents free;
I only crave thy love, thy love reſtore,
For which I've done ſo much, and ſuffer'd more.
Doſt thou demand a dow'r?—'twas paid that day
When thou did'ſt bear the golden fleece away:
Thy life's a dow'r, and thy dear foll'wers health,
The youth of Greece; weigh theſe with Creon's wealth.
To me thou ow'ſt that thou art Creon's heir,
That now thou liv'ſt to call Creüſa fair!
You've wrong'd me all, and on you all—but hold,
I form revenge too mighty to be told!
My thoughts are now to th' utmoſt ruin bent!
Perhaps I ſhall the fatal rage repent.
But on——for I (whate'er the miſchief be)
Shall leſs repent than that I truſted thee!
The God alone that rages in my breaſt,
Can ſee the dark revenge my thoughts ſuggeſt:
I only know 'twill ſoon effected be,
And when it comes, be vaſt, and worthy me.

Phædra to Hippolytus.

By Mr. *OTWAY.*

The ARGUMENT.

Theſeus, *the ſon of* Ægeus, *having ſlain the* Minotaur, *promiſed to* Ariadne *the daughter of* Minos *and* Paſiphae, *for the aſſiſtance which ſhe gave him, to carry her home with him, and make her his wife: So together with her ſiſter* Phædra *they went on board and ſail'd to* Chios, *where being warn'd by* Bacchus, *he left* Ariadne, *and married her ſiſter* Phædra; *who afterwards, in* Theſeus *her huſband's abſence, fell in love with* Hippolytus *her ſon-in-law, who had vowed celibacy, and was a hunter: wherefore ſince ſhe could not conveniently otherwiſe, ſhe choſe by this epiſtle to give him an account of her paſſion.*

IF thou'rt unkind, I ne'er ſhall health enjoy;
Yet much I wiſh to thee, my lovely boy:
Read this, and reading how my ſoul is ſeiz'd,
Rather than not, be with my ruin pleas'd:
Thus ſecrets ſafe to fartheſt ſhores may move:
By letters foes converſe, and learn to love.
Thrice my ſad tale, as I to tell it try'd,
Upon my fault'ring tongue abortive dy'd.
Long, ſhame prevail'd, nor could be conquer'd quite,
But what I bluſh'd to ſpeak, love made me write.
'Tis dang'rous to reſiſt the pow'r of love,
The Gods obey him, and he's king above:

He

He clear'd the doubts that did my mind confound,
And promis'd me to bring thee hither bound:
Oh may he come, and in that breaſt of thine
Fix a kind dart, and make it flame like mine!
Yet of my wedlock vows I'll loſe no care:
Search back thro' all my fame, thou'lt find it fair.
But love long breeding, to worſt pains does turn;
Outward unharm'd, within, within I burn!
As the young bull or courſer yet untam'd,
When yok'd or bridled firſt, are pinch'd and maim'd,
So my unpractis'd heart in love can find
No reſt, th' unwonted weight ſo toils my mind.
When young, love's pangs by arts we may remove,
But in our riper years with rage we love.
To thee I yield then all my dear renown,
And pr'ythee let's together be undone.
Who would not pluck the new-blown bluſhing roſe,
Or the ripe fruit that courts him as it grows?
But if my virtue hitherto has gain'd
Eſteem for ſpotleſs, ſhall it now be ſtain'd?
Oh in thy love I ſhall no hazard run;
'Tis not a ſin, but when 'tis coarſely done.
And now ſhould Juno yield her Jove to me,
I'd quit that Jove, Hippolytus, for thee:
Believe me too with ſtrange deſires I change,
Among wild beaſts I long with thee to range.
To thy delights and Delia I incline,
Make her my Goddeſs too, becauſe ſhe's thine:
I long to know the woods, to drive the deer,
And o'er the mountains tops my hounds to chear,
Shaking my dart; then, the chace ended, lie
Stretch'd on the graſs: And would'ſt not thou be by?
Oft in light chariots I with pleaſure ride,
And love myſelf the furious ſteeds to guide.

Now like a Bacchanal more wild I ſtray,
Or old Cybele's prieſts, as mad as they
When under Ida's hill they off'rings pay:
Ev'n mad as thoſe the deities of night
And water, Fauns and Dryads do affright.
But ſtill each little interval I gain,
Eaſily find 'tis love breeds all my pain.
Sure on our race, love like a fate does fall,
And Venus will have tribute of us all.
Jove lov'd Europa, whence my father came,
And, to a bull transform'd, enjoy'd the dame:
She, like my mother, languiſh'd to obtain,
And fill'd her womb with ſhame as well as pain:
The faithleſs Theſeus by my ſiſter's aid
The monſter ſlew, and a ſafe conqueſt made:
Now in that family, my right to ſave,
I am at laſt on the ſame terms a ſlave;
'Twas fatal to my ſiſter, and to me,
She lov'd thy father, but my choice was thee.
Let monuments of triumph then be ſhown
For two unhappy nymphs by you undone.
When firſt our vows were to Eleuſis paid,
Would I had in a Cretan grave been laid:
'Twas there thou didſt a perfect conqueſt gain,
Whilſt love's fierce fever rag'd in ev'ry vein;
White was thy robe, a garland deck'd thy head:
A modeſt bluſh thy comely face o'erſpread,
That face which may be terrible in arms,
But graceful ſeem'd to me, and full of charms:
I love the man whoſe faſhion's leaſt his care,
And hate my ſex's coxcombs fine and fair;
For whilſt thus plain thy careleſs locks let fly,
Th' unpoliſh'd form is beauty in my eye
If thou but ride, or ſhake the trembling dart,
I fix my eyes, and wonder at thy art:

To

To ſee thee poiſe the jav'lin, moves delight,
And all thou doſt is lovely in my ſight:
But to the woods thy cruelty reſign,
Nor treat it with ſo poor a life as mine:
Muſt cold Diana be ador'd alone;
Muſt ſhe have all thy vows, and Venus none?
That pleaſure palls if 'tis enjoy'd too long;
Love makes the weary firm, the feeble ſtrong.
For Cynthia's ſake unbend and eaſe thy bow;
Elſe to thy arm 'twill weak and uſeleſs grow.
Famous was Cephalus in wood and plain,
And by him many a boar and pard was ſlain,
Yet to Aurora's love he did incline,
Who wiſely left old age, for youth like thine.
Under the ſpreading ſhades her am'rous boy,
The fair Adonis, Venus cou'd enjoy:
Atlanta's love too Meleager ſought,
And to her, tribute paid of all he caught:
Be thou and I the next bleſt Sylvan pair:
Where love's a ſtranger, woods but deſarts are.
With thee, thro' dangerous ways unknown before,
I'll rove, and fearleſs face the dreadful boar.
Between two ſeas a little Iſthmus lies,
Where on each ſide the beating billows riſe,
There in Trœzena I thy love will meet,
More bleſt and pleas'd than in my native Crete.
As we could wiſh, old Theſeus is away
At Theſſaly, where always let him ſtay
With his Pirithous, whom well I ſee
Preferr'd above Hippolytus or me.
Nor has he only thus expreſt his hate;
We both have ſuffer'd wrongs of mighty weight:
My brother firſt he cruelly did ſlay,
Then from my ſiſter falſly run away;
And left expos'd to every beaſt a prey:

A warlike queen to thee thy being gave,
A mother worthy of a ſon ſo brave,
From cruel *Theſeus* yet her death did find,
Nor tho' ſhe gave him thee, could make him kind.
Unwedded too he murder'd her in ſpight,
To baſtardize, and rob thee of thy right:
And if, to wrong thee more, two ſons I've brought,
Believe it his, and none of Phædra's fault;
Rather, thou faireſt thing the earth contains,
I wiſh at firſt I'd dy'd of mother's pains:
How can'ſt thou rev'rence then thy father's bed,
From which himſelf ſo abjectly is fled?
The thought affrights not me, but me inflames;
Mother and ſon are notions, very names
Of worn-out piety, in faſhion then
When old dull Saturn rul'd the race of men:
But braver Jove taught pleaſure was no ſin,
And with his ſiſter did himſelf begin.
Nearneſs of blood, and kindred beſt we prove,
When we expreſs it in the cloſeſt love.
Nor need we fear our fault ſhould be reveal'd;
'Twill under near relation be conceal'd,
And all who hear our loves, with praiſe ſhall crown
A mother's kindneſs to a grateful ſon.
No need at midnight in the dark to ſtray,
T' unlock the gates, and cry, My love, this way,
No buſy ſpies our pleaſures to betray.
But in one houſe, as heretofore, we'll live,
In publick, kiſſes take, in publick, give;
Tho' in my bed thou'rt ſeen, 'twill gain applauſe
From all, whilſt none have ſenſe to gueſs the cauſe:
Only make haſte, and let this league be ſign'd;
So may my tyrant love to thee be kind.

For

For this I am an humble ſuppliant grown:
Now where are all my boaſts of greatneſs gone?
I ſwore I ne'er would yield, reſolv'd to fight,
Deceiv'd by love, that's ſeldom in the right:
Now on my own I crawl, to claſp thy knees:
What's decent no true lover cares or ſees:
Shame, like a beaten ſoldier, leaves the place,
But beauty's bluſhes ſtill are in my face.
Forgive this fond confeſſion which I make,
And then ſome pity on my ſuff'rings take.
What though 'midſt ſeas my father's empire lies?
Tho' my great grandſire thunder from the ſkies?
What tho' my father's ſire, in beams dreſt gay,
Drives round the burning chariot of the day?
Their honour all in me to love's a ſlave,
Then tho' thou wilt not me, their honour ſave;
Jove's famous iſland, Crete, in dow'r I'll bring,
And there ſhall my Hippolytus be king:
For Venus' ſake then hear and grant my pray'r,
So may'ſt thou never love a ſcornful fair;
In fields ſo may Diana grace thee ſtill,
And ev'ry wood afford thee game to kill;
So may the mountain Gods and Satyrs all
Be kind, ſo may the boar before thee fall.
So may the water-nymphs in heat of day,
Though thou their ſex deſpiſe, thy thirſt allay.
Millions of tears to theſe my prayers I join,
Which as thou read'ſt with thoſe dear eyes of thine,
Think that thou ſeeſt the ſtreams that flow from mine.

DIDO to ÆNEAS.

By Mr. *DRYDEN.*

The ARGUMENT.

Æneas, *the ſon of* Venus *and* Anchiſes, *having at the deſtruction of* Troy, *ſav'd his Gods, his father and ſon* Aſcanius *from the fire, put to ſea with twenty ſail of ſhips, and having been long toſt with tempeſts, was at laſt caſt upon the ſhore of* Libya, *where queen* Dido *(flying from the cruelty of* Pygmalion *her brother, who had kill'd her huſband* Sichæus*) had lately built* Carthage. *She entertained* Æneas *and his fleet with great civility, fell paſſionately in love with him, and in the end denied him not the laſt favours. But* Mercury *admoniſhing* Æneas *to go in ſearch of* Italy, *(a kingdom promiſed him by the Gods) he readily prepared to obey him.* Dido *ſoon perceived it, and having in vain try'd all other means to engage him to ſtay, at laſt in deſpair writes to him as follows.*

SO, on Mæander's banks, when death is nigh,
The mournful Swan ſings her own elegy.
Not that I hope, (for oh, that hope were vain!)
By words your loſt affection to regain;
But having loſt whate'er was worth my care,
Why ſhould I fear, to loſe a dying pray'r?
'Tis then reſolv'd poor Dido muſt be left,
Of life, of honour, and of love bereft!
While you, with looſen'd ſails, and vows, prepare
To ſeek a land that flies the ſearcher's care.
Nor can my riſing tow'rs your flight reſtrain,
Nor my new empire, offer'd you in vain.

Built

Built walls you ſhun, unbuilt you ſeek; that land
Is yet to conquer; but you this command.
Suppoſe you landed where your wiſh deſign'd,
Think what reception foreigners would find.
What people is ſo void of common ſenſe,
To vote ſucceſſion from a native prince?
Yet their new ſcepters and new loves you ſeek;
New vows to plight, and plighted vows to break.
When will your tow'rs the height of Carthage know?
Or when your eyes diſcern ſuch crowds below?
If ſuch a town, and ſubjects you cou'd ſee.
Still wou'd you want a wife who lov'd like me.
For, oh, I burn, like fires with incenſe bright:
Not holy tapers flame with purer light:
Æneas is my thoughts perpetual theme;
Their daily longing, and their nightly dream.
Yet he's ungrateful and obdurate ſtill:
Fool that I am to place my heart ſo ill!
Myſelf I cannot to myſelf reſtore:
Still I complain, and ſtill I love him more.
Have pity, Cupid, on my bleeding heart,
And pierce thy brother's with an equal dart.
I rave: nor canſt thou Venus' offspring be,
Love's mother could not bear a ſon like thee.
From harden'd oak, or from a rock's cold womb,
At leaſt thou art from ſome fierce tigreſs come;
Or, on rough ſeas, from their foundation torn,
Got by the winds, and in a tempeſt born:
Like that which now thy trembling ſailors fear;
Like that whoſe rage ſhould ſtill detain thee here.
Behold how high the foamy billows ride!
The winds and waves are on the juſter ſide.
To winter weather and a ſtormy ſea
I'll owe, what rather I would owe to thee.

Death thou deſerv'ſt from heaven's avenging laws;
But I'm unwilling to become the cauſe.
To ſhun my love, if thou wilt ſeek thy fate,
'Tis a dear purchaſe, and a coſtly hate.
Stay but a little, 'till the tempeſt ceaſe,
And the loud winds are lull'd into a peace!
May all thy rage, like theirs, inconſtant prove!
And ſo it will if there be pow'r in love.
Know'ſt thou not yet what dangers ſhips ſuſtain?
So often wreck'd, how dar'ſt thou tempt the main?
Which were it ſmooth, were ev'ry wave aſleep,
Ten thouſand forms of death are in the deep.
In that abyſs the Gods their vengeance ſtore,
For broken vows of thoſe who falſly ſwore.
Their winged ſtorms on ſea-born Venus wait,
To vindicate the juſtice of her ſtate.
Thus, I to thee the means of ſafety ſhow:
And, loſt myſelf, would ſtill preſerve my foe.
Falſe as thou art, I not thy death deſign:
O rather live, to be the cauſe of mine!
Should ſome avenging ſtorm thy veſſel tear,
(But heav'n forbid my words ſhould omen bear)
Then, in thy face thy perjur'd vows would fly;
And my wrong'd ghoſt be preſent to thy eye.
With threat'ning looks think thou behold'ſt me ſtare,
Gaſping my mouth, and clotted all my hair;
Then ſhou'd fork'd lightning and red thunder fall
What cou'dſt thou ſay, but, I deſerv'd 'em all?
Leſt this ſhou'd happen, make not haſte away;
To ſhun thy danger will be worth thy ſtay.
Have pity on thy ſon, if not on me:
My death alone is guilt enough for thee.
What has his youth, what have thy Gods deſerv'd,
To ſink in ſeas, who were from fires preſerv'd?

But neither Gods nor parent didſt thou hear,
(Smooth ſtories all to pleaſe a woman's ear)
Falſe as the tale of thy romantick life;
Nor yet am I thy firſt deluded wife.
Left to purſuing foes Creüſa ſtay'd,
By thee, baſe man, forſaken and betray'd.
This, when thou told'ſt me, ſtruck my tender heart,
That ſuch requital follow'd ſuch deſert.
Nor doubt I but the Gods, for crimes like theſe,
Sev'n winters kept thee wand'ring on the ſeas.
Thy ſtarv'd companions, caſt aſhore, I fed,
Thyſelf admitted to my crown and bed.
To harbour ſtrangers, ſuccour the diſtreſt,
Was kind enough; but oh, too kind the reſt!
Curſt be the cave which firſt my ruin brought,
Where from the ſtorm, we common ſhelter ſought!
A dreadful howling echo'd round the place:
The mountain nymphs, thought I, my nuptials grace.
I thought ſo then, but now too late I know
The furies yell'd my fun'rals from below.
O chaſtity and violated fame,
Exact your dues to my dead huſband's name!
By death redeem my reputation loſt;
And to his arms reſtore my guilty ghoſt.
Cloſe by my palace, in a gloomy grove,
Is rais'd a chapel to my murder'd love;
There, wreath'd with boughs and wool, his ſtatue ſtands,
The pious monument of artful hands:
Laſt night, methought, he call'd me from the dome,
And thrice with hollow voice, cry'd, Dido, come.
She comes; thy wife thy lawful ſummons hears;
But comes more ſlowly, clogg'd with conſcious fears.
Forgive the wrong I offer'd to thy bed:
Strong were his charms, who my weak faith miſled.

His

His goddeſs mother, and his aged ſire
Borne on his back, did to my fall conſpire.
O! ſuch he was, and is, that were he true,
Without a bluſh I might his love purſue.
But cruel ſtars my birth-day did attend:
And as my fortune open'd, it muſt end.
My plighted lord was at the altar ſlain,
Whoſe wealth was made my bloody brother's gain:
Friendleſs, and follow'd by the murd'rer's hate,
To foreign countries I remov'd my fate;
And here, a ſuppliant, from the natives hands
I bought the ground on which my city ſtands,
With all the coaſt that ſtretches to the ſea;
Ev'n to the friendly port that ſhelter'd thee;
Then rais'd theſe walls, which mount into the air,
At once my neighbours wonder, and their fear,
For now they arm; and round me leagues are made,
My ſcarce eſtabliſh'd empire to invade.
To man my new-built walls I muſt prepare,
An helpleſs woman, and unſkill'd in war.
Yet thouſand rivals to my love pretend;
And for my perſon wou'd my crown defend:
Whoſe jarring votes in one complaint agree,
That each unjuſtly is diſdain'd for thee.
To proud Hyarbas give me up a prey;
(For that muſt follow, if thou goeſt away.)
Or to my huſband's murd'rer leave my life;
That to the huſband he may add the wife.
Go then: ſince no complaints can move thy mind;
Go, perjur'd man, but leave thy Gods behind.
Touch not thoſe Gods by whom thou art forſworn,
Who will in impious hands no more be borne:
Thy ſacrilegious worſhip they diſdain,
And rather wou'd the Grecian fires ſuſtain.

Perhaps

Perhaps my greateſt ſhame is ſtill to come,
And part of thee lies hid within my womb.
The babe unborn muſt periſh by thy hate,
And periſh guiltleſs in his mother's fate.
Some God, thou ſay'ſt, thy voyage does command;
Wou'd the ſame God had barr'd thee from my land.
The ſame, I doubt not, thy departure ſteers,
Who kept thee out at ſea ſo many years;
Where thy long labours were a price ſo great,
Which thou to purchaſe Troy would'ſt not repeat.
But Tiber now thou ſeek'ſt; to be at beſt,
When there arriv'd, a poor precarious gueſt.
Yet it deludes thy ſearch: perhaps it will
To thy old age lie undiſcover'd ſtill.
A ready crown and wealth in dow'r I bring,
And without conqu'ring here thou art a king.
Here thou to Carthage may'ſt transfer thy Troy:
Here young Aſcanius may his arms employ;
And while we live ſecure in ſoft repoſe,
Bring many laurels home from conquer'd foes.
By Cupid's arrows, I adjure thee ſtay;
By all the Gods, companions of thy way.
So may thy Trojans, who are yet alive,
Live ſtill, and with no future fortune ſtrive;
So may thy youthful ſon old age attain,
And thy dead father's bones in peace remain;
As thou haſt pity on unhappy me,
Who knew no crime, but too much love of thee.
I am not born from fierce Achilles' line,
Nor did my parents againſt Troy combine.
To be thy wife if I unworthy prove,
By ſome inferior name admit my love.
To be ſecur'd of ſtill poſſeſſing thee,
What wou'd I do, and what wou'd I not be.

Our

Our Lyſban coaſts their certain ſeaſons know,
When free from tempeſts paſſengers may go.
But now, with northern blaſts the billows roar,
And drive the floating ſea-weed to the ſhore.
Leave to my care the time to ſail away;
When ſafe, I will not ſuffer thee to ſtay,
Thy weary men wou'd be with eaſe content;
Their ſails are tatter'd, and their maſts are ſpent.
If by no merit I thy mind can move,
What thou deny'ſt my merit, give my love.
Stay, 'till I learn my loſs to undergo;
And give me time to ſtruggle with my woe.
If not: know this, I will not ſuffer long;
My life's too loathſome, and my love too ſtrong.
Death holds my pen, and dictates what I ſay,
While croſs my lap the Trojan ſword I lay.
My tears flow down; the ſharp edge cuts their flood,
And drinks my ſorrows, that muſt drink my blood.
How well thy gift does with my fate agree!
My fun'ral pomp is cheaply made by thee.
To no new wounds my boſom I diſplay:
The ſword but enters where love made the way.
But thou, dear ſiſter, and yet dearer friend,
Shalt my cold aſhes to their urn attend.
Sichæus' wife let not the marble boaſt,
I loſt that title, when my fame I loſt.
This ſhort inſcription only let it bear,
" Unhappy Dido lies in quiet here.
" The cauſe of death, and ſword by which ſhe dy'd,
" Æneas gave: the reſt her arm ſupply'd."

The Foregoing

EPISTLE

OF

DIDO to ÆNEAS,

By another Hand.

SO in unwonted notes, when ſure to die,
The mournful ſwan ſings her own elegy.
I do not hope by this to change my fate,
Since heav'n and you are both reſolv'd to hate:
Robb'd of my honour, 'tis no wonder now
That you diſdain me when I meanly ſue;
Deaf to my pray'rs that you reſolve to go,
And leave th' unhappy you have render'd ſo.
You and your love the winds away muſt bear,
Forgot is all that you ſo oft did ſwear:
With cruel haſte to diſtant lands you fly,
Yet know not whoſe they are, nor where they lie.
On Carthage and its riſing walls you frown,
And ſhun a ſcepter, which is now your own;
All you have gain'd, you proudly do contemn,
And fondly ſeek a fancy'd diadem.
And ſhould you reach at laſt this promis'd land,
Who'll give its power into a ſtranger's hand?
Another eaſy Dido do you ſeek;
And new occaſions new-made vows to break?

When

When can you walls like ours of Carthage build,
And ſee your ſtreets with crowds of ſubjects fill'd?
But tho' all this ſucceeded to your mind,
So true a wife no ſearch could ever find.
Scorch'd up with love's fierce fire my life does waſte,
Like incenſe on the flaming altar caſt;
All day Æneas walks before my ſight,
In all my dreams I ſee him ev'ry night:
But ſee him ſtill ungrateful as before,
And ſuch as, if I could, I ſhould abhor.
But the ſtrong flame burns on againſt my will,
I call him falſe, but love the traitor ſtill.
Goddeſs of love, thee all the world adore!
And ſhall thy ſon ſlight thy almighty pow'r?
His brother's ſtubborn ſoul let Cupid move,
Teach me to hate, or him to merit love!
But the impoſtor his high birth did feign,
(Tho' to that tale his face did credit gain,)
He was not born of Venus, who could prove
So cruel, and ſo faithleſs in his love.
From rocks or mountains he deriv'd his birth!
Fierce wolves or ſavage tigers brought him forth!
Or elſe he ſprung from the tempeſtuous main,
To which ſo eagerly he flies again.
How dreadful the contending waves appear!
Theſe winter ſtorms by force would keep you here.
The ſtorms are kinder, and the winds more true!
Let me owe them, what I would owe to you.
You'll ſhew your hatred at too dear a rate,
If, to fly me, you run on certain fate.
Stay only till theſe raging tempeſts ceaſe,
And breeding Halcyons all my fears releaſe.
Then you perhaps may change your cruel mind,
And will learn pity from the ſea and wind.

Are

Are you not warn'd by all you've felt and ſeen?
And will you tempt the faithleſs floods again?
Tho' 'twere calm now, it would not long be ſo;
Think to what diſtant countries you would go.
There's not one God who will that veſſel bleſs,
Which lyes, and frauds, and perjuries oppreſs.
The ſea let ev'ry faithleſs lover fear,
The queen of love roſe thence, and governs there.
Still the dear cauſe of all my ills I love,
And my laſt words heav'n for your ſafety move;
That your falſe flight may not as fatal be
To you, as your diſſembled love to me.
But in the ſtorm, when the huge billows roll,
(Th' unlucky omen may kind heav'n controul)
Think what diſtracting thoughts will fill your ſoul.
You'll then remember ev'ry broken vow,
With horror think on murder'd Dido too.
My ghoſt all pale and ghaſtly ſhall be there,
With mortal wounds ſtill bleeding I'll appear.
Then you will own what to ſuch crimes is due,
And think each flaſh of lightning aim'd at you.
Your cruel flight till the next calm delay,
Your quiet paſſage will reward your ſtay.
I beg not for myſelf, but do not join
The guilt of your Aſcanius' death to mine.
What has your ſon, what have your Gods deſerv'd?
For a worſe fate were they from flames preſerv'd?
But ſure you neither ſav'd them from the fire,
Nor on your ſhoulders bore your aged ſire;
But did contrive that ſtory, to deceive
A queen, ſo fond, ſo willing to believe.
Your ready tongue told many a pleaſing lye,
Nor did it practiſe firſt theſe cheats on me.

You by like arts did fair Creüſa gain,
And then forſook her with a like diſdain.
I've wept to hear you tell that lady's fate,
Myſelf now juſtly more unfortunate.
'Tis to revenge thoſe crimes the Gods engage,
And make you wander out your wretched age.
A ſhip-wreck'd wretch I kindly did receive,
My wealth and crown to hands unknown did give.
Had I ſtopp'd there, I had been free from ſhame,
And had not ſtain'd my clear and ſpotleſs fame.
Heav'n to betray my honour did comply,
When thunder and black clouds fill'd all the ſky,
And made us to the fatal ſhelter fly.
The furies howl'd, and dire preſages gave,
And ſhrieking nymphs forſook the guilty cave.
I cannot live, that crime torments me ſo,
Yet full of ſhame to my Sichæus go.
In a fair temple, built by ſkilful hands,
A ſacred image of Sichæus ſtands,
With ſnowy fleeces dreſt, and garlands crown'd;
From thence of late I've heard a diſmal ſound!
Four times he call'd me with a hollow voice,
My looſen'd joints ſtill trembled at the noiſe!
My deareſt lord, your ſummons I obey:
'Tis ſhame to meet you, makes this ſhort delay.
Yet ſuch a tempter might the crime excuſe,
His heav'nly race, and all his ſolemn vows!
The beſt of fathers, the moſt pious ſon!
Who could ſuſpect, he, who ſuch things had done,
So well had acted all the parts of life,
Could have betray'd a princeſs and a wife?
Had he not wanted faith, yourſelf muſt own
He had deſerv'd to fill my bed and throne.

In

In my firſt youth what care diſturb'd my peace!
And my misfortunes with my years encreaſe!
My huſband's blood was by my brother ſpilt,
And ſtill his wealth rewards the proſp'rous guilt.
Thro' ways unknown a dang'rous flight I take,
His aſhes and my native ſoil forſake;
Here ſhelter'd from my brother's cruelty,
I bought this kingdom, which I gave to thee.
My city did in glory daily riſe,
Which all my neighbours ſaw with envious eyes,
And force againſt unfiniſh'd walls prepare,
Threat'ning a helpleſs woman with a war.
Thoſe many kings, who did my bed deſire,
Now to revenge their ſlighted love conſpire.
Go on, my people are at your command,
Give me up bound to ſome fierce rival's hand:
Aſſiſt my cruel brother's black deſign;
Drunk with Sichæus' blood, he thirſts for mine:
But then pretend to piety no more,
The falſe and perjur'd all the Gods abhor.
Ev'n thoſe you ſnatch'd from Troy's devouring flame
Are griev'd that from ſuch hands their ſafety came.
A growing infant in my womb you leave;
Of your whole ſelf you cannot me bereave.
You kill not Dido only, if you go,
The guiltleſs and unborn you murder too;
With me a new unknown Aſcanius dies:
Tho' deaf to mine, yet think you hear his cries.
But 'tis the God commands, and you obey:
Ah! would that he, who now forbids your ſtay,
Had never led your ſhatter'd fleet this way!
And now this God commands you out again,
T' endure another winter on the main!

Scarce

Scarce Troy reſtor'd to all her ancient ſtate,
Were worth the ſeeking at ſo dear a rate.
Ceaſe then thro' ſuch vaſt dangers to purſue
A place, which, but in dreams, you never knew:
In ſearch of which you your beſt years may waſte,
And come a ſtranger there, and old at laſt.
See at your feet a willing people lies,
And do not offer'd wealth and pow'r deſpiſe.
Fix here the reliques of unhappy Troy,
And in ſoft peace all you have ſav'd enjoy.
But if new dangers your great ſoul deſires,
If thirſt of fame your ſon's young breaſt inſpires,
You'll frequent trials here for valour find;
Our neighbours are as rough as we are kind.
By your dear father's ſoul I beg your ſtay,
By the kind Gods who hither bleſt your way,
And by your brother's dart, which all obey!
So may white conqueſt on your troops attend,
And all your long misfortunes here take end.
So with his years may your ſon's hopes encreaſe,
So may Anchiſes' aſhes reſt in peace.
Some pity let a ſuppliant princeſs move,
Whoſe only fault was an exceſs of love.
I am not ſprung from any Grecian race,
None of my blood did your lov'd Troy deface.
Yet if your pride think ſuch a wife a ſhame,
I'll ſacrifice my honour to my flame,
And meet your love by a leſs glorious name.
I know the dangers of this ſtormy coaſt,
How many ſhips have on our ſhelves been loſt.
'Theſe winds have driv'n the floating ſea weed ſo,
That your intangled veſſel cannot go.
Do not attempt to put to ſea in vain,
'Till happier gales have clear'd your way again.

Truſt me to watch the calming of the ſea,
You ſhall not then, tho' you deſir'd it, ſtay.
Beſides, your weary ſeamen reſt deſire,
And your torn fleet new rigging does require.
By all I ſuffer, all I've done for you,
Some little reſpite to my love allow.
Time and calm thoughts may teach me how to bear
That loſs, which now, alas! 'tis death to hear.
But you reſolve to force me to my grave,
And are not far from all that you would have.
Your ſword before me, whilſt I write, does lie,
And by it, if I write in vain, I die.
Already ſtain'd with many a falling tear,
It ſhortly ſhall another colour wear.
You never could an apter preſent make,
'Twill ſoon, the life you made uneaſy, take.
But this poor breaſt has felt your wounds before;
Slain by your love, your ſteel has now no pow'r.
Dear guilty ſiſter, do not you deny
The laſt kind office to my memory;
But do not on my fun'ral marble join
Much-wrong'd Sichæus' ſacred name with mine.
" Of falſe Æneas let the ſtone complain;
" That Dido could not bear his fierce diſdain,
" But by his ſword, and her own hand, was ſlain.

BRISEIS to ACHILLES.

By Sir JOHN CARYL.

The ARGUMENT.

In the war of Troy, Achilles *having taken and ſack'd* Chryneſium, *a town in the* Lyrneſian *country, amongſt his other booty he took two very fair women,* Chryſeis *and* Briſeis: Chryſeis *he preſented to king* Agamemnon, *and* Briſeis *he reſerv'd for himſelf.* Agamemnon, *after ſome time, was forc'd by the oracle to reſtore* Chryſeis *to her father, who was one of the prieſts of* Apollo: *Whereupon the king by violence took away* Briſeis *from* Achilles; *at which* Achilles *incens'd left the camp of the* Grecians, *and prepared to ſail home; in whoſe abſence the* Trojans *prevailing upon the* Grecians, Agamemnon *was compell'd to ſend* Ulyſſes *and others to offer him rich preſents, and* Briſeis, *that he would return again to the army: but* Achilles *with diſdain rejected them all. This letter therefore is written by* Briſeis, *to move him that he would receive her, and return to the* Grecian camp.

CAptive Briſeis in a foreign tongue,
More by her blots, than words, ſets forth her wrong.
And yet theſe blots, which by my tears are made,
Above all words, or writing, ſhould perſuade.
Subjects (I know) muſt not their lords accuſe;
Yet pray'rs and tears we lawfully may uſe.
When raviſh'd from your arms, I was the prey
Of Agamemnon's arbitrary ſway,

I grant

I grant, you muſt at laſt have left the field;
But for a lover, you too ſoon did yield:
A warrior's glory it muſt needs diſgrace,
At the firſt ſummons to yield up the place.
The enemies themſelves, no leſs than I,
Stood wond'ring at their eaſy victory:
I ſaw their lips in whiſpers ſoftly move,
Is this the man ſo fam'd for arms, and love?
Alas! Achilles, 'tis not ſo we part
From what we love, and what is near our heart.
No healing kiſſes to my grief you gave,
You turn'd me off an unregarded ſlave.
Was it your rage, that did your love ſuppreſs!
Ah, love Briſeis more, and hate Atrides leſs!
He is not born of a true heroe's race,
Who lets his fury of his love take place.
Tigers and wolves can fight, love is the teſt,
Diſtinguiſhing the heroe from the beaſt.
Alas! when I was from your boſom forc'd,
I felt my body from my ſoul divorc'd;
A deadly paleneſs overſpread my face;
Sleep left my eyes, and to my tears gave place:
I tore my hair, and did my death decree;
Ah! learn to part with what you love, from me.
A bold eſcape I often did eſſay,
But Greeks, and Trojans too, block'd up the way:
Yet tho' a tender maid could not break thro',
Methinks Achilles ſhould not be ſo ſlow:
Achilles, once the thunderbolt of war,
The hope of conqu'ring Greece, and Troy's deſpair,
Me in his rival's arms can he behold?
And is his courage with his love grown cold?
But I confeſs, that my neglected charms
Did not deſerve the conqueſt of your arms;

Therefore the Gods did, by an eaſier way,
Our wrongs atone, and damages repay:
Ajax with Phœnix and Ulyſſes bring
Humble ſubmiſſions from their haughty king:
The royal penitent rich preſents ſends,
The ſtrongeſt cement to piece-broken friends.
When pray'rs well ſeconded with gifts are ſent,
Both mortal and immortal pow'rs relent.
Twenty bright veſſels of Corinthian braſs,
Their ſculpture did the coſtly mine ſurpaſs;
Seven chairs of ſtate of the ſame art and mold,
And twice five talents of perſuaſive gold;
Twelve fiery ſteeds of the Epirian breed,
Matchleſs they are for beauty, and for ſpeed;
Six Leſbian maids (but theſe I well cou'd ſpare)
Their iſland ſack'd, theſe were the gen'ral's ſhare;
And laſt a bride, (ah! tell 'em I am thine)
At your own choice out of the royal line:
With theſe they offer me: but might I chuſe,
You ſhou'd take me, and all their gifts refuſe:
But me and thoſe you ſullenly reject;
What have I done, to merit this neglect?
Is it that you, and fortune jointly vow,
Whom you make wretched, ſtill to keep them ſo?
Your arms my country did in aſhes lay,
My houſe deſtroy, brothers and huſband ſlay.
It had been kindneſs to have kill'd me too,
Rather than kill me with unkindneſs now.
With vows, as faithleſs as your mother ſea,
You loudly promis'd, that you would to me
Country, and brothers, and a huſband be.
And is it thus that you perform your vow,
Ev'n with a dowry to reject me too?
Nay, fame reports, that with the next fair wind,
Leaving your honour, faith, and me behind,

You

You quit our coaſts: before that fatal hour,
May thunder ſtrike me, or kind earth devour!
I all things, but your abſence, can endure!
That's a diſeaſe, which death muſt only cure.
If to Achaia you will needs return,
Leaving all Greece your ſullen rage to mourn,
Place me but in the number of your train,
And I no ſervile office will diſdain:
If I'm deny'd the honour of your bed,
Let me at leaſt be as your captive led:
Rather than baniſh'd from your family,
I will endure another wife to ſee;
A wife, to make the great Æacian line,
Like ſtarry heav'n, as numerouſly ſhine;
That ſo your ſpreading progeny may prove
Worthy of Thetis, and their grandſire Jove.
Let me on her an humble handmaid wait,
On her, becauſe to you ſhe does relate.
I fear (I know not why) that ſhe may be
Than to her other maids, more harſh to me:
But you are bound to guard your conquer'd ſlave,
And to maintain the articles you gave:
Yet ſhould you yield to her imperious ſway,
Do what you will, but turn me not away.
But why ſhould you depart? the king repents;
The Grecian army wants you in their tents;
You conquer all, conquer your paſſion too;
Or elſe, with Hector you will Greece undo.
Take arms (Æacides) but firſt take me,
Your juſter rage let routed Trojans ſee.
For me begun, for me your anger end;
The fault I caus'd, let me have pow'r to mend.
In this to me you may with honour yield,
Rul'd by his wife Oenides took the field.

His mother's ſacred curſes him diſarm'd,
Rul'd by his wife's more pow'rful ſpells uncharm'd,
His armour once put off he buckles on,
And fights and conquers for his Calidon:
That happy wife prevail'd, why ſhould not I?
But you that title, and my pow'r deny:
Title, and pow'r, and all ambitious ſtrife
Of being call'd your miſtreſs, or your wife,
I quietly lay down; but I muſt have
This claim allow'd, to be your faithful ſlave.
I by thoſe dread, ill-cover'd aſhes ſwear,
(Alas their tomb Lyrneſian ruins are!)
Of my dead ſpouſe, and by each ſacred ghoſt
Of my three brothers honourably loſt,
Who for, and with their country bravely fell;
By all that's awful both in heav'n and hell;
And laſt of all, by thine own head and mine,
Whom love, tho' parted now, did ſometimes join,
That I preſerve my faith intire and chaſte,
That I no foreign love, or pleaſure taſte:
That no aſperſion can my honour touch;
O! that Achilles too could ſay as much!
Some think he mourns for me; but others ſay,
In love's ſoft joys he melts his hours away:
That ſome new miſtreſs with Circean charms
Has lock'd him up in her laſcivious arms,
And ſo transform'd from what he was before,
That he will fight for Greece or me no more.
The trumpet now to the ſoft lute muſt yield:
To midnight revels, marches in the field.
He whom of late Greece, as her Mars, ador'd;
He, on whoſe maſſy ſpear, and glittering ſword,
The fates and death did wait, that mighty man
Now wields a buſk, and brandiſhes a fan.

Avert

Avert it heav'n! can he be only brave
To waſte my country, not his own to ſave?
And when his arms my family mow'd down,
Loſt he his ſting, and ſo became a drone?
Ah! cure theſe fears; and let me have the pride
To ſee your jav'lin fixt in Hector's ſide.
O! that the Grecians would ſend me to try,
If I could make your ſtubborn heart comply:
Few words I'd uſe, all ſhould be ſighs, and tears,
And looks, and kiſſes, mixt with hopes and fears;
My love like light'ning thro' my eyes ſhould fly,
And thaw the ice, which round your heart does lie;
Sometimes my arms about your neck I'd throw;
And then embrace your knees, and humbly bow:
There is more eloquence in tears, and kiſſes,
Than in the ſmooth harangues of ſly Ulyſſes:
That noiſy rhetorick of a twanging tongue,
Serves but to lug the heavy crowd along:
But ſouls with ſouls ſpeak only by the eye,
And at thoſe windows one another ſpy:
Thus, than your mother ſea rais'd with the wind
More fierce, I would compoſe your ſtormy mind;
And my love ſhining on my tears that flow,
Should make a rain-bow, and fair weather ſhow.
So dreams my love. Ah! come, that I may try,
If I can turn my dream to prophecy.
So may your Pyrrhus live to equalize
His grandſire's years, his father's victories.
Let me no longer pin'd in abſence lie;
Rather than live without you, let me die;
My heart's already cold, and death does ſpread
His livid paleneſs o'er my lively red.
My life hangs only on the ſlender hope,
That your reviving love your rage will ſtop.

If that ſhou'd fail, let me not linger on,
But let that ſword (to mine, ah! too well known)
Me to my brothers, and my huſband ſend;
Your hand began, your hand the work muſt end.
But why ſuch cruelty? come then, and ſave
Afflicted Greece, and me your humble ſlave.
How much more decently might you imploy
Your ill-ſpent rage againſt Neptunian Troy!
Then furl your ſails, once more your anchors caſt:
Leave not your country, nor your honour blaſt.
But go or ſtay; with you I ought to move,
Made yours by right of war, and right of love.

DEJANIRA to HERCULES.

By Mr. *OLDMIXON.*

The ARGUMENT.

Dejanira *having heard that* Hercules *was fallen in love with* Iöle *daughter of the king of* Oechalia, *whom he had lately vanquiſh'd and ſlain, and at the ſame time that he was dying by a poiſon'd ſhirt ſhe had ſent him, to recover, as ſhe had been told it would, his loſt affection; between jealouſy and rage for the firſt, and grief and deſpair for the latter, writes him the following epiſtle.*

IN your late triumphs I rejoice, and ſhare
Your new renown, Oechalia's finiſh'd war.
But, ſhould the victor to the vanquiſh'd yield!
Curſt be the day that you the town compell'd.
Thro' Greece the rumour flies, nor faſter fame
Proclaims your conqueſt, than ſhe ſpreads your ſhame.
By your vile bonds your former life's defil'd,
And all the luſtre of your labour ſoil'd:
Thoſe labours you with matchleſs might o'ercame,
And Juno's hate, and rais'd a godlike name.
But to young Iöle's baſe yoke you bow;
Euryſtheus now is pleas'd, and Juno now.
Nor will your ſtep-mother be griev'd to hear
The blot indelible your fame will bear.
When Jove your mother for your birth enjoy'd,
The God, too little one, three nights employ'd.

But who'll believe the tale? for ſuch a ſon
Might, ſurely, have been well conceiv'd in one.
Juno ne'er hurted you as Venus has,
She rais'd you when ſhe purpos'd to depreſs.
But Venus on your neck her foot has plac'd,
And ne'er was heroe more by love diſgrac'd.
From you, the world deliver'd, holds her peace,
By you the land's ſecure, and ſafe the ſeas.
Both houſes of the ſun your merit know,
And heav'n does more to you than Atlas owe.
Your ſtrength did once the ſinking ſtars ſuſtain,
And ſave thoſe orbs, where you at laſt ſhall reign.
Without you, he on whom the burden lies
Had fall'n, and unſupported left the ſkies.
What have you done, but all your glory ſtain'd,
And loſt the praiſe you with ſuch peril gain'd?
Tell me no more what deeds you once could do,
Nor boaſt you in the cradle ſerpents flew.
'Two horrid ſnakes that then to death you wrung,
And prov'd the blood divine of which you ſprung.
The man belies the God; your infant name
Is now forgotten, and your riper fame.
He, whom the ſon of Steneleus ſubdu'd,
And tam'd the felleſt monſters of the wood,
Who long did Juno's hate undaunted prove,
He, to whom all things yielded, yields to love.
What then? the thund'rer was your ſire, 'tis ſaid,
And highly I am honour'd by your bed.
But as the plough an equal yoke requires,
So Hymen's torch ſhould burn with equal fires,
And higher if my huſband's in degree,
What do I gain? his greatneſs leſſens me.
The worſe in this a wife thus wedded fares,
And not an honour, but a burden bears,
Tho' the name flatters, and the brightneſs glares.

She

She that weds well, will wiſely match her love,
Nor be below her huſband, nor above.
My lord ſo ſeldom in my houſe I ſee,
A ſtranger I ſhould know as ſoon as he.
To war with dreadful monſters he delights,
And with the fierceſt of the foreſt fights.
While I a widow's life in wedlock lead,
And mourn with fruitleſs tears my injur'd bed.
Oft my chaſte vows for him to heav'n I pay,
The dangers to avert, my fears diſplay;
That ever you with conqueſt may be crown'd,
For your defeat is mine, and mine your wound.
My fancy ſtill preſents you to my mind,
Amid your foes of every ſavage kind.
The dragon's forky tongue methinks I view,
And the boar's tuſk, and lion's claw in you.
The worrying dogs with freezing blood I ſee,
And intercept the death, and bleed for thee,
Ill omens from my ſlaughter'd victims riſe,
No flame of od'rous incenſe upward flies,
But the chok'd fire, as ſoon as kindled, dies.
Foreboding dreams my anxious ſoul affright,
And mine are all the horrors of the night.
Much I enquire, impatient of your fate,
What none, or but with doubtful truſt, relate,
I hope, I fear, and with alternate pain
At once for thee the double care ſuſtain.
Your mother abſent feels the ſame alarms,
Repents the fortune of her envy'd charms,
That e'er they pleas'd a God, and bleſt his arms.
Me, all as a forſaken widow ſhun,
Nor is Amphitryon here, nor is your ſon.
No war but with Euryſtheus now you wage,
The miniſter of Juno's reſtleſs rage.

Your dangers and your toils ſhe ſtill renews,
Still your dear life with cruel hate purſues.
If of your foreign loves I ſhould complain,
You'd laugh at my laments, and mock my pain.
Each maid you meet to your embrace you take,
And each that you enjoy a mother make.
Shall I Parthenion Auge's rape relate,
Or what by force was Aſtydamia's fate?
You'll never bluſh to hear your broken vows,
Nor think you err'd in wronging Theutra's houſe,
Where fifty ſiſters in one night you knew;
But what are fifty ruin'd nymphs to you?
Another ſuch offence I've lately known,
And Lamus by your luſt is made my ſon;
His ſtepdame I, and o'er the Libyan plains
My rival, his abandon'd mother, reigns.
And where thro' flow'ry vales Mæander glides
With winding waves, and turns with refluent tides,
Has Hercules been ſeen in ſhameleſs guiſe,
Ill ſuiting him, whoſe ſhoulders bore the ſkies;
With bracelets deck'd, and other female geer,
Which wanton damſels at their revels wear.
Bright chains of gold around thoſe arms they view,
Which in Nemæan woods the lion ſlew.
Whoſe ſkin, a glorious robe, he proudly wore,
And on his back the dreadful trophy bore.
See his rude locks with gaudy ribbands bound,
And purple veſts his manly limbs ſurround;
Such as the ſoft Mæonian virgins wear,
To catch in ſilken folds the flowing air.
Now horror in your mind his image breeds,
Who fed with human fleſh his pamper'd ſteeds.
His conqu'ror had Buſiris thus beheld,
He'd doubt his fall, and ſtill diſpute the field.

Theſe toys Anteus from your neck would tear,
Aſham'd his victor ſhould ſuch trinkets wear.
'Tis ſaid, you with Ionian girls are ſeen,
In baſe attendance on their haughty queen;
That baſkets in your hands like them you bear,
And the vain menace of your miſtreſs fear.
For ſhame; were thoſe victorious hands deſign'd
For women's ſervice? or to free mankind?
How, think you, to the wond'ring world 'twill ſound,
That at command you turn the ſpindle round?
Your work's ſet out, your miſtreſs you muſt pleaſe,
And your toils dwindle to ſuch taſks as theſe.
But your rough fingers break the ſlender thread,
And from the fair a drubbing oft you dread.
Now at her feet, methinks, I ſee you lie,
While ſhe looks from you with an angry eye.
To plead for pity, you your error own,
And brag, in your excuſe, what deeds you've done.
How, when a child, two ſerpents you o'ercame,
And then the Erymanthean boar did tame.
The heads that were on Thracian gates affix'd,
And what to them you did, you vaunt of next.
Of Diomedes, and his mares you boaſt,
Of your fam'd conqueſts to th' Iberian coaſt.
Of Gerion's herd, and Cerberus you tell,
And the dread wonders you perform'd in hell;
How thrice they both reviv'd, and thrice they fell.
How the huge giant, by a fierce embrace,
You grip'd to death, and kill'd with a careſs;
How the ſwift horſes that out-flew the wind
By you were left in race, and lagg'd behind.
You put them on Theſſalian hills to flight,
Nor you their ſpeed, nor double forms affright,
But ill by you are ſuch high things expreſt,
A ſuppliant, like Sidonian harlots dreſt.

Your tongue might by your finger well be ty'd,
And you, for ſhame, the tale you tell her hide.
Nor can all this alone preſerve her ſmiles,
She wears your arms, and triumphs with your ſpoils.
Go, boaſt your glorious acts, while all that ſee
Your differing garbs, will gueſs you both to be,
Thou the ſoft harlot, and the heroe ſhe.
As greater you than all your conqueſts are,
The leſs you to your conqu'ror can compare;
And as you can't your lewd deſires ſubdue,
The mightier ſhe, who maſters them and you.
To her the glory of your deeds redounds,
And fame her pow'r with your diſgrace reſounds.
The victor's praiſe, the laurel wreath, reſign,
Thoſe ſongs and trophies are no longer thine.
She heirs them all. Eternal ſhame to ſee
That ſkin on her, which ſuited none but thee!
And the rude robe that thou with pride haſt worn,
Her feeble limbs enfold, and ſink to ſcorn.
Theſe ſpoils, miſtaken man, are not her aim,
Thy ſelf's her triumph, and her ſpoil's thy fame.
By her the merit of thy might's ſuppreſt,
Her conqueſt was thyſelf, and thine, a beaſt.
She leaves the laden reel, and learns the uſe
Of arrows poiſon'd with Lernæan juice.
She, who can ſcarce the flying wheel command,
And turn the ſpindle with her trembling hand,
Now teaches it the maſſy club to wield,
Which tam'd the fierceſt monſters of the field.
This with delight ſhe in her mirror views,
Fights o'er thy fights, and all thy foes ſubdues,
Haply report, tho' loud it ſpeaks, may err;
Yet tell of others truth, if not of her.

I ſee

I ſee of others what of her I hear,
And that my rage provokes, as this my fear.
A foreign wanton's to the city brought,
And to be falſe, with thee's no more a fault;
No more ſolicitous thy ſhame to hide,
As if to publiſh it thou took'ſt a pride;
As if to triumph here thou ſent'ſt a ſlave,
To ſhew thy folly, and my fury brave.
Unbidden; is ſhe like a ſuppliant ſeen,
With hair neglected, and an humble mien?
She ſtrives not to conceal her captive ſtate,
And ill her front erect becomes her fate.
In gold ſhe ſhines, her gay attire's the ſame
As when you deign'd to act the Phrygian dame.
Who can believe, ſo high ſhe holds her head,
That you're a conqu'ror, or her father dead?
Theſe weeping eyes your perjur'd vows can prove,
And her bold pride confirms my ſlighted love.
Perhaps you'll drive me from your bed and houſe,
And of a miſtreſs make the ſlave your ſpouſe.
A noble match 'twill be, ſhould Hymen join
Her infamy in equal bonds with thine.
The God muſt, ſure, to light his torch be glad,
The wife a captive, and the huſband mad;
I cannot bear the thought, it turns my brains,
Strikes to my heart, and freezes all my veins.
Me once you lov'd, and guiltleſs was your flame,
With double conqueſts to your arms I came,
And crown'd not more your paſſion than your fame.
Shorn of his horns Achelous hides his head,
And vanquiſh'd plunges in his ſlimy bed.
Neſſus from thee receives the deadly wound,
And falling foams with rage, and bites the ground.

From

From the man-beaſt a purple deluge flow'd,
And ſtain'd Evenus with his ſtreaming blood.
Why do I write theſe vain complaints to thee,
Ev'n now I hear thou dy'ſt, and dy'ſt by me?
Mine was the poiſon'd robe my huſband wears,
Whoſe hidden fire his crackling ſinews tears.
What have I done? What phrenzy had poſſeſt
My mind, and more than love inflam'd my breaſt?
Lifeleſs my lord on Oeta's top may lie,
And yet, ah wretch! doſt doubt if thou ſhould'ſt die?
Wilt thou thy guilt, and him, alas, ſurvive?
His widow wilt thou, and his murd'rer, live?
No, ne'er will I appear ſo fond of life,
Or ſhew I ill deſerv'd to be his wife.
What Meleager's ſiſter ought I'll do,
And both their ſteps with dauntleſs ſoul purſue.
Nor ſiſter will they then, nor wife deny,
And yet, ah wretch! doſt doubt if thou ſhouldſt die?
Unhappy houſe, to ſudden ruin doom'd,
To exile ſome are ſent, and ſome entomb'd.
Agrius uſurps my royal father's throne,
And old Oeneus mourns a baniſh'd ſon.
Here in devouring flames another fries,
And my dear mother there ſelf-murder'd lies.
None now of all their race is left, but I,
And yet, ah wretch! doſt doubt if thou ſhould'ſt die?
By all that ever to my ſoul was dear,
By Hymen's ſacred rites and joys, I ſwear,
No miſchief was to thee, believe me, meant;
I knew no poiſon when the ſhirt I ſent.
From weakneſs only, not deſign, it came,
In hopes to light afreſh thy languid flame.
When Neſſus fell, the fraudful villain ſwore
A wond'rous charm was in his flowing gore,

That

That 'twould to ev'ry thing it touch'd impart
A virtue, to reclaim a wand'ring heart:
On thine I thought its latent pow'r to prove,
And not in malice dipt the robe, but love.
A latent pow'r it had, ah curſt deceit!
That pow'r was poiſon, and the charm was fate.
On whom didſt thou its fatal magick try?
And yet, ah wretch! doſt doubt if thou ſhouldſt die?
Adieu, my father, country, friends; adieu
The light that with theſe dying eyes I view:
I fly, my Hercules! to thee I fly;
Life ebbs apace, and I with pleaſure die.

DEJANIRA to HERCULES.

By another Hand.

The ARGUMENT.

Dejanira *having heard that* Hercules *was fallen in love with* Iöle *a captive; and at the ſame time that he was dying by a poiſon'd ſhirt ſhe had preſented him with, and had been told wou'd recover a loſt affection; betwixt diſda'n and anger for the firſt, and grief and deſpair for the latter, ſhe writes the following lines to her huſband.*

I'M pleas'd with the ſucceſs your valour gave,
But grieve the victor is his captive's ſlave.
This unexpected news ſoon flew to me,
And with your former life does ill agree.
Continual actions, nor yet Juno's hate,
Ne'er hurt whom Iöle does captivate:
Euryſtheus this, this did Jove's wife deſign,
Laugh at your weakneſs, and theſe tears of mine;
But Jupiter hop'd better things, when he,
To make this heroe, made one night of three.
Venus has hurt you more by her ſoft charms,
Than angry Juno that imploys your arms;
She by depreſſing you, rais'd you the more,
The other treads on you, whom you adore.
You've freed the world from troublers of mankind,
All things ſubmit to your heroick mind:
You make the ſeas ſecure, the earth have reſt,
Your mighty name fills both the eaſt and weſt.

Heaven

Heaven that muſt bear you, you did bear before,
When weary Atlas did your aid implore.
Yet for all this, the greater is your ſhame,
If with mean acts you ſtain your glorious name.
You kill'd two ſerpents with your infant hand,
Which then deſerv'd Jove's ſcepter to command.
Your laſt deeds differ from your firſt ſucceſs,
The infant makes the man appear the leſs.
No ſavage beaſts, nor fiercer enemies,
Cou'd conquer him whom love does now ſurpriſe.
Some think my marriage a great happineſs,
Being Jove's daughter, wife of Hercules;
But as extremes do very ill agree,
The greatneſs of my huſband leſſens me:
This ſeeming honour gives a mortal wound;
Amongſt our equals happineſs is found:
At home in quiet they their lives enjoy;
Tumults, and wars, do all his hours imploy:
This abſence makes me ſo unfortunate,
I buy your glory at too dear a rate.
I weary heav'n with vows and ſacrifice,
Leſt you ſhould fall by beaſts, or enemies.
When you aſſault a lion, or wild boar,
You hazard much, but ſtill I hazard more.
Strange dreams and viſion, ſet before mine eyes
The dangers that attend your victories.
Unhappy I to vain reports give ear.
Then vainly hope, and then as vainly fear.
Your abſent mother bluſhes ſhe pleas'd Jove,
Amphitryon's abſent, and the ſon you love.
I ſee Euryſtheus has contriv'd your fate,
And will make uſe of Juno's reſtleſs hate.
This I could bear, did you love none but me,
But you are amorous of all you ſee.

Yet

Yet Omphale does now inrage me more.
Than all the beauties you admir'd before.
Mæander's ſtreams have ſeen thoſe ſhoulders wear
Rich chains, that heaven as a ſmall weight did bear.
But were you not aſhamed to behold
Thoſe arms weigh'd down with jewels, and with gold,
That made the fierce Nemean lion die,
And wore his ſkin to ſhew the victory?
When like a woman you did dreſs your hair,
Laurel had been for you a fitter wear.
As wanton maids, you thought it was no ſhame
To wear a ſaſh, to pleaſe your haughty dame.
Fierce Diomedes was not in your mind,
That fed his bloody horſes with mankind:
Did but Buſiris ſee this ſtrange diſguiſe,
The conquer'd wou'd the conqueror deſpiſe;
Anteus wou'd retrieve his captive ſtate,
And ſcorn a victor ſo effeminate.
Among the Grecian virgins you ſit down,
And ſpin, and tremble at a woman's frown.
A diſtaff, not a ſeepter, fills that hand
That conquer'd all things, and did all command.
Then in her preſence you do trembling ſtand,
And fear a blow, as death, from her fair hand;
And to regain her favour you reveal
Thoſe glorious actions you ſhou'd then conceal.
How you that ſtrange and fruitful ſerpent ſlew,
That by his wounds more fierce and ſtronger grew.
How when you fought, you never loſt the field,
But made great kings and cruel monſters yield.
And can you boaſt or think on things ſo great,
Now you wear ſilks, and are with jewels ſet?
Theſe actions and that garb do diſagree,
So ſoft a dreſs does give your tongue the lye.

Your

Your miſtreſs too puts on your conqu'ring arms,
And makes you ſtoop to her more pow'rful charms.
She wears your robes to ſhew her victory,
And is, what you once thought yourſelf to be.
Your glorious conqueſts, and illuſtrious fame,
Give her renown, but you eternal ſhame.
All is to her, by whom you're conquer'd, due;
Go now and brag of what remains to you.
Is't not a ſhame that her ſoft arms ſhould bear
The lion's rugged ſkin you once did wear?
The ſpoils are not the lion's, but your own;
The beaſt you conquer'd, you ſhe overcame.
She takes your club into her feeble hand,
And in her glaſs ſhe learns how to command.
All this I heard: yet I could not believe
The ſad report which cauſes me to grieve.
Your Iöle is brought before my face,
I muſt be witneſs of my own diſgrace.
Whilſt I reflect on my unhappy fate,
She makes her entry in the town in ſtate.
Not as a captive with her hair unbound,
Nor her dejected eyes fix'd on the ground;
But cover'd o'er with jewels and with gold,
As Phrygia once did Hercules behold:
And ſalutes all with as much majeſty,
As if her father had the victory.
Perhaps to leave me is deſign'd by you,
True to your miſtreſs, to your wife untrue.
You'll be divorc'd from me, and marry her,
The conquer'd muſt obey the conqueror.
This fear torments me more than all the reſt,
And as a dagger wounds my troubled breaſt.
I knew the time when you did love me more
Than any ſhe whom you do now adore.

But oh! as I am writing, the news flies,
That by a poiſon'd ſhirt my huſband dies.
What have I done? whither has love drove me?
Is love the author of ſuch cruelty?
Shall my dear Hercules endure this pain,
And I, th' unhapy cauſe, alive remain?
My title to him by my death I'll prove,
And ſurely death's an argument of love.
Meleager will a ſiſter find in me:
Shall Dejanira be afraid to die?
Unhappy houſe! Uſurpers fill the throne,
Whilſt the true ſov'reign is eſteem'd by none,
One brother waſtes his life in foreign lands,
The other periſh'd by his mother's hands,
Who on herſelf reveng'd the crime: then why
Should Dejanira be afraid to die?
Only this thing I beg with my laſt breath,
Not to believe that I deſign'd your death.
As ſoon as you ſtruck Neſſus with your dart,
His blood, he ſaid would charm a ſtraying heart;
In it I dip'd the ſhirt; 'twas but to try:
O Dejanira, make, make haſte to die:
Adieu my father, ſiſter too adieu!
Adieu my country, and my brother too!
Farewel this light, the laſt that I ſhall ſee,
Hyllus farewel; my dear, I come to thee.

ACONTIUS to CYDIPPE.

By Mr. *R. DUKE.*

The ARGUMENT.

Acontius, *in the temple of* Diana *at* Delos, *(famous for the reſort of the moſt beautiful virgins of all* Greece) *fell in love with* Cydippe, *a lady of quality much above his own; not daring therefore to court her openly, he found this device to obtain her; he writes upon the faireſt apple that could be procur'd, a couple of verſes to this effect;*

" I ſwear by chaſte Diana, I will be
" In ſacred wedlock ever join'd to thee;

and throws it at the feet of the young lady: ſhe ſuſpecting not the deceit, takes it up, and reads it, and therein promiſes herſelf in marriage to Acontius; *there being a law there in force, that whatever any perſon ſhould ſwear in the temple of* Diana *of* Delos, *ſhould ſtand good, and be inviolably obſerv'd. But her father not knowing what had paſt, and having not long after promiſed her to another, juſt as the ſolemnities of marriage were to be perform'd, ſhe was taken with a ſudden and violent fever, which* Acontius *endeavours to perſuade her was ſent from* Diana, *as a puniſhment of the breach of the vow made in her preſence. And this with*

the

the reſt of the arguments, which on ſuch an occaſion would occur to a lover, is the ſubject of the following epiſtle.

READ boldly this; here you ſhall ſwear no more,
For that's enough which you have ſworn before.
Read it; ſo may that violent diſeaſe,
Which thy dear body, but my ſoul doth ſeize,
Forgets its too long practis'd cruelty,
And health to you reſtore, and you to me.
Why do you bluſh? for bluſh you do, I fear,
As when you firſt did in the temple ſwear.
Truth to your plighted faith is all I claim:
And truth can never be the cauſe of ſhame.
Shame lives with guilt, but you your virtue prove
In fav'ring mine, for mine's a huſband's love.
Ah! to yourſelf theſe binding words repeat,
That once your wiſhing eyes ev'n long'd to meet,
When th' apple brought 'em dancing to your feet.
There you will find the ſolemn vow you made,
Which, if your health, or mine, can ought perſuade,
You to perform ſhould rather mindful be,
Than great Diana to revenge on thee.
My fears for you increaſe with my deſire,
And hope blows that already raging fire.
For hope you gave; nor can you this deny,
For the great Goddeſs of the fane was by;
She was, and heard, and from her hallow'd ſhrine
A ſudden kind auſpicious light did ſhine;
Her ſtatue ſeem'd to nod its awful head,
And give its glad conſent to what you ſaid.
Now, if you pleaſe, accuſe my proſp'rous cheat,
Yet ſtill confeſs 'twas love that taught me it.
In that deceit what did I elſe deſign,
But with your own conſent to make you mine?

What

What you my crime, I call my innocence,
Since loving you has been my ſole offence.
Nor nature gave me, nor has practice taught
The nets with which young virgins hearts are caught.
You my accuſer taught me to deceive,
And love, with you, did his aſſiſtance give;
For love ſtood by, and ſmiling bad me write
The cunning words he did himſelf indite:
Again you ſee I write by his command,
He guides my pen, and rules my willing hand;
Again, ſuch kind, ſuch loving words I ſend,
As makes me fear that I again offend.
Yet if my love's a crime, I muſt confeſs
Great is my guilt, but never ſhall be leſs;
Oh that I thus might ever guilty prove!
In finding out new paths to reach thy love.
A thouſand ways to that ſteep mountain lead,
Tho' hard to find, and difficult to tread.
All theſe will I find out, and break through all,
For which, my flames compar'd, the danger's ſmall.
The Gods alone know what the end will be;
Yet if we mortals any thing foreſee,
One way or other you muſt yield to me.
If all my arts ſhould fail, to arms I'll fly,
And ſnatch by force what you my prayers deny:
I all thoſe heroes mighty acts applaud,
Who firſt have led me this illuſtrious road.
I too——but hold, death the reward will be;
Death be it then———
For to loſe you is more than death to me.
Were you leſs fair, I'd uſe the vulgar way
Of tedious courtſhip, and of dull delay.
But thy bright form kindles more eager fires,
And ſomething wond'rous, as itſelf, inſpires;

Thoſe

Thoſe eyes that all the heav'nly lights out-ſhine,
(Which oh! may'ſt thou behold, and love in mine)
Thoſe ſnowy arms, which on my neck ſhould fall;
If you the vows you made, regard at all;
That modeſt ſweetneſs, and becoming grace,
That paints with living red your bluſhing face;
Thoſe feet, with which they only can compare
That through the ſilver flood bright Thetis bear;
Do all conſpire my madneſs to excite,
With all the reſt that is deny'd to ſight.
Which could I praiſe alike, I then were bleſt,
And all the ſtorms of my vex'd ſoul at reſt.
No wonder then if with ſuch beauty fir'd,
I of your love the ſacred pledge deſir'd.
Rage now, and be as angry as you will,
Your very frowns all other ſmiles excel;
But give me leave that anger to appeaſe
By my ſubmiſſion, that my love did raiſe.
Your pardon proſtrate at your feet I'll crave,
The humble poſture of your guilty ſlave.
With falling tears your fiery rage I'll cool,
And lay the riſing tempeſt of your ſoul.
Why in my abſence are you thus ſevere?
Summon'd at your tribunal to appear,
For all my crimes, I'd gladly ſuffer there,
With pride whatever you inflict receive,
And love the wounds thoſe hands vouchſafe to give,
Your fetters too——But they alas are vain,
For love has bound me, and I hug my chain,
Your hardeſt laws with patience I'll obey,
'Till you yourſelf at laſt relent, and ſay,
When all my ſuff'rings you with pity ſee,
"He that can love ſo well, is worthy me.
But if all this ſhould unſucceſsful prove,
Diana claims for me your promis'd love.

O may my fears be falſe! yet ſhe delights
In juſt revenge of her abuſed rites.
I dread to hide, what yet to ſpeak I dread,
Leſt you ſhould think that for myſelf I plead.
Yet out it muſt,——'Tis this, 'tis ſurely this,
That is the fuel to your hot diſeaſe;
When waiting Hymen at your porch attends,
Her fatal meſſenger the Goddeſs ſends;
And when you would to his kind call conſent,
This fever does your perjury prevent.
Forbear, forbear thus to provoke her rage,
Which you ſo eaſily may yet aſſuage.
Forbear to make that lovely charming face
The prey to ev'ry envious diſeaſe:
Preſerve thoſe looks to be enjoy'd by me,
Which none ſhou'd ever but with wonder ſee:
Let that freſh colour to your cheeks return,
Whoſe blooming flame did all beholders burn.
But let on him, th' unhappy cauſe of all
The ills that from Diana's anger fall,
No greater torments light, than thoſe I feel,
When you my deareſt, tend'reſt part are ill.
For oh! with what dire tortures am I rackt,
Whom diff'rent griefs ſucceſſively diſtract!
Sometimes my grief from this does higher grow,
To think that I have caus'd ſo much to you:
Then great Diana's witneſs, how I pray,
That all our crimes on me alone ſhe'd lay.
Sometimes to your lov'd doors diſguis'd I come,
And all around 'em up and down I roam:
'Till I your woman coming from you ſpy,
With looks dejected, and a weeping eye.
With ſilent ſteps, like ſome ſad ghoſt, I ſteal
Cloſe up to her, and urge her to reveal
More than new queſtions ſuffer her to tell:

How you had ſlept, what diet you had us'd?
And oft the vain phyſician's art accus'd.
He ev'ry hour (oh, were I bleſt as he!)
Does all the turns of your diſtemper ſee;
Why ſit not I by your bed-ſide all day,
My mournful head in your warm boſom lay,
'Till with my tears the inward fires decay?
Why preſs not I your melting hand in mine,
And from your pulſe of my own health divine?
But oh! theſe wiſhes all are vain; and he
Whom moſt I fear, may now ſit cloſe by thee,
Forgetful as thou art of heav'n and me.
He that lov'd hand does preſs, and oft does feign
Some new excuſe to feel thy beating vein.
Then his bold hand up to your arm does ſlide,
And in your panting breaſt itſelf does hide;
Kiſſes ſometimes he ſnatches too from thee,
For his officious care too great a fee.
Robber, who gave thee leave to taſte that lip,
And the ripe harveſt of my kiſſes reap?
For they are mine, ſo is that boſom too,
Which, falſe as 'tis, ſhall never harbour you:
Take, take away thoſe thy adult'rous hands,
For know, another lord that breaſt commands.
'Tis true, her father promis'd her to thee,
But heav'n and ſhe firſt gave herſelf to me;
And you in juſtice therefore ſhould decline
Your claim to that which is already mine.
This is the man, Cydippe, that excites
Diana's rage to vindicate her rites,
Command him then not to approach thy door,
This done, the danger of your death is o'er.
For fear not, beauteous maid, but keep thy vow,
Which great Diana heard, and did allow,

And ſhe who took it, will thy health reſtore,
And be propitious as ſhe was before.
" 'Tis not the ſteam of a ſlain heifer's blood,
" That can allay the anger of a God.
" 'Tis truth, and juſtice to your vows, appeaſe
" Their angry deities, and without theſe
" No ſlaughter'd beaſt their fury can divert;
" For that's a ſacrifice without a heart.
Some bitter potions patiently endure,
And kiſs the wounding lance that works their cure.
You have no need theſe cruel cures to feel,
Shun being perjur'd only, and be well.
Why let you ſtill your pious parents weep,
Whom you in ign'rance of your promiſe keep?
Oh! to your mother all our ſtory tell,
And the whole progreſs of our love reveal;
Tell her how firſt at great Diana's ſhrine
I fix'd my eyes, my wond'ring eyes, on thine:
How like the ſtatues there I ſtood amaz'd,
Whilſt on thy face intemp'rately I gaz'd.
She will herſelf, when you my tale repeat,
Smile, and approve the amorous deceit.
Marry, ſhe'll ſay, whom Heav'n commends to thee;
He who has pleas'd Diana, pleaſes me.
But ſhould ſhe aſk from what deſcent I came,
My country, and my parents, and my name,
Tell her that none of theſe deſerve my ſhame.
Had you not ſworn, you ſuch a one might chuſe;
But were he worſe, now ſworn, you can't refuſe.
This in my dreams Diana bid me write,
And when I wak'd ſent Cupid to indite:
Obey 'em both, for one has wounded me,
Which wound if you with eyes of pity ſee,
She too will ſoon relent that wounded thee.

Then to our joys with eager haſte we'll move,
As full of beauty you, as I of love.
To the great temple we'll in triumph go,
And with our off'rings at the altar bow.
A golden image there I'll conſecrate
Of the falſe apple's innocent deceit;
And write below the happy verſe, that came
The meſſenger of my ſucceſsful flame;
" Let all the world this from Acontius know,
" Cydippe has been faithful to her vow.
More I would write, but ſince thy illneſs reigns,
And racks thy tender limbs with ſharpeſt pains,
My pen falls down for fear, leſt this might be,
Altho' for me too little, yet too much for thee.

CYDIPPE

Her anſwer to

ACONTIUS.

By Mr. *BUTLER.*

IN ſilent fear I read your letter o'er;
Leſt I ſhou'd ſwear, as I had done before!
Nor had I read, but that I fear'd t'engage
By my neglect the peeviſh goddeſs' rage:
In vain I deck her ſhrine, her rites attend,
The partial goddeſs ſtill remains your friend.
A virgin rather ſhou'd a virgin aid;
But where I ſeek relief I am betray'd!
I languiſh, and the cauſe of my diſeaſe
As yet lies hid, no med'cine gives me eaſe.
In how much pain do I this letter write!
To my weak hand my ſicklier thoughts indite:
What anxious fear alas afflicts me too,
Leſt any but my truſty nurſe ſhou'd know!
To gain me time to write, the door ſhe keeps,
And whiſp'ring tells the viſitants, ſhe ſleeps,
Worſe ills I could not for your ſake ſuſtain,
Tho' you had merit equal to my pain.
Your love betrays, my beauty proves my ſnare,
I had been happy had I ſeem'd leſs fair:
Whilſt with your rival you contend to raiſe
My beauty's fame, I periſh by your praiſe:
Whilſt neither will admit the other's claim,
The chace is hinder'd, and both miſs the game.

My nuptial day draws on, my parents preſs
The ſacred rites, my blooming years no leſs:
But whilſt glad Hymen at my door attends,
Grim death waits near to force me from his hands.
Some call my ſickneſs chance, and ſome pretend
The Gods this lett to croſs my nuptials ſend:
Whilſt by ſeverer cenſure you are gueſt
By Philtra's to have wrought upon my breaſt.
If then your love ſuch miſchief can create,
What mis'ry is reſerv'd for her you hate!
Wou'd I to Delos ne'er had found the way,
At leaſt not found it on that fatal day!
When in our port our anchors firſt we weigh'd,
Th' unwilling veſſel ſtill i'th' harbour ſtay'd;
Twice did croſs winds beat back our flagging ſails;
Said I, croſs winds? no, thoſe were proſp'rous gales!
Thoſe winds alone blew fair, that back convey'd
Our ſhip, and thoſe that oft our paſſage ſtay'd.
Yet I to ſee fam'd Delos am in pain,
And fondly of each hind'ring blaſt complain.
By Tenos iſle, and Myconé we ſteer'd;
At laſt fair Delos' winding cliffs appear'd;
And much I fear leſt now the fairy ſhore
Shou'd vaniſh, as 'tis ſaid t' have done before.
At night we land; ſoon as the day return'd
My platted treſſes are with gems adorn'd;
Then to attend the ſacred rites we go,
And pious incenſe on each altar throw.
My parents there at their devotion ſtay;
My nurſe and I through all the temple ſtray:
We view each court, and each freſh wonder brings,
Pictures, and ſtatues, gifts of ancient kings.
But whilſt into theſe rarities I pry'd,
I am myſelf by ſly Acontius ſpy'd.

Thence

Thence to the inmoſt temple we remove,
The place that ſhould a ſanctuary prove.
Yet there I find the apple with this rhyme——
Ah me! I'd like to 've ſworn the ſecond time!
The name of wedlock I no ſooner read
But thro' my cheeks a troubled bluſh was ſpread.
Why didſt thou cheat an unſuſpecting maid?
I ſhould have been intreated, not betray'd:
Is then the goddeſs bound to take thy part?
And ratify an oath without the heart?
The will conſents, but that was abſent there;
I read indeed the oath, but did not ſwear.
Yet cannot I deny that I ſuſpect
Diana's rage this ſickneſs does inflict;
Glad Hymen thrice did to our courts repair,
Thrice frighted fled to find death planted there.
Thin cov'rings on my fev'riſh limbs are ſpread,
My parents mourn me as already dead.
What have I done to merit this diſtreſs,
Reading but words whoſe fraud I cou'd not gueſs!
Do thou, ev'n thou from whom my ſuff'rings ſpring,
T'appeaſe the goddeſs' rage thine off'rings bring.
When will thoſe hands, that writ the fatal rhyme,
Bear incenſe to remove my pain, thy crime!
Nor think that thy rich rival, tho' allow'd
To viſit, is of greater favours proud.
By me he ſits, but ſtill juſt diſtance keeps,
Reſtleſs as I, talks ſeldom, often weeps:
Bluſhing he takes a kiſs, and leaves a tear,
And once his courage ſerv'd to cry—my dear.
But from his arms ſtill by degrees I creep,
And to prevent diſcourſe pretend to ſleep.
He finds, but wou'd his ſenſe o'the flight diſguiſe;
He checks his tongue, but chides me with his eyes.

With grief he waſtes, and I with fevers pine,
'Tis we that ſuffer, but th' offence was thine.
You write for leave to come and ſee me here,
You know your former viſit coſt me dear.
Why wouldſt thou hither come? thou canſt but ſee
The double trophies of thy cruelty.
My fleſh conſum'd, my cheeks of bloodleſs hue,
Such as I once did in the apple view.
Shou'dſt ſee me now, thou wou'dſt repent thy cheat,
Nor think me worth ſuch exquiſite deceit.
To Delos back with greater haſte wou'dſt go,
And beg the Goddeſs to releaſe my vow:
On new deſigns thy fancy wou'dſt imploy,
Contrive new oaths the former to deſtroy.
No means have been omitted to procure
My health, but ſtill my fev'riſh fits endure.
We aſk'd the oracle what caus'd my pains?
The oracle of broken vows complains!
The Gods themſelves on your behalf declare:
What haſt thou done to merit this their care?
But ſo it is —— and I at laſt incline,
Since that thou art their choice, to make thee mine.
Already to my mother I've declar'd,
How by your cunning I have been inſnar'd.
I've done, and what I have already ſaid,
I fear, is more than will become a maid.
My thoughts are now confus'd, and can indite
No more, my feeble hand no more can write.
Nor need I more ſubſcribe, but this, Be true;
And (ſince it muſt be ſo) my dear, adieu.

FINIS.

THE THREE

EPISTLES

OF

AULUS SABINUS:

In Anſwer to as many of

OVID.

Made Engliſh by

Mr. *SALISBURY.*

Printed in the YEAR MDCCLXI.

Advertiſement.

AUlus Sabinus *flouriſh'd in the reign of* Auguſtus, *and was contemporary with* Ovid. *He wrote a book of Elegies to his miſtreſs* Teriſena; *and left ſome unfiniſh'd poems of the ancient* Roman *religion and ceremonies*; *and alſo wrote ſeveral epiſtles like* Ovid's, *in anſwer to ſo many of that excellent poet's*, viz. Hippolytus *to* Phædra, Æneas *to* Dido, Jaſon *to* Hypſipyle, Phaon *to* Sappho, Ulyſſes *to* Penelope, Demophoon *to* Phyllis, *and* Paris *to* OEnone; *of all which, excepting the three laſt, the injury of time has deprived us.*

The learned Heinſius, *ſpeaking of theſe* three epiſtles, *calls them a treaſure; and indeed they expreſs ſo much of a true poetick genius, and maintain their character ſo well, that it has been thought fit in this edition to give 'em an* Engliſh *verſion, ſince in all the late and beſt editions of* Ovid's *works, theſe* epiſtles *of* Sabinus *are found inſerted.*

EPIST. I.

ULYSSES to PENELOPE.

The ARGUMENT.

Ulyſſes *having received* Penelope's *epiſtle, by this anſwer endeavours to clear her doubts, and calm her thoughts. He tells with what fortitude he had gone through the various hardſhips that had befallen him; and that having conſulted* Tireſias *and* Pallas, *he was determin'd to return ſuddenly to* Ithaca; *but (to comply with the oracles) alone, and in diſguiſe. And as he is careful to magnify his love, and fears of her, and her extraordinary conſtancy and chaſtity: So he forgets not to tell her what he ſaw in* Elyſium, *whither he went to conſult* Tireſias.

CHance does at laſt let ſad Ulyſſes ſee
The welcome lines of his Penelope;
So much thy known dear characters did pleaſe,
That my long troubles found an inſtant eaſe.
If I am ſlow, 'tis only to relate
To thee my many wounds from angry fate.
Well might the Greeks indeed have thought me ſlow,
When by feign'd madneſs I delay'd to go:
Nor had I will or power to leave thy bed,
But to poſſeſs thy charms from honour fled.
You bid me come, and never ſtay to write;
But adverſe winds detain me from your ſight.
Troy hinders not, a place once ſo rever'd,
In aſhes now, nor longer to be fear'd.

Hector and all her mighty men of fame
Are now no more, are nothing but a name:
By night the Thracian monarch Rheſus ſlain,
I ſafely to our camp return'd again,
Leading his warlike horſes, my juſt ſpoil,
The noble triumph for the victor's toil.
The ſhrine, wherein the Phrygian ſafety lay,
My fortunate contrivance brought away.
Clos'd in that horſe which prov'd the bane of Troy,
Unmov'd I heard Caſſandra cry——Deſtroy
The engine quick; the foe your ruin ſeeks:
Burn, burn it quite, nor truſt the crafty Greeks.
To me oblig'd the great Achilles lies
For his laſt rites, his fun'ral obſequies:
Which action ſo the Grecian army warms,
For his recover'd corps they give his arms.
But, what avails! the ſea has all ingroſt!
My ſhips, my arms, and my companions loſt!
Tho' all things elſe fate's cruelties remove,
They have no pow'r to ſhake my conſtant love.
That ſtill endures, and triumphs over all;
Nor can by Scylla, or Charybdis fall:
To alter that the charming Sirens fail;
Nor can the fell Antiphates prevail.
Not touch'd by Circe's arts, from her I fled;
Nay ſhunn'd the proffer of a Goddeſs' bed:
Each promis'd, ſo ſhe might become my wife,
To give me deathleſs joys, and endleſs life.
Both I reject, and having thee in view,
My dang'rous travels chearfully renew.
(Let not theſe female names beget new fears,
Alarm thy breaſt, nor drown thine eyes in tears)
What Circe, what Calypſo could effect,
Secure of me, all chilling doubts neglect.

That

That you my open ſoul may naked view,
I will confeſs that I have fear'd for you.
When I was told how num'rous a reſort
Of eager rivals crowded in your court,
All pale I grew; life left my outward part,
Scarce the retiring blood preſerv'd my heart.
Beſieg'd by preſſing youthful lovers round,
Their bowls with wine, their heads with roſes crown'd.
My growing doubts to wild diſorders haſte;
Ah! can I think ſhe ſtill is mine, and chaſte!
If me ſhe wept, her charms wou'd not be ſuch:
Cou'd ſhe thus conquer, if ſhe ſorrow'd much?
Yet quickly love returns, when I perceive
How well your chaſte, your pious arts deceive
Your haſty ſuitors, and procure delay,
By night undoing what you weave by day;
Yet fear I, leſt ſome buſy lover's eyes
Thee at thy honeſt artifice ſurpriſe.
Better by Polyphemus had I dy'd,
Than know thee ſacrific'd to luſt and pride;
Better to Thracian arms have fallen a prey,
Whilſt there as yet my wand'ring navy lay:
Or then have yielded finally to fate,
When I return'd ſafe from the Stygian ſtate.
'Twas there I ſaw, among th' immortal dead,
My late dear mother's venerable ſhade.
She told her houſe's troubles to her ſon;
I griev'd ſhe thrice did my embraces ſhun.
There too the great Proteſilaus I met,
Who ſcorning death, firſt of the Grecian fleet
With hoſtile arms the Phrygian ſhores did greet.
Now happy with his much-prais'd wife he roves,
Fearleſs of change, through the Elyſian groves:

Lament-

Lamenting not he did ſo young deſcend;
Pleas'd with an early, ſince ſo brave an end.
I ſaw, alas! nor cou'd from tears refrain,
The noble Agamemnon newly ſlain;
That mighty chief, glorious and ſafe at Troy,
Eſcaping too in the Eubœan ſea,
Where furious Nauplius' horrid arts had done
Such ills, for vengeance for his guilty ſon.
But whilſt rejoicing for his ſafe return,
Atrides does his grateful incenſe burn,
By impious hands his ſacred blood is ſpill'd,
And by a thouſand wounds the prince is kill'd:
This tragick end had the great heroe's life,
Contriv'd and manag'd by a wretched wife!
Pretending vengeance for his am'rous crime,
To cover hers, ſtrikes firſt and murders him.
When victory had bleſt the Grecian ſide,
And we our Trojan priſoners did divide,
Great Hector's wife and ſiſter I refuſe,
And ancient Hecuba do rather chuſe;
To her neglected age I give my voice,
Leſt love might ſeem to mingle in the choice.
No longer her in human form we meet,
A fearful omen to my parting fleet.
Her enrag'd heart with grief and rancour burns,
And ſuddenly to a mad bitch ſhe turns;
In barking, howles, and ſnarling now ſhe ends
The loud complaints her wild affliction ſends.
As if amaz'd, the late calm winds and ſea
Start into tempeſts at the prodigy.
By dang'rous ſtorms now am I rudely toſt;
Now wand'ring long in unknown regions loſt.
But if the wiſe Tireſias can as well
Our future joys as miſeries foretel;

The

The prophecy'd diſaſters having paſt,
I enter on my kinder fate at laſt
Pallas now joins me, on an unknown coaſt:
Safe led by her, I can no more be loſt.
Pallas, whom now the firſt time I ſalute
Since Ilium's fall, with pleaſure hears my ſuit.
What mighty ills upon the Greeks were brought
By raſh Oilides' bold and ſingle fault?
Not ev'n Tydides did the Goddeſs ſpare,
His virtue too did our affliction ſhare.
None could his favour or his merit plead,
But all were puniſh'd for the impious deed,
Yet happy Menelaus no chance could harm;
His beauteous wife was ſtill a counter-charm;
In vain the winds, in vain the billows rage,
While ſhe is there his paſſion to aſſwage,
Winds had no pow'r his kiſſes to reſtrain,
Nor his embraces the tumultuous main.
Thrice happy I, did I but travel ſo,
For calm'd by thee all ſeas wou'd gentle grow:
But ſince Telemachus with thee I hear
Is ſafe, extremely leſſen'd is my care;
Whoſe too raſh voyage yet I needs muſt blame,
Whatever Sparta cou'd or Pylos claim.
Too weak th' excuſe ev'n of his piety,
For vent'ring out in ſuch a dang'rous ſea.
But now the prophet bids me hope, ill fate
Is o'er, and now I thy embraces wait.
Alone I come; temper thy riſing joy,
For all exceſſes equally deſtroy.
Not open force, but management and art,
The Gods foretel, will victory impart.

Amidſt

Amidſt a feaſt, and in the heights of wine,
Perhaps my juſt revenge I may deſign,
And make the ſcorn'd Ulyſſes nobler ſhine.
Swift fly the hours, and ſpeed that happy day;
And when arriv'd for ages let it ſtay:
That day! which ſhall reſtore joys ſo long fled,
And all th' intrancing pleaſures of thy bed.

EPIST. II.

Demophoon to Phillis.

The ARGUMENT.

Phillis, *the young queen of* Thrace, *impatient of the too long abſence of her lately marry'd huſband* Demophoon, *the ſon of* Theſeus *king of* Athens, *had written him a very paſſionate letter intermix'd with hope, fear, love, and deſpair. Which letter* Demophoon *receiving, he returns this anſwer. Wherein owning her kindneſs, he ſhews he loves her with an extreme paſſion; and that he has no thoughts of any other love. Tells her that the diſorders of his family, requiring more time to re-ſettle than he expected, are the true and only cauſe of his ſtay. He gently blames her doubts and her impatience; handſomly excuſeth himſelf; promiſes an inviolable conſtancy, and that, his affairs ſettled, he will certainly return.*

WHile this is from recover'd Athens ſent,
Can I forget the aid my Phillis lent?
No other torch has Hymen held for me.
Ah! were I happy now, as then with thee!
Theſeus (whoſe noble blood your mind did move
Much leſs than your own free unbiaſs'd love)
Hard fate for us! driv'n from his regal throne:
But death has put the bold uſurper down.
Theſeus, who did an equal glory ſhare
With great Alcides in the toils of war,
When the brave heroes, with united ſtrength,
Broke the fierce Amazonian troops at length:

Theſeus,

Theſeus, who, when the Minotaur he'd ſlain,
Did of an enemy a father gain:
Cou'd ſuch a prince, cou'd ſuch a parent be,
Without a crime, abandon'd, left by me?
This, my dear Phillis, is Demophoon's charge;
On this my brother loudly does enlarge.
You preſs, he cries, for the fair Thracian's charms,
And all your courage ſoften in her arms;
Swiftly the while occaſion flies away,
And our diſaſters grow by your delay;
Our father's fate, had you made haſte on board,
You had prevented, or with eaſe reſtor'd;
Should Athens leſs to you than Thrace appear,
And why a woman more than both be dear?
Thus rages Acamas: old Ethra now
With equal anger bends her wrinkled brow;
That her ſon's hands cloſe not her aged eyes,
On my delay with feeble wrath ſhe flies.
I ſilent ſtand, while me they both accuſe;
Nor on their anger, but thy abſence muſe.
Methinks this moment ſtill I hear 'em ſay,
While on thy coaſt my ſhatter'd navy lay,
To ſea, to ſea, the weather now is kind.
On board, and ſpread thy canvas to the wind;
By what, hard Demophoon, art thou ſo took!
To thy loſt country, and thy father look.
Phillis you love; her your example make,
Her country ſhe for love will not forſake;
Begs your return, but with you will not ſtir;
And does a barb'rous crown to yours prefer.
Yet in the midſt of all how oft I pray'd
By adverſe winds to be ſtill longer ſtay'd!
Oft when I parting did embrace thy neck,
I bleſt the ſtorms that did our parting check.

Nor

Nor to my father will I fear to own
Whate'er for my ſweet Phillis I have done;
That I avow, or he that ſtory hear,
Is owing to the merits of my fair.
I'll tell him freely that I cou'd not leave
Thy dear embraces, but my ſoul muſt grieve.
What rocky breaſt from ſuch a wife could part,
But weeping eyes wou'd ſpeak his ſinking heart!
The ſhips ſhe might deny, ſhe does beſtow,
And only bids they be a little ſlow.
Nor can he chuſe but pardon ſuch a crime;
Bright Ariadne's not ſo loſt in him:
Up to the ſtars whene'er he caſts his eyes,
He ſees his ſhining miſtreſs in the ſkies.
My father's blam'd, as he his wife forſook,
Tho' by a God ſhe forcibly was took:
Shall my ill fate too, Phillis, be the ſame?
Enquire the cauſe, nor me unjuſtly blame.
Take this ſure pledge for Demophoon's return,
His heart for you, and only you does burn.
Is't poſſible you ignorant ſhould be
Of the diſaſters of my family?
I mourn a parent's fate, involv'd in ſnares!
And oh that nothing elſe employ'd my cares!
My ſoul laments a noble brother dead,
Torn by his frighted horſes as he fled.
Not to excuſe returning, have I told
Some of the many cauſes that with-hold
Me from thy ports. Believe it fortune's crime,
That I ſtill beg of thee a little time.
Declining Theſeus I muſt firſt inter:
Honour will that to ev'ry thing prefer.
That done, for which my pray'rs I do repeat
For leave, to Thrace I inſtantly retreat.

I am

I am not falſe, but ſtill adore thy charms;
Nor do I think I'm ſafe but in thy arms.
Not war, nor tempeſts, ſince the fall of Troy,
Cou'd me in my return ſo much annoy
To cauſe delay: No, that was only ſeen
Effected by the kind fair Thracian queen.
Caſt on thy ſhores, thou freely didſt ſupply
To all my preſſing wants a remedy.
Be ſtill the ſame: Then nothing ſhall remove
The happy Demophoon from Phillis' love.
What if a ten years war ſhou'd now renew,
That honour ſhou'd engage me to purſue?
Penelope thy great example be,
So fam'd for her unſpotted chaſtity.
Her curious artful web, ill underſtood,
Did her hot lovers cunningly elude.
The woof advanc'd by day, the nights reſtrain,
And ravel to its primitive wool again.
But you with fear, it ſeems, are almoſt dead,
Leſt the ſcorn'd Thracians ſhould deſpiſe your bed.
Ah, cruel! wou'd you with another wed?
Is then your love, is then your faith ſo light?
Nor can the fear of broken vows affright?
Think what your ſhame, think what your grief will be,
When my returning ſails from far you ſee.
Then all in vain repenting tears will flow,
And own the conſtancy you queſtion now.
Demophoon comes! then in amaze you'll cry;
And to my arms through winter ſtorms does fly.
Ah, why ſo great a guilt did I contract!
And what I blam'd in him, why did I act?
But heav'n avert: Nor let it e'er be ſaid,
That thy fair virtue cou'd be ſo miſ-led.

If

If ſuch a fate ſhould on my Phillis light,
The mighty load wou'd overwhelm me quite.
But ah! what direful threat'ning words are thoſe
With which your letter you unkindly cloſe!
Abſtain, at leaſt 'till greater cauſe you ſee,
To charge my houſe with double perfidy.
If to deſert the Cretan were a fault;
Yet I've done nothing to be guilty thought.
Farewel my hope's beſt object, ſoul of love:
All that obſtructs our meeting, heav'n remove.
May ev'ry joy love can, or fortune give,
For ever with my charming Phillis live.
The winds now hear my words; my perſon they
I hope ſhall ſafely to thy arms convey;
There to repeat another nuptial day.
My wiſhes are with thee; and that I pauſe,
My duty, and my honour are the cauſe.

EPIST. III.

PARIS to OENONE.

The ARGUMENT.

The forſaken nymph OEnone *having written to* Paris, *to perſuade him to return again to her embraces, and to ſend back the fair* Grecian *to her huſband:* Paris, *in this epiſtle, endeavours to extenuate his fault; laying the blame ſometimes on fate and fortune, and ſometimes on the force of love. With gentle words he tries to mitigate her affliction; and concludes, adviſing her to exert her utmoſt ſkill in magick (for which ſhe was famous) to procure quiet to herſelf, by reviving his paſſion for her, or by extinguiſhing her own.*

WHile you of me ſo juſtly, nymph, complain,
I ſeek for plauſible replies in vain.
I own my fault, confeſs my broken vows,
Yet my new love no penitence allows.
May this acknowledgment procure thee reſt,
And calm the tempeſts of OEnone's breaſt.
I Cupid's ſlave his order but obey,
Deſerting thee for charming Helena.
Your wit and beauty, nymph, you know did move
My firſt young wiſhes, and my bloom of love.
My glorious birth then troubled not our joy;
Love and our flocks did all our thoughts employ.
If talk of greatneſs mingled with our ſport,
I ſwore OEnone might adorn a court.

Thus

Thus tho' now chang'd, did then upon thee ſmile
Love; whom to reaſon what can reconcile?
When you from Pan and from the Satyrs fled,
To take a private ſhepherd to your bed,
Was it your reaſon then you did purſue?
Or kept you ought beſides your love in view?
My preſent paſſion is from fate; for ere
I did of Leda's beauteous daughter hear,
Inſpir'd Caſſandra did foretel the thing,
Paris ſhall Helena to Ilium bring.
In ev'ry circumſtance too well you ſee
Th'event has juſtify'd her prophecy:
Except thoſe wounds of mine, which yet remain,
To bring me to my pitying nymph again.
Still I remember ſweet OEnone's fear,
When firſt we did the ſtrange prediction hear.
Melting in tears——Ah then, will fate remove
Her Paris from the loſt OEnone's love!
Muſt he ſuch wars, ſlaughters, and ruin bring!
Be found a prince, thus to involve the king!
Love taught me threaten'd dangers to deſpiſe:
And love equipt me for my enterpriſe.
To him impute the crime, and me forgive;
The God, not Paris, does the nymph deceive.
Againſt his pleaſure what can mortals ſay,
Whoſe pow'r th' immortal Gods themſelves obey?
When mighty Jove the fire of Cupid burns,
Into a thouſand various ſhapes he turns.
Europa's bull, and Danae's golden ſhow'r,
Put each a lovely virgin in his pow'r.
Not charming Helen (cauſe of all thy care)
Had been ſo wond'rous, ſo divinely fair,
Had not great Jove the ſilver plumes put on,
And cheated Leda with a ſeeming ſwan.

O'er

O'er piny Ida, Jove, an eagle, flies
With his lov'd Ganymede to diſtant ſkies.
The valiant Hercules, ſo fierce and bold,
For Omphale, did a weak diſtaff hold:
Clad like a maid he ſat him down to ſpin,
And conqu'ring ſhe put on the lion's ſkin.
Yourſelf Apollo's proffer'd love decline,
And ſhun a God's embraces to be mine.
Not that a ſhepherd with a God can vye,
But it ſo pleaſes Cupid's deity.
If my new paſſion ſtill thy mind diſpleaſe,
Yet this at leaſt methinks might give thee eaſe;
That nothing in my breaſt could quench thy love,
But the bright daughter of the awful Jove;
Tho' yet her boaſted birth and mighty race
Inflame me leſs than her enchanting face.
I wiſh I had unſkill'd in beauty been;
Then rival Goddeſſes I had not ſeen:
Not been obnoxious to great Juno's hate;
Nor wiſe Minerva then ſhou'd irritate.
The fatal apple I to Venus gave,
Binds me for ever Cytherea's ſlave.
She her ſon's darts will diſtribute around,
And give him orders when and where to wound;
Yet is herſelf oft wounded by his dart:
The wanton boy ſpares not his mother's heart.
Mars to her bed ſo often did reſort,
All heav'n at laſt was witneſs to their ſport.
Then to attract Anchiſes to her arms,
Appears a mortal with celeſtial charms.
What wonder love ſhould have tranſported me,
When his own mother Venus is not free!
Wrong'd Menelaus, tho' hated, loves: Can I,
On whom ſhe dotes, from the fair princeſs fly?

I ſee

I ſee the gathering clouds from Sparta riſe,
And threat'ning tempeſts thicken in the ſkies.
The angry Greeks with armies menace us,
And hoſtile fleets rig out for Pergamus.
Let 'em come on, and fight us if they dare:
To keep this beauty we accept their war.
Her face, OEnone, 's ſo divine a thing,
'Tis worth the cares and dangers of a king.
The Grecian princes, haſting all to arms,
Enough evince, (if you ſtill doubt her charms:)
But her, for whom thy fleets and armies ſend,
With greater force the Trojans will defend.
If any hope, OEnone, you retain,
Of ever freeing me from Helen's chain,
Quick to thoſe pow'rful herbs and arts repair,
By which thou rul'ſt in heav'n, in earth, and air.
Not Phœbus' ſelf is learneder than thee,
Scarce are the Gods from thy ſtrong magick free.
Thou, by the mighty workings of thine art,
From their pale orbs the trembling ſtars canſt part,
Call down the moon, the ſun's ſwift motion ſtay,
Protract the darkneſs, and arreſt the day.
As bulls I fed, among the herd there came
Fierce lions, made by thy enchantments tame.
Swift Simois and Xanthus' cryſtal wave
Forbore to flow, when your command you gave.
Your father Cebres' waters too ſubmit;
Nor ſlight thy charm, ſince all acknowledge it.
Now, wiſeſt nymph, exert thy utmoſt art,
Quench thy own fires, or re-inflame my heart.

OVID's

AMOURS.

In Three BOOKS.

Nec luſiſſe pudet.—— Hor.

Printed in the YEAR MDCCLXI.

OVID's AMOURS.

BOOK I.

ELEGY I.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

FOR mighty wars I thought to tune my lute,
And make my meaſures to my ſubject ſuit.
Six feet for ev'ry verſe the muſe deſign'd,
But Cupid, laughing, when he ſaw my mind,
From ev'ry ſecond verſe a foot purloin'd.
Who gave thee, boy, this arbitrary ſway,
On ſubjects, not thy own, commands to lay,
Who Phœbus only, and his laws obey?
'Tis more abſurd, than if the queen of love
Shou'd in Minerva's arms to battle move;
Or manly Pallas from that queen ſhou'd take
Her torch, and o'er the dying lover ſhake.
In fields as well may Cynthia ſow the corn,
Or Ceres wind in woods the bugle-horn.
As well may Phœbus quit the trembling ſtring,
For ſword, and ſhield; and Mars may learn to ſing.

Already thy dominions are too large;
Be not ambitious of a foreign charge.
If thou wilt reign o'er all, and ev'ry where,
The God of muſick for his harp may fear.
Thus when with ſoaring wings I ſeek renown,
Thou pluck'ſt my pinions, and I flutter down.
Cou'd I on ſuch mean thoughts my muſe employ,
I want a miſtreſs, or a blooming boy.
Thus I complain'd; his bow the ſtripling bent,
And choſe an arrow fit for his intent.
The ſhaft his purpoſe fatally purſues;
Now, poet, there's a ſubject for thy muſe,
He ſaid: (too well, alas, he knows his trade,)
For in my breaſt a mortal wound he made.
Far hence ye proud Hexameters remove,
My verſe is pac'd, and tramell'd into love.
With myrtle wreaths my thoughtful brows incloſe,
While in unequal verſe I ſing my woes.

ELEGY II.

By Mr. CREECH.

AH me! why am I ſo uneaſy grown?
Ah! why ſo reſtleſs on my bed of down?
Why do I wiſh to ſleep, but wiſh in vain?
Why am I all the tedious night in pain?
What cauſe is this, that eaſe, that reſt denies?
And why my words break forth in gentle ſighs?
Sure I ſhould know if love had fix'd his dart;
Or creeps he ſoftly in with treach'rous art,
And then grows tyrant there, and wounds the heart?

'Tis

'Tis ſo, the ſhaft ſticks deep, and galls my breaſt;
'Tis tyrant love, that robs my thoughts of reſt!
Well, ſhall I tamely yield, or muſt I fight?
I'll yield; 'tis patience makes a burden light:
A ſhaken torch grows fierce and ſparks ariſe;
But, if unmov'd, the fire looks pale, and dies.
The hard-mouth'd horſe ſmarts for his fierce diſdain,
The gentle's ridden with a looſer rein.
Love ſmooths the gentle, but the fierce reclaims;
He fires their breaſts, and fills their ſouls with flames.
I yield, great love, my former crimes forgive,
Forget my rebel thoughts, and let me live:
No need of force: I willingly obey.
And now unarm'd, ſhall prove no glorious prey.
Go take thy mother's doves, thy myrtle crown,
And for thy chariot, Mars ſhall lend his own;
There thou ſhalt ſit in thy triumphant pride,
And, whilſt glad ſhouts reſound on ev'ry ſide,
Thy gentle hands thy mother's doves ſhall guide.
And there, to make thy glorious pomp, and ſtate,
A train of ſighing youths, and maids ſhall wait,
Yet none complain of an unhappy fate.
There newly conquer'd I, ſtill freſh my wound,
Will march along, my hands with myrtle bound;
There modeſty, with veils thrown o'er her face,
Now doubly bluſhing at her own diſgrace;
There ſober thoughts, and whatſoe'er diſdains
Love's rule, ſhall feel his power, and bear his chains:
Then all ſhall fear, all bow, yet all rejoice;
'Io triumphe' be the publick voice.
Thy conſtant guards, ſoft fancy, hope, and fear,
Anger, and ſoft careſſes ſhall be there:
By theſe ſtrong guards are men and Gods o'erthrown;
Theſe conquer for thee, Love, and theſe alone;

Thy mother, from the ſky, thy pomp ſhall grace,
And ſcatter ſweeteſt roſes in thy face:
There glorious love ſhall ride, profuſely dreſt
With all the richeſt jewels of the eaſt:
Rich gems thy quiver, and thy wheels infold,
And hide the poorneſs of the baſer gold.
Then thou ſhalt conquer many, then thy darts
Shall ſcatter thouſand wounds on tender hearts:
Thy ſhafts themſelves will fly, thy neighb'ring fire
Will catch mens breaſts, and kindle warm deſire.
Thus conqu'ring Bacchus looks in Indian groves,
He drawn by tigers, thou by murm'ring doves.
Well then, ſince I too can increaſe thy train,
Spend not thy force on me, and rage in vain;
Look on thy kinſman Cæſar's happy ſlaves,
The ſame victorious arm that conquers, ſaves.

ELEGY III.

To his Miſtreſs.

By Mr. CHARLES HOPKINS.

BE juſt, dear maid, an equal paſſion prove,
Or ſhow me cauſe why I ſhould ever love.
I do not at your cold diſdain repine,
Nor aſk your love, do you but ſuffer mine.
I dare not aim at more exalted bliſs,
And Venus will beſtow her vot'ry this.
Take him, who will for endleſs ages ſerve;
Take him, whoſe faithful flame will never ſwerve.

Tho'

Tho' no illuſtrious names my race adorn;
Who am but of Equeſtrian order born;
Tho' a few plows ſerve my paternal fields,
Nor my ſmall table many diſhes yields;
Yet Bacchus, Phœbus, and the tuneful nine,
Are all my friends, and to my ſide incline,
And love's great God, at laſt, will make me thine.
Heav'n knows, dear maid, I love no other fair;
In thee lives all my love, my heav'n lies there.
Oh! may I by indulgent fate's decree
With thee lead all my life, and die with thee.
Thy beauties yield me my tranſporting theme;
And while I celebrate thy charming name,
My verſe ſhall be as ſacred as my flame.
Jove's ſeveral rapes, his injur'd Io's wrongs,
Are made immortal in his poet's ſongs.
Verſe ſtill reveals where Leda's flames began,
Rais'd by the ſecret godhead in the ſwan.
The ſtory of the rape Europa bore,
Shall laſt while winds ſhall rage, or waters roar.
Your name ſhall live like theirs, while verſe endures,
And mine be ever writ, and read with yours.

ELEGY IV.

To his miſtreſs, whoſe huſband is invited to a feaſt with him. The poet inſtructs her how to behave herſelf in his company.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

YOUR huſband will be with us at the treat,
May that be the laſt ſupper he ſhall eat.
And am poor I, a gueſt invited there,
Only to ſee, while he may touch the fair?
To ſee you kiſs, and hug your nauſeous lord,
While his lewd hand deſcends below the board?
Now wonder that Hippodamia's charms,
At ſuch a ſight, the Centaurs urg'd to arms:
That in a rage, they threw their cups aſide,
Aſſail'd the bridegroom, and wou'd force the bride.
I am not half a horſe, (I would I were:)
Yet hardly can from you my hands forbear.
Take then, my counſel; which, obſerv'd, may be
Of ſome importance both to you, and me.
Be ſure to come before your man be there,
There's nothing can be done, but come howe'er.
Sit next him, (that belongs to decency;)
But tread upon my foot in paſſing by.
Read in my looks what ſilently they ſpeak,
And ſlily, with your eyes, your anſwer make.
My lifted eye-brow ſhall declare my pain,
My right-hand to his fellow ſhall complain,
And on the back a letter ſhall deſign;
Beſides a note that ſhall be writ in wine.
Whene'er you think upon our laſt embrace,
With your fore-finger gently touch your face.

If any word of mine offend my dear,
Pull with your hand, the velvet of your ear.
If you are pleas'd with what I do, or ſay,
Handle your rings, or with your fingers play.
As ſuppliants uſe at altars, hold the board,
Whene'er you wiſh the devil may take your lord.
When he fills for you, never touch the cup,
But bid th' officious cuckold drink it up;
The waiter on thoſe ſervices employ;
Drink you, and I will ſnatch it from the boy,
Watching the part where your ſweet mouth hath been,
And thence with eager lips, will ſuck it in.
If he, with clowniſh manners, thinks it fit
To taſte, and offer you the naſty bit,
Reject his greaſy kindneſs, and reſtore
Th' unſav'ry morſel he had chew'd before.
Nor let his arms embrace your neck, nor reſt
Your tender cheek upon his hairy breaſt.
Let not his hand within your boſom ſtray,
And rudely with your pretty bubbies play.
But, above all, let him no kiſs receive;
That's an offence I never can forgive.
Do not, oh do not that ſweet mouth reſign,
Leſt I riſe up in arms, and cry 'tis mine.
I ſhall thruſt in betwixt, and void of fear
The manifeſt adult'rer will appear.
Theſe things are plain to ſight, but more I doubt
What you conceal beneath your petticoat.
Take not his leg between your tender thighs,
Nor, with your hand, provoke my foe to riſe.
How many love inventions I deplore,
Which I, myſelf, have practis'd all before?
How oft have I been forc'd the robe to lift
In company; to make a homely ſhift

For a bare bout, ill huddled o'er in haſte,
While o'er my ſide the fair her mantle caſt?
You to your huſband ſhall not be ſo kind;
But, leſt you ſhou'd, your mantle leave behind.
Encourage him to tope, but kiſs him not,
Nor mix one drop of water in his pot.
If he be fuddled well, and ſnores apace,
Then we may take advice from time, and place.
When all depart, while compliments are loud,
Be ſure to mix among the thickeſt crowd:
There I will be, and there we cannot miſs,
Perhaps to grubble, or at leaſt to kiſs.
Alas, what length of labour I employ,
Juſt to ſecure a ſhort, and tranſient joy!
For night muſt part us; and when night is come,
Tuck'd underneath his arm, he leads you home.
He locks you in, I follow to the door,
His fortune envy, and my own deplore.
He kiſſes you, he more than kiſſes too;
Th' outrageous cuckold thinks it all his due.
But add not to his joy, by your conſent;
And let it not be giv'n, but only lent:
Return no kiſs, nor move in any ſort;
Make it a dull, and a malignant ſport.
Had I my wiſh, he ſhou'd no pleaſure take,
But ſlubber o'er your buſineſs for my ſake,
And whate'er fortune ſhall this night befal,
Coax me to morrow, by forſwearing all.

ELEGY

ELEGY V.

By Mr. DUKE:

'TWas noon, when I, ſcorch'd with the double fire
Of the hot ſun, and my more hot deſire,
Stretch'd on my downy couch at eaſe was laid,
Big with expectance of the lovely maid.
The curtains but half drawn a light let in,
Such as in ſhades of thickeſt groves is ſeen;
Such as remains, when the ſun flies away,
Or when night's gone, and yet it is not day.
This light to modeſt maids muſt be allow'd,
Where ſhame may hope its guilty head to ſhrowd.
And now my love Corinna did appear,
Looſe on her neck fell her divided hair;
Looſe as her flowing gown, that wanton'd in the air.
In ſuch a garb, with ſuch a grace, and mien,
To her rich bed came the Aſſyrian queen.
So Lais look'd, when all the youth of Greece
With adoration did her charms confeſs.
Her envious gown to pull away I try'd,
But ſhe reſiſted ſtill, and ſtill deny'd;
But ſo reſiſted, that ſhe ſeem'd to be
Unwilling to obtain the victory.
So I at laſt an eaſy conqueſt had,
Whilſt my fair combatant herſelf betray'd;
But when ſhe naked ſtood before my eyes,
Gods! with what charms did ſhe my ſoul ſurpriſe!
What ſnowy arms did I both ſee, and feel!
With what rich globes did her ſoft boſom ſwell!
Plump, as ripe cluſters, roſe each glowing breaſt,
Courting the hand, and ſuing to be preſt!
What a ſmooth plain was on her belly ſpread!
Where thouſand little loves and graces play'd!

What

What thighs! what legs! but why ſtrive I in vain,
Each limb, each grace, each feature to explain?
One beauty did through her whole body ſhine;
I ſaw, admir'd, and preſt it cloſe to mine.
The reſt, who knows not? Thus intranc'd we lay,
Till in each other's arms we dy'd away;
O give me ſuch a noon (ye Gods) to ev'ry day.

ELEGY VI.

To his miſtreſs's porter, to open the gate to him.

By an unknown Hand.

SLave, if thou worthy of thy chains wou'dſt be,
A grateful office do to love, and me.
Unbar the wicket, and a friend admit;
The trouble is not much, nor favour great.
I aſk thee not to ſpread the foldings wide,
Keep it at jar, I'll ſoftly by thee ſlide.
I to love's labours have ſo long been us'd,
My ſhapes are to a lath's lank ſize reduc'd.
The ſmalleſt crevice will my bus'neſs do,
It cannot be ſo ſtrait, but I'll ſlip thro'.
Love guides me, when by night I walk the ſtreet,
And, when I grope my way, directs my feet.
By night I was, a youth, afraid to walk,
Frighted by children, and old nurſes talk.
I wonder'd men cou'd wander in the gloom;
And kept, for fear of ſpirits, cloſe at home.
Love, and his mother, when they knew my care,
Cry'd, Fool, thou ſhalt not long theſe phantoms fear.

Nor

Nor fear'd I long, for love my heart poſſeſs'd,
Thoſe viſions vaniſh'd, and my terrors ceas'd.
Nor ghoſts, nor ſcourers did I dread, but ſtrol'd
The ſtreets a-nights, and grew in peril bold.
Thee only do I fear, and trembling ſtand
To wait the motions of thy tardy hand.
With ſoft requeſt thy ſuccour I implore,
Nor ſue to Jove, nor dread the thund'rer more.
See, how the gate is moiſten'd with my tears,
What marks of my impatient love it bears.
Remember, when thou for the laſh wert ſtript,
Who ſav'd thee, at whoſe ſuit thou wert not whipt.
Did not I ſooth thy angry lady's mind,
And make thy peace? Be thou to me as kind.
Think what ſoft things, to move her ſoul, I ſaid,
And let them in her lover's favour plead.
But ah! the tender things that made her kind,
Work no ſuch wonders on thy cruel mind.
Wou'dſt thou my friendly offices repay?
Fate throws a fair occaſion in thy way:
Unlock the gate; the morning will not ſtay.
Unlock the gate; and as thou'rt kind to me,
So may thy gentle lady prove to thee.
May ſhe to looſe thy hateful chains incline,
And ſtead of water, be thy portion wine.
But what avail my ſoothing words? Thy ear
Is deaf, inhuman to my moving pray'r.
Your gates with poſts of pond'rous oak are barr'd,
As if your houſe was for a ſiege prepar'd.
Why all this fence, what foe have you to fear?
And why in peace do you provide for war?
Thus rudely if your lady's friends you treat,
What uſage muſt her foes expect to meet?

Unlock

Unlock the gate, the morning will not ſtay,
Unlock the gate, and give my love its way.
By treaty I would enter, not by force;
With arms I come not, nor with foot, or horſe.
I have no aid, and company have none,
And were it not for love, ſhould be alone.
Where-e'er I go, by love I'm ſtill purſu'd,
And cannot ſhake him from me, if I wou'd.
He's of my being now become a part,
Dwells in my veins, and revels in my heart.
A flowing glaſs has fill'd with genial fire
My fev'riſh blood, and kindled new deſire;
My fluſhing cheeks my riſing fumes confeſs,
And my dropt garland ſhews a lover's dreſs:
What dreadful arms are theſe, and who would fear
To meet a man, that's thus equipt for war?
Unlock the gate, the morning will not ſtay,
Unlock the gate, and make no more delay.
Or is it ſloth, or is it ſleep, that brings
This lett to love, and pinions down his wings?
Why elſe do I in vain repeat my pray'r?
Is it, thou doſt not, or thou wilt not hear?
When firſt I waited at thy gate, and thought
To 'ſcape thy care, I was at midnight caught.
With over-diligence, thou then look'dſt out,
To ſpy what lover was upon the ſcout.
Theſe are wild gueſſes, thou'rt perhaps employ'd
More ſweetly, and enjoy'ſt what I enjoy'd.
And while I'm waiting with impatience here,
Thy envy'd fortune's with the faithleſs fair.
Oh for thy pleaſure, give me all thy pains,
Let us change chances, and be mine thy chains.
Unlock the gate, the morning will not ſtay,
Unlock the gate, and kindneſs paſt repay.

Hark;

Hark; or I dream, or on the hinge I hear
The wicket turn, or bolts unlooſen'd jar.
I dream indeed, the bolts as they were laid
Stand fixt: the noiſe was by my fancy made.
Or by a northern blaſt, that hoarſe did groan,
And with the wind away my hopes are blown:
Oh that the blaſt had broke the barrier down.
But all, alas! is huſh'd, I hear no ſound,
All in the ſilence of the night is drown'd.
Here, hopeleſs of admittance, I attend,
While on my head the pearly dews deſcend.
Unlock the gate, the morning will not ſtay,
Unlock the gate, I will no longer pray,
But force, by ſword and fire, my readier way.
What need of fire and ſword? myſelf alone
More pow'rful, than or ſword or fire am grown.
Around your heads ſhall flaming torches fly,
But Jove, the houſe ſhall burn, as well as I.
Night, love, and wine encourage, and inflame;
Theſe triumph over fear, and that o'er ſhame.
All ways I've try'd, but all ſucceſsleſs prove;
Nor threats can fright thee, nor intreaties move;
Deaf to my pray'rs, as to my tears thou'rt blind,
Thy gate is leſs obdurate than thy mind.
Unworthy of a lovely lady's latch,
Thou ſhould'ſt the wicket of ſome miſer watch.
But ſee, the ruddy morn begins to riſe,
And paints with roſy ſtreaks the eaſtern ſkies.
While crowing cocks the lab'rer's ſloth revile,
And ſummon wretches to their daily toil.
Throw then, fond man, thy fragrant chaplet by,
And let it at thy lady's threſhold lie.
When in the morn thy faded flow'rs ſhe ſpies,
Kind thoughts of me may in her boſom riſe.

Perhaps

Perhaps ſhe may reſent her porter's crime,
And grieve, that here ſo ill I ſpent my time.
Whatever cauſe to wiſh thee ill I have,
Farewel, thou lazy, or thou drouſy ſlave:
Againſt me tho' thou ſhut'ſt thy lady's gate,
I cannot one, that ſerves my miſtreſs, hate.
You both, who did againſt my hopes rebel,
Ah porter, and ah cruel gate, farewel.

ELEGY VII.

To his miſtreſs, whom he had beaten.

By HENRY CROMWELL, *Eſq;*

COme, if ye're friends, and let theſe hands be bound,
Which could with impious rage a miſtreſs wound;
What more did Ajax in his fury do?
When all the ſacred grazing herd he ſlew;
Or * he who ſpar'd not her who gave him breath:
So ill the ſon reveng'd his father's death!
Then I had broke the moſt religious ties,
Both to my parents, and the deities:
I tore (O heav'ns!) her finely braided hair;
How charming then look'd the diſorder'd fair!
So Atalanta in her chaiſe is drawn,
Where the Arcadian beaſts her empire own:
So Ariadne, left upon the ſhore,
Does all alone her loſt eſtate deplore, [bore:
Curſes the winds and ſeas, which perjur'd Theſeus
Who would not then have rail'd, and talk'd aloud;
(Which to the helpleſs ſex might be allow'd;)

* *Oreſtes.* She

She only did upbraid me with her eye,
Whoſe ſpeaking tears did want of words ſupply,
'Twas but too much, ye Gods, to make me die:
O that ſome merciful ſuperior pow'r
Had ſtruck me lame before that fatal hour,
And not have ſuffer'd me to pierce my heart
So deeply, in the beſt, and tend'reſt part;
To make a lady that ſubjection own,
Which is not to the meaneſt Roman known.
'Twas Diomed, who firſt a Goddeſs ſtruck,
I from his hand that curs'd example took;
But he was far leſs criminal than I,
I was a lover, he an enemy:
March like a conqueror in triumph now,
With laurel-wreaths encompaſſing your brow,
And render to the mighty Gods your vow:
So, as you paſs, th' attending gazing croud
By their applauſe ſhall ſpeak your courage loud;
Let your ſad captive in the front appear,
With ſtreaming cheeks, and with diſhevell'd hair,
Thro' all her grief and wounds moſt eminently fair.
Such lips were form'd for kinder wounds than theſe,
Wounds made by lovers furious ecſtaſies:
Though like a torrent I was hurry'd on,
A ſlave to paſſion, which I cou'd not ſhun;
I might have only pierc'd her tender ear
With threat'ning language, ſuch as virgins fear;
Fear having chill'd the current of her blood,
Pale as a Parian marble ſtatue ſtood
The ſenſeleſs frame——Then ſhook her trembling knees,
As when the winds do whiſtle thro' the trees,
Or ſoftly curl the ſurface of the ſeas:
So ſlender ruſhes, eaſily inclin'd,
By ev'ry blaſt are ruffled by the wind;

Tears,

Tears, which ſuſpenſe did for a while reſtrain,
Guſh'd forth, and down her cheeks the deluge ran,
As when the ſun does by a pow'rful beam
Diſſolve the froſt, it runs into a ſtream:
The lamentable objects ſtruck me dead,
And tears of blood to quench thoſe tears I ſhed:
Thrice at her feet the proſtrate ſuppliant fell,
And thrice did ſhe repulſe the criminal:
What would I not, your anger to abate,
Redeem your favour,——or remove your hate?
To your revenge no means or method ſpare;
Revenge, alas! is eaſy to the fair:
But leſt ſome eloquent remaining ſign
Should ſtill reproach me with ſo black a crime,
Let no diſorder in your face appear,
From your bright eyes let there not 'ſcape a tear,
And once again compoſe your ſcatter'd hair.

He curſes a bawd, for going about to debauch his miſtreſs.

ELEGY VIII.

By Sir CHARLES SEDLEY.

THere is a bawd renown'd in Venus' wars,
And dreadful ſtill with honourable ſcars:
Her youth and beauty, craft and guile ſupply,
Sworn foe to all degrees of chaſtity:
Dypſas, who firſt taught love-ſick maids the way
To cheat the bridegroom on the wedding-day,

And

And then a hundred ſubtle tricks deviſ'd,
Wherewith the am'rous theft might be diſguiſ'd;
Of pigeon's-blood, ſqueez'd from the panting heart,
With ſurfeit-water to contract the part,
She knows the uſe: whilſt the good man betray'd,
With eager arms hugs the falſe bleeding maid.
Of herbs and ſpells ſhe tries the guilty force,
The poiſon of a mare that goes to horſe.
Cleaving the midnight air upon a ſwitch,
Some for a bawd, moſt take her for a witch.
Each morning ſees her reeling to her bed,
Her native blue o'ercome with drunken red.
Her ready tongue ne'er wants an uſeful lye,
Soft moving words, nor charming flattery.
Thus I o'erheard her to my Lucia ſpeak,
Young Damon's heart wilt thou for ever break?
He long has lov'd thee, and by me he ſends
To learn thy motions, which he ſtill attends:
If to the park thou go'ſt, the plays are ill;
If to the plays, he thinks the air wou'd kill.
The other day he gaz'd upon thy face,
As he wou'd grow a ſtatue in the place;
And who indeed does not? like a new ſtar,
Beauty, like thine, ſtrikes wonders from afar.
Alas, methinks thou art ill-dreſt to night,
This point's too poor; thy necklace is not right.
This gown was by ſome botching tailor made,
It ſpoils thy ſhape; this fucus is ill laid.
Hear me, and be as happy as thou'rt fair,
Damon is rich, and what thou want'ſt, can ſpare.
Like thine his face, like thine his eyes are thought,
Wou'd he not buy, he might himſelf be bought.
Fair Lucia bluſh'd; It is a ſign of grace,
Dypſas reply'd, that red becomes thy face.

All lovers now, by what they give, are weigh'd,
And ſhe is beſt belov'd, that beſt is paid.
The ſun-burnt Latines, in old Tatius' reign,
Did to one man perhaps their love reſtrain.
Venus in her Æneas' city rules,
And all adore her deity, but fools.
Go on, ye fair, chaſte only let ſuch live,
As none will aſk, and know not how to give.
How prettily you frown! but I'll ſpeak on,
Hear me, another day 'twill be your own.
Virtuous Penelope is ſaid t'have try'd,
With a ſtrong bow, each luſty lover's ſide.
Nor did Lucretia kill herſelf for rage,
But love of Tarquin, in that colder age.
To the young prince ſhe vow'd, ne'er more to join
In dull embraces with her Collatine.
To keep her word ſhe dy'd——
Life ſteals away, and our beſt hours are gone,
Ere the true uſe, or worth of them, be known.
Things long neglected of themſelves decay;
What we forbear, time rudely makes his prey.
Beauty is beſt preſerv'd by exerciſe,
Nor for that taſk can one, or few ſuffice.
Wou'dſt thou grow rich, thou muſt from many take;
From one 'twere hard continually to rake.
Without new gowns, and coaches, who can live?
What does thy poet, but new verſes give?
A poet, the laſt thing that earth does breed,
Whoſe wit, for ſixpence, any one may read.
Him that will give, to Homer I prefer,
To give is an ingenious thing, I ſwear.
Deſpiſe not any can a preſent make;
It matters not from whom, but what we take.
Nor with the ſound of title be thou caught;
For nothing can with empty names be bought.

Hang

Hang the poor lover, and his pedigree;
The thriving merchant, or fat judge, give me.
If any beardleſs ſtripling aſk a night,
And think thee paid with mutual delight;
Bid him go earn thy price among the men,
And when he has it, come to thee again.
Love truly none, but ſeem in love with all,
And at old friends to thy new lover rail,
Sometimes deny, 'twill appetite procure;
The ſharp-ſet hawks will ſtoop to any lure.
Then grant again, leſt he a habit get
Of living from thee; but be ſure thou let
No empty lover in: murmur ſometimes,
And as firſt hurt, reproach him with thy crimes.
Seem jealous, when thou'ſt been thyſelf to blame,
'Twill ſtop his mouth, if thou the firſt complain.
All thou haſt done be ready to forſwear:
For lover's oaths fair Venus has no ear.
Whilſt he is with thee, let ſome woman bring
Some Indian ſtuff, or foreign precious thing;
Which thou muſt ſay thou want'ſt, and he muſt buy,
Though for it ſix months hence in goal he lie.
Thy mother, ſiſter, brother, and thy nurſe,
Muſt have a pull each at thy lover's purſe.
Let him from rivals never be ſecure,
That hope once gone, love will not long endure,
Shew him the preſents by thoſe rivals ſent,
So ſhall his bounty thy requeſt prevent.
When he will give no more, aſk him to lend;
If he want money, find a truſting friend.
Get hangings, cabinets, and looking-glaſs,
Or any thing for which his word will paſs.
Practiſe theſe rules, thou'lt find the benefit;
I loſt my beauty ere I got this wit.

I at that word ſtept from behind the door,
And ſcarce my nails from her thin cheeks forbore.
Her few grey hairs in rage I vow'd to pull,
And thruſt her drunken eyes into her ſkull.
Poor in a dungeon's bottom may'ſt thou rot,
Die with a blow with thy beloved pot;
No brandy, and eternal thirſt, thy lot.

ELEGY IX.

Of love and war.

By HENRY CROMWELL, *Eſq;*

TRUST me, my Atticus, in love are wars;
And Cupid has his camp, as well as Mars:
The age that's fit for war beſt ſuits with love,
The old in both unſerviceable prove,
Infirm in war, and impotent in love.
The ſoldiers which a general does require,
Are ſuch as ladies would in bed deſire:
Who, but a ſoldier, and a lover, can
Bear the night's cold, in ſhow'rs of hail and rain?
One in continual watch his ſtation keeps,
Or on the earth in broken ſlumbers ſleeps;
The other takes his ſtill repeated round
By's miſtreſs' houſe—then lodges on the ground;
The ſoldiers long and tedious marches make;
The active lover, for his miſtreſs' ſake,
Will any toils and dangers undergo;
Not rugged mountains, nor untrodden ſnow,
Rivers by floods increas'd, no raging ſea,
Nor adverſe winds can ever make him ſtay,
When love commands, and beauty leads the way.

Soldiers,

Soldiers, and lovers, with a careful eye,
Obſerve the motions of the enemy:
One to the walls makes his approach in form,
Puſhes the ſiege, and takes the town by ſtorm;
The other lays his cloſe to Celia's fort,
Preſſes his point, and gains the wiſh'd-for port:
As ſoldiers, when the foe ſecurely lies
In ſleep and wine diſſolv'd, the camp ſurpriſe;
So when the jealous to their reſt remove,
And all is huſht,——the other ſteal to love:
Uncertain is the ſtate of love and war,
The vanquiſh'd rally, and their loſs repair,
Regain the ground, and rout the conqueror.
You then, who think that love's an idle fit,
Know, that it is the exerciſe of wit:
In flames of love the fierce Achilles burns,
And, quitting arms, abſent Briſeis mourns:
From the embraces of Andromache
Went Hector arm'd for war, and victory:
As Agamemnon ſaw Caſſandra paſs
With hair diſhevell'd, and diſorder'd dreſs,
H' admir'd the beauties of the propheteſs:
The God of war was caught in th' act of love;
A ſtory known to all the court above:
Once did I paſs my hours in ſloth and eaſe,
Cool ſhades and beds of down could only pleaſe;
When a commanding beauty rais'd my mind,
I left all little trifling thoughts behind,
And to her ſervice all my heart reſign'd:
Since, like an active ſoldier, have I ſpent
My time in toils of war, in beauty's tent;
And for ſo ſweet a pay all dangers underwent:
You ſee, my Atticus, by what I prove,
Who would not live in idleneſs——muſt love.

ELEGY X.

To his mercenary Miſtreſs.

By HENRY CROMWELL, *Eſq;*

AS Helen, when to Troy ſhe did eſcape,
And Greeks with fire and ſword purſu'd the rape;
As Leda, when the God his love-trick play'd,
Under the figure of a ſwan betray'd;
As Amymone, wand'ring o'er the plains,
That rural fair, admir'd by all the ſwains;
So fair was you, ſo much in love was I,
I ran to the extremes of jealouſy,
Fear'd eagles, bulls, and ev'ry ſhape that Jove
Had e'er transform'd himſelf into, for love:
Now, free from love or fears, my mind's at eaſe,
Nor does that beauty any longer pleaſe.
This humour, you may ſay, is wond'rous ſtrange,
And aſk the reaſon of this ſudden change:
Once, when your undeſigning heart was kind,
Fair was your face, and perfect was your mind:
But now the ſlighter beauties of the ſkin
Do yield to the prevailing vice within:
Love is a child, who uſes no deceit,
Nor wears he cloaths to cover any cheat,
Accepts no bribes;——why for a wretched fee
Should you then proſtitute his deity?
Make Venus to her ſon ſerve ev'ry day,
And drudge i' th' meaneſt offices for pay?
They're ſoftly bred, and would not work, but play;

The

Du Guernier inv: Vdr Gucht Sculp

The whore, to whom each purchaſer has right,
Forces for gain decaying appetite:
Yet there's a bawd to whom the ſpoils accrue;
She fain would ſhun, what you by choice purſue:
Theſe ſordid ways the very brutes reprove,
Who by their practice teach you how to love;
The luſty bull his female does enjoy,
Nor can a bribe their mutual loves deſtroy:
Woman alone rejoices in the ſpoil,
And makes advantages of ev'ry ſmile,
Rates at her pleaſure the high priz'd delight,
And men muſt purchaſe ev'ry happy night;
Yet does ſhe meet him with as much deſire,
And no leſs fierce, and raging is the fire.
Since with an equal pace our paſſions move,
Why ſhould one buy, and th' other ſell in love?
Why, ſince the pleaſure's mutual, ſhould it be
To you advantage, and a loſs to me?
The way is infamous a witneſs takes,
Who of his perjury a living makes;
So for the raiſing of a low eſtate
To ſet your body at a common rate!
Can you to ſuch mean ends as theſe employ
The gifts, by nature's bounty you enjoy;
Grant but the bleſſing freely, and you may
An everlaſting obligation lay;
But where's the mighty favour, when we pay?
Forbear, ye fair, to make a trade of love,
The wealth that's got ſo ill, can ne'er improve;
Juſtly the * veſtal by their armour fell,
Who would her honour for their bracelets ſell:
The rich your wiſhes are oblig'd to meet,
And lay their frequent preſents at your feet;

* *Tarpeia.*

Alcinous' orchards fruit enough can ſpare,
From the full vines the grapes in cluſters tear,
And eaſe th' o'er-loaded boughs, which num'rous apples bear:
Let faith and love ſupply my little ſtore,
The will ſhall ne'er be wanting to the pow'r:
Verſe is the greateſt tribute I can bring;
Your charms I could to future ages ſing;
Jewels and gold will periſh——but the fame
The muſes give, ſhall ever be the ſame:
You check my generous paſſion when you crave,
Not that I'm loth to part with what I have;
Had you not aſk'd me, I had freely gave.

ELEGY XI.

To Nape, *praying her to deliver his letter to her Miſtreſs.*

By the ſame Hand.

NApe, who know'ſt ſo well to ſet the hair,
And all the faſhions of the modiſh fair,
Like thee, no lady's woman in the town
Can forward an intrigue, or pin a gown;
No maid, than thee, can boaſt a quicker eye,
Nor ſooner the ſour huſband's coming ſpy;
None can with better art her ſigns employ,
To tell the lover, when her lady's coy,
'Tis all a feint, and ſhe expects the joy.
Thou who doſt oft Corinna's paſſions move,
And kindle, when they cool, the fire of love;

Thou,

Thou, who oft cur'ſt her of her falſe alarms,
And bring'ſt her, tho' reluctant, to my arms;
Here, Nape, take this billet-doux, and bear
My ſoul's ſoft wiſhes to the abſent fair.
If I can gueſs, thy heart is not of flint,
Nor is there the leaſt vein of iron in't;
I ſomething in thy looks, and manners ſee,
Above the rudeneſs of thy low degree;
A ſofter turn, to pity more inclin'd,
Than vulgar ſouls, a more complacent mind;
Thou feel'ſt, if I can gueſs, an equal flame,
And thine, and my diſtemper is the ſame:
If how I do, ſhe aſks, do thou reply,
For the dear night, and night's dear joys, I die.
Tell her the letter will the reſt explain,
And does my ſoul, and all its hopes contain.
But time, while I am ſpeaking, flies; be ſure
To give the billet in a leiſure hour.
Don't be content with her imperfect view,
But make her, when ſhe has it, read it thro'.
I charge thee, as ſhe reads, obſerve her eyes,
Catch, if thou canſt, her gentle looks, and ſighs:
As theſe are ſure preſages of my joy,
So frowns and low'rs my flatt'ring hopes deſtroy.
Pray her, when ſhe has read it, to indite
An anſwer, and a long epiſtle write.
I hate a billet, where at once I view
A page all empty, but a line or two.
Let her without a margent fill it up,
And crowd it from the bottom to the top.
But why ſhould I her pretty fingers tire?
A word's enough, and all that I deſire.
Ah, Nape, let her only bid me come;
The page is large, which for that word has room.

Her letter, like a conqu'ror's, ſhall be bound
With bays, for it with conqueſt ſhall be crown'd.
The billet ſhall at Venus' ſhrine be laid,
And this inſcription with devotion made:
" Naſo, thy ever-faithful votary,
" This tablet, Venus, dedicates to thee.
" Tho' late it from the log was cut, 'tis now
" Become the ſacred table of my vow.

ELEGY XII.

He curſes his letter becauſe it was not anſwer'd.

AH pity me, my friends! the cruel pair
Will neither read my juſt complaint, nor hear.
The billet-doux I ſent her ſhe return'd,
And e'en to ope the tender letter ſcorn'd.
Ill was the omen, for the ſlave I ſent
Tript at the ſill, as out of doors he went.
If e'er you on an errand go for me,
More careful, ſirrah, how you ſtumble, be;
Step ſoberly, and warily along:
The end's ne'er right, if the beginning's wrong.
Since thus, in vain, her pity I implore,
I'll ne'er to tablets truſt my paſſion more;
Nor with my wax for death my warrant ſeal;
Worſe, than her ſcorn, what torture can I feel?
From combs of Corſica the wax was ta'en,
The latent poiſon was the lover's bane.
Bees there from venom'd flow'rs their honey ſuck,
And ſurely to my wax that venom ſtuck.

Chance

Chance on the ſeal did my misfortune paint,
And ſhew'd my doom by the vermillion feint.
Curſe on the inſtruments of my diſgrace,
May you lie rotting in ſome filthy place,
By carts run o'er, may you to bits be torn,
And your miſhap revenge Corinna's ſcorn.
The man that firſt to ſmooth your ſurface toil'd,
The wooden work with hands impure defil'd.
'Twas gallows timber, and was ne'er deſign'd
To waft the wiſhes of a tender mind;
Nor grew to bleſs, but to deſtroy mankind.
Gibbets and racks ſhould of the wood be made,
And the rough tools of all the murd'ring trade.
Bats rooſted in its branches as it grew,
And birds of prey for ſhelter thither flew:
The vulture, and all kinds of rav'nous fowl,
There hatch their young, and there the om'nous owl.
How mad to uſe ſuch tablets muſt I be?
Curſt and ill-fated, as their parent tree.
Were theſe fit things ſoft ſentiments to bear,
And to a lady tell a lover's care?
Lawyers, on you, might horrid jargon write,
With ſound the ear, with ſenſe the ſoul to fright.
Well might your plane the wicked writings bear,
Where the rich miſer robs the ruin'd heir.
When I firſt purcha:'d you, I fear'd no leſs,
Your numbers even made me doubt ſucceſs:
May you by worms be in old age devour'd,
And by all mortals, as by me, abhorr'd.

ELEGY XIII.

To the Morning, not to make haſte.

By an unknown Hand.

AUrora, riſing from old Tithon's bed,
Does o'er the eaſtern ſkies her roſes ſpread:
Stay, beauteous morn, awhile thy chariot ſtay,
Awhile with lagging wheels retard the day.
So may young birds, as often as the ſpring
Renews the year, o'er Memnon's aſhes ſing.
Now I lie folded in Corinna's arms,
And all her ſoul is mine, and all her charms.
I now am to her panting boſom preſs'd,
And now, if ever lover was, am bleſs'd.
As yet ſweet ſleep ſits heavy on our eyes,
And warbling birds forbid, as yet, to riſe.
Stay, beauteous morning; for to loveſick maids,
And youths, how grateful are theſe duſky ſhades!
Ah ſtay, and do not from the bluſhing eaſt
With dawning glories break our balmy reſt.
When night's black mantle does thoſe glories hide,
The pilot by the ſtars his ſhip can guide,
And in mid-ſea a certain courſe purſue,
As ſafe as when he has thy ſun in view.
What pleaſure in thy light ſhou'd mortals take?
Thou doſt the weary traveller awake;
Tho' to the down his heavy head reclines,
Up he muſt lift it, for the morning ſhines.
The ſoldier braces on his brazen ſhield,
Quits his warm tent, and fits him for the field.
The lab'ring hind his harrow takes, and now
The peaſant yokes his oxen to the plough.

The

The boy half-wak'd, and rubbing ſtill his eyes,
Is loth alike to go to ſchool, or riſe;
While o'er his taſk he does imperfect nod,
He fears the ferula, he dreads the rod.
The bridegroom, ſtarting from his bride's embrace,
Runs to his lawyer to conſult his caſe;
A word is wanting in the dower deed,
And what, to ſave the portion, muſt he plead?
Now hungry ſerjeants quit their tempting eaſe,
To haunt the crowded courts, and pick up fees.
Thy riſe brings labour to the female band,
And puts the ſpindle in the ſpinſter's hand.
Light are theſe toils, and little is the pain
To riſe to work, and reſt at night again:
But who, that e'er knew love's tranſporting joys,
Cou'd from the arms of youth and beauty riſe?
Oft have I wiſh'd that night wou'd keep her ground,
And all her ſtars be at thy riſing found.
Oft have I wiſh'd the winds wou'd ſtop thy way,
Repel thy carr, or clouds involve the day.
Doſt thou in envy laſh each lazy ſteed,
And whirl thy chariot with unwonted ſpeed?
Black was thy ſon, and in his hue's expreſt
The gloomy paſſions of his parent's breaſt.
He, born of Cephalus, his raviſh'd ſire,
Is a known proof of thy adult'rous fire.
Thou, by his colour, wou'dſt thy crime conceal:
Ah that to Tithon I the tale cou'd tell!
Search all the records of heav'n's letchers round,
A fouler ſtory cannot there be found.
In Cephalus' embraces when you lay,
And oft, by theft, renew'd your wanton play;
When Tithon's impotence you made your ſport,
Did you not think the joyous moments ſhort?

Lock'd in his arms did you in tranſports lie,
Ah would you not, like me, to Phœbus cry,
Stop, ſtop thy rapid courſe? Am I to blame,
That Tithon's old, and cannot feel thy flame?
See how the moon does her Endymion keep
In night conceal'd, and drown'd in dewy ſleep.
As lovely is the moon, as fair as thou,
Who freely, where ſhe loves, her favours does beſtow.
Jove, when he robb'd Amphitryon of his joy,
Did two whole nights in am'rous thefts employ.
Unknown when in Alcmena's arms he lay,
The night he doubles, and ſuſpends the day.
The morning heard my railing, and for ſhame
Bluſh'd that, by force, ſhe muſt diſturb my flame.
Bright Phœbus ruſhing forth, the glorious day
Drove the dear ſhades, that hid our joys, away.

ELEGY XIV.

He comforts his miſtreſs, for the loſs of her hair by the means ſhe took to beautify it.

By an unknown Hand.

I Us'd to warn you, not with ſo much care,
And waſte of ointment, to adorn your hair:
That warning now is uſeleſs, you have none,
And with your hair that trouble too is gone,
Where are the ſilken treſſes, which adown
Your ſhoulders hung? A web was never ſpun
So fine, but, ah thoſe flowing curls are gone.

Ah

Ah fatal art! ah fatal care, and pains!
That robb'd me of the dearest of my chains.
Nor of a black, nor of a golden hue,
They were, but of a dye between the two,
Such as in rindless cedar we behold,
The black confounded with the dusky gold.
How cou'd you hurt, or poison with perfume,
Those curls that were so easy to the comb?
That to no pains expos'd you, when you set
Their shining tresses for young hearts a net?
That ne'er provok'd you with your maids to war,
For hurting you with your entangled hair?
You ne'er were urg'd to some indecent fray,
Nor in a fury snatch'd the comb away.
The teeth ne'er touch'd you, and her constant care,
Without ill arts, wou'd have preserv'd your hair.
Behind your chair I oft have seen her stand,
And comb and curl it with a gentle hand.
Oft have I seen it on your shoulders play
Uncomb'd, as on your purple bed you lay.
Your artless tresses with more charms appear,
Than when adorn'd with all your cost and care.
When on the grass the Thracian nymphs recline,
Of Bacchus full, and weary of their wine,
Less lovely are their locks, than yours, less fair,
The ringlets of their soft dishevell'd hair:
Softer was thine, like fleecy down it felt,
And to the finger did as freely yield.
How didst thou torture it, the curls to turn,
Now with hot irons at thy toilet burn?
This rack, with what obedience did it bear?
Ah spare, I cry'd, thy patient tresses spare.
To hurt them is a sin; this needless toil
Forbear, and do not, what adorns thee, spoil.

Without ſuch force, in native curls they flow,
And of themſelves in greater order grow.
'Tis now too late to give your labour o'er,
Thoſe tortur'd ringlets are, alas! no more.
Apollo might for thine have chang'd his hair,
And Bacchus have been proud thy locks to wear.
Not Venus, riſing from the foamy ſea,
Such curls can ſhow, or vie in hair with thee.
Its luſtre to the painter's art ſhe owes,
And thine in rings with genuine beauty flows.
Ah, ceaſe the cruel thought, and ceaſe to paſs
Such irkſome minutes at your faithful glaſs.
In vain thou ſeek'ſt thy ſilken locks to find,
Baniſh the dear remembrance from thy mind.
No weeds deſtroy'd them with their pois'nous juice,
Nor canſt thou witches magick charms accuſe,
Nor rival's rage, nor dire enchantment blame,
Nor envy's blaſting tongue, nor fever's flame.
The miſchief by thy own fair hands was wrought,
Nor doſt thou ſuffer for another's fault.
How oft I bad thee, but in vain, beware
The venom'd eſſence, that deſtroy'd thy hair?
Now with new arts thou ſhalt thy pride amuſe,
And curls, of German captives borrow'd, uſe.
Druſus to Rome their vanquiſh'd nation ſends,
And the fair ſlave to thee her treſſes lends.
With alien locks thou wilt thy head adorn,
And conqueſt gain'd by foreign beauty ſcorn.
How wilt thou bluſh, with other charms to pleaſe,
And cry, How fairer were my locks than theſe!
The youth, who charm'd with ſuch coarſe curls can be,
Some rude Sicambrian wou'd prefer to me.
Time was when I could greater glory boaſt;
But ah, that glory, and that time is loſt.

By

By heav'ns, to heart ſhe takes her head's diſgrace,
She weeps, and covers with her hands her face.
She weeps, as in her lap her locks ſhe views;
What woman wou'd not weep, ſuch locks to loſe?
Ah, that they ſtill did on her ſhoulders flow,
Ah, that they now, where once they grew, did grow.
Take courage, fair Corinna, never fear,
Thou ſhalt not long theſe borrow'd treſſes wear;
Time for your beauty ſhall this loſs repair,
And you again ſhall charm with native hair.

ELEGY XV.

Of the immortality of the muſes.

By HENRY CROMWELL, *Eſq*;

THY well-known malice, fretful envy, ceaſe,
Nor tax the muſe and me——
With a weak genius, and inglorious eaſe;
What—I ſhould then, whilſt youth does vigour yield,
Purſue the duſty glories of the field:
Our father's praiſe! or bend my utmoſt care
To the dull noiſe of the litigious bar:
No! theſe muſt die;—but the moſt noble prize,
That which alone can man immortalize,
Muſt from the muſes harmony ariſe:
Homer ſhall live, whilſt Tenedos ſhall ſtand,
Or Ida's top ſurvey the neighb'ring ſtrand;
Whilſt Simois' ſtreams along the vallies glide,
And in the ſea diſcharge their rapid tide:——

Heſiod

Heſiod ſhall live, 'till corn is not in uſe,
'Till the plump grape denies its wealthy juice:—
The world Callimachus ſhall ever prize,
For what his fancy wants, his art ſupplies:
The tragedies of mighty Sophocles
Shall in no age their juſt applauſes miſs:—
So well Aratus of the planets wrote,
That ſun and moon muſt fail, when he's forgot:—
When crafty Davus a hard father cheats
To ſerve the ſon,—when eaſy cully treats
The jilting whore, and bawd, the figures ſhew,
The comick from Menander's model drew:—
Ennius, whoſe muſe by nature was deſign'd
Compleat, had art with bounteous nature join'd;——
And tragick Accius, of ſtile ſublime,
And weighty words, ſhall ſtand the ſhock of time:
Whilſt Jaſon's golden fleece ſhall have a name,
Who ſhall a ſtranger be to Varro's fame?——
Lucretius nature's cauſes did rehearſe
In ſuch a lofty and commanding verſe,
As ſhall remain 'till that one fatal day,
Which muſt the world itſelf in ruins lay:—
Virgil, thy works divine ſhall patterns ſtand
For each ſucceeding age's copying hand,
Whilſt Rome ſhall all its conquer'd world command!
Whilſt Cupid ſhall be arm'd with bow, and dart,
And flaming ſhafts ſhall pierce the lover's heart;
Shall we, O ſweet Tibullus, love each line
That comes from that ſoft, moving pen of thine—
Both eaſt and weſt reſound with Gallus' fame,
Gallus, and his Lycoris, are their theme:—
Statues and tombs with age conſume, and die;
'Tis verſe alone has immortality:

To verſe muſt yield the greateſt acts of kings;
Riches and empire are but empty things,
Without the laſting fame a poet brings.
Let vulgar ſpirits trivial bleſſings chuſe;
May thy Caſtalian ſpring inſpire my muſe,
O God of wit! and myrtles wreath my hair;
Then the too fearful lover may repair
To what I write, to free his breaſt from care;
As living worth detraction ſtill attends,
Which after death a juſter fame defends;
So I ſhall my laſt fun'ral flame ſurvive,
And in my better part for ever live.

OVID's AMOURS.

BOOK II.

ELEGY I.

By HENRY CROMWELL, *Esq;*

I Am the man, whose brisk and gamesome muse,
By love's command, the subject still pursues;
Far hence be all prophane! approach not here,
Matrons of virtue rigid and severe,
Lest these loose numbers should offend your ear.
Come, all ye virgins of a soft desire,
And am'rous youths touch'd with an unknown fire;
One in my state among ye may be found,
Who, conscious of the nature of his wound,
Will wonder, by what strange prophetick art
The poet touch'd the secret of his heart.
My vain ambitious muse did once aspire,
To sing prodigious acts, with mighty fire;
I rais'd my spirit to that enterprise,
The daring giants form'd against the skies,
When mother earth on dire revenge was bent,
Whose monstrous birth to scourge the Gods was sent;
Who with vast mountains scaling tow'rs did build,
Pelion with Ossa on huge Olympus pil'd:

Thunder

Thunder, and light'ning——was I juſt upon——
Which Jove had brandiſh'd, to ſecure his throne;
When I perceiv'd Corinna's doors were barr'd;
Then I the Gods deſign'd revenge deferr'd;
And ſtraight reſum'd my elegiack ſtrain,
Whoſe gentle force unbarr'd the doors again!
(Forgive my haſty paſſion, mighty Jove,
There is no thunder like neglected love;)
By verſe the hiſſing ſnake ſhall burſt, and die;
And the horn'd moon drop from the ſtarry ſky;
Verſe can recall the chariot of the ſun,
And make the ſtreams back to their fountains run;
Thus each inſenſible and rugged door
Leap'd from the hinges, and obey'd its pow'r:
Why ſhould my thoughts th' Atrides' acts employ,
The death of Hector, or the fate of Troy!
The fierce Achilles is an ample field,
But the illuſtrious name can nothing yield!—
No! Let the lady be my conſtant ſong,
Her laſting praiſes dwell upon my tongue.
This might be worth our care;—for beauty's ſmiles
Can beſt repay the poet's pleaſing toils;
The hope of a reward the fancy fires,
While every charm the chearful muſe inſpires.

ELEGY II.

To Bagoe, *not to be ſo over-diligent in watching his Miſtreſs.*

I Know thou haſt the keeping of my fair,
O Bagoe, but awhile ſuſpend thy care.
Let us confer, I'll not detain thee long,
And mean not, that thou ſhou'dſt thy miſtreſs wrong.

Laſt

Laſt night, as in the gallery I ſtood,
And the fine picture of the Danaids view'd;
It happen'd that I caſt my wand'ring eye
On a fair lady, who was paſſing by;
I met her glance, and ſoon the piercing dart
Its eaſy paſſage made, and reach'd my heart.
I lik'd, I lov'd, and how I might enjoy
The lovely dame, did all my thoughts employ.
Impatient of the bliſs, my mind I wrote,
And by a truſty ſlave diſpatch'd the note.
Give me one joyous night, my dear, I cry'd;
I dare not, ſhe with trembling hand reply'd.
And when I aſk'd, Why will you not agree
To grant my ſuit? ſhe throws the blame on thee:
My maid, who ſtrictly watches me, 's at home,
She'll ſmell your errand, and you muſt not come.
Of too much caution, gentle nymph, beware,
And don't provoke her wrath by too much care;
Thou'lt then have cauſe to curſe thy cruel fate;
For if ſhe hates thee, all the world will hate.
To guard her thus, why all this needleſs pain?
What wou'd ſhe loſe, if I my wiſh ſhou'd gain?
If to a blockhead ſhe were giv'n in charge,
The fool wou'd leave the lady more at large,
The beſt conſtruction on her actions put,
Nor wou'd her door againſt her lovers ſhut.
If with her fav'rite ſhe the night had paſt,
He'd think the beſt, and hope ſhe might be chaſte.
Whatever freedoms thou allow'ſt the dame,
To thee, aſſure thyſelf, ſhe'll give the ſame;
Her confident if thou conſent'ſt to be,
She'll take it kind, and be as good to thee:
But if that truſt thou doſt too dang'rous think,
At what to ſee thou art not willing, wink:

And when ſhe reads a billet in thy ſight,
Conclude her mother did the letter write.
If to a ſtranger thou doſt quit the room,
Think, that he only as a friend does come;
That when the door is faſt upon him clos'd,
He came to ſee her, as one indiſpos'd.
She's well in health, and thou perceiv'ſt the trick,
Yet fancy, that he's viſiting the ſick:
But if to tire thy patience he ſhou'd hap,
Divert the tedious minutes with a nap.
Think them not long, or guilty of a crime,
But reſt content, and ſleep away the time.
Should ſhe by chance to Iſis' temple go,
What ſhe did there don't thou demand to know.
Egyptian linen's there expos'd to ſale;
Believe ſhe went to buy, and that was all.
And tho' perhaps ſhe to the playhouſe goes,
Fear nothing, that ſhe's always ſafe ſuppoſe.
If thou art truſty, and temptation proof,
For thee ſhe'll think ſhe ne'er can do enough.
Wiſe as thou art, conſider ſhe is young,
And ſure 'tis no hard taſk to hold one's tongue.
Whate'er thou doſt, ſhe then will always like,
And ne'er again will lift her hand to ſtrike.
Thy fellow-ſervants will with envy ſee
The many favours, which ſhe'll heap on thee.
The truth ne'er let her huſband underſtand,
But ready always have a lye at hand.
Be ſure, you in your ſtory ſtill agree,
And what ſhe ſays, be ſtill confirm'd by thee.
Her ſpouſe when in a ſullen fit you find,
By ſoft careſſes let her ſooth his mind.
Let her complain of thee, and weeping cry,
The wench will kill me with her cruelty.

Madam,

Madam, do you reply in angry tone,
My comfort is, I have my duty done
She'll look, as if ſhe fear'd thou wou'dſt reveal
The truth, and thus you will the crime conceal:
Thus thou'lt her huſband both deceive, and pleaſe,
And many favours gain, and many fees.
Truſt me, if thou theſe methods doſt purſue,
Thy liberty ere-long he'll give thee too.
For faults but doubted, thou behold'ſt what pains
Thy fellow-ſlaves endure, what heavy chains;
How oft they're into filthy dungeons thrown,
And puniſh'd for offences, not their own;
For if ſuſpicion of their truth is made,
They fare as ill, as if it was betray'd.
Say nothing then, whate'er thou ſee'ſt, but ſtrive
In both his confidence, and hers to live.
Remember Tantalus's plague in hell,
Why on his head accurſt ſuch vengeance fell,
Why from his lips the river backward runs,
And why his bites the tempting apple ſhuns.
Such torment does the tell-tale there ſuſtain,
And ſuch, if thou doſt tell, will be thy pain.
While Juno's guardian with officious care
Fair Io watch'd, did Jove the watchman ſpare?
The ſlave, ere half his years were number'd, dies,
And Io reigns a Goddeſs in the ſkies.
Myſelf the marks of cank'ring fetters ſaw,
When from a wretch the ſpouſe the tale did draw.
A whiſper makes him jealous of the fact,
And for his jealouſy the ſlave is rack'd.
Hard was his hap, and he, who caus'd his pain,
Deſerv'd, ah miſchievous! a double chain.
To huſband, and to wife, alike to blame;
He loſt his peace of mind, and ſhe her fame.

Believe

Believe me, to the huſband if you bear
Such tidings, they're not grateful to his ear,
And when your informations you relate,
Who hears the ſtory will th'informer hate.
Fond of his wife, or careleſs let him be,
His obligation is the ſame to thee.
Thou ſhew'dſt thy zealous purpoſe to deſtroy
The ſweets of wedded life, and nuptial joy.
Should'ſt thou beſides atteſt her faithleſs love,
How wilt thou, what thou haſt atteſted, prove?
Should'ſt thou bring proofs to vindicate thy tale,
She'll by the favour of her judge prevail.
Tho' he were witneſs to the wicked deed,
Not always will ſuch evidence ſucceed.
If ſhe the fact, in which ſhe's caught, denies,
His dear he will believe, and doubt his eyes.
To cheat himſelf he'll with thy miſtreſs join,
The fault, and puniſhment will then be thine.
Weeping himſelf, ah do not weep, he'll ſay;
The babbling jade ſhall for her prating pay.
Why wilt thou in unequal fight engage?
Thy malice will provoke thy maſter's rage;
And, while his wife he's dandling on his knee,
Him ſhe'll careſs, and he will threaten thee.
We nothing ill, if we ſhould meet, deſign,
No poiſon will we mingle with our wine,
No daggers will we draw, no harm we mean;
But by ourſelves to act a tender ſcene.
To love a little, when we are alone,
That's all; I beg of thee no other boon,
And beg it in ſo ſoft, ſo ſweet a ſtrain,
'Tis cruelty to let me ſue in vain.

ELEGY

ELEGY III.

To a Eunuch, who had the keeping of his miſtreſs.

HOW hard's my hap, to have my fair conſign'd
To one, who is imperfect in his kind;
To one, who ne'er can have the pow'r to prove
As woman, or as man, the mutual joys of love!
Who practis'd firſt on boys the cutting ſteel,
Deſerv'd himſelf the fatal wound to feel.
Cou'dſt thou be capable of Cupid's fires,
Or the leaſt ſenſible of love's deſires;
Some pity thou wou'dſt have on me, and grant
Thy aid, for what thou canſt not know I want.
Ill ſuits thee now, the warrior's lance to wield,
To mount the manag'd horſe, or lift the brazen ſhield:
Arms are for men, and not for ſuch as thee,
Who ſhou'dſt from ev'ry manly thought be free.
No banner ſhou'dſt thou, but thy lady's bear,
And have no other leader, but the fair.
Much it behoves thee then to ſtrive to gain
Her favour, and thou need'ſt not ſtrive in vain.
Conſult her pleaſure, and her will obey.
To favour that's the ſure, the ready way.
Without it, how unhappy wilt thou be!
Life is without it of no uſe to thee.
Thou'rt beautiful, and may'ſt thy prime enjoy,
And well thy beauty, and thy youth employ.
Study to ſerve thy gentle miſtreſs well,
And merit her good graces by thy zeal.
Watch as thou wilt, the trouble thou may'ſt ſpare,
She'll eaſily deceive thy utmoſt care.
When two fond lovers are agreed to meet,
Canſt thou their well-concerted plot defeat?

The

The ways of kindneſs thou ſhouldſt rather uſe;
By being civil, thou wilt nothing loſe;
And when an opportunity is fair,
For thy own ſake be friendly to our pray'r.
A friend be to thy lady, not a guard,
And we, with bounteous hand, thy friendſhip will reward.

ELEGY IV.

That he loves all ſorts of women.

VIce by my verſe I never will defend,
Nor by falſe arms to fence my own pretend.
Frankly my failings I with ſhame confeſs;
To hide my errors, would not make them leſs.
My faults, whate'er I ſuffer by't, I own,
That others, if they pleaſe, thoſe faults may ſhun:
I hate myſelf, my follies, and wou'd fain
Be, were it in my pow'r, another man.
How difficult it is, ye righteous Gods,
Againſt our wills to bear ſuch heavy loads!
I have not ſtrength to guard myſelf from ill;
And, as I wiſh, to rule my wicked will.
I'm hurry'd on, as by the boiſt'rous ſea
The driving bark is ſwiftly born away.
No certain form inflames my am'rous breaſt,
All beauty is alike to me the beſt.
A hundred cauſes kindle my deſires,
And love ne'er wants a torch to light my fires.
When on the earth the modeſt virgin looks,
That very modeſty of her's provokes;

And

And if I chance to meet a forward fair,
I'm taken with her frank and eaſy air;
I figure to myſelf a thouſand charms,
A thouſand raptures in her wanton arms.
If, like the damſels of the Sabine race,
She's rude, I look upon it as grimace.
That ſullen as ſhe ſeems at firſt, 'tis art,
That I the more may prize the conqueſt of her heart.
New joys, if ſhe's a wit, I hope to find;
And with her body, to poſſeſs her mind:
If fooliſh, I in that can ſee no harm,
And in her very folly find a charm.
I know a maid ſo very fond, and dull,
To me ſhe thinks Callimachus a fool.
I ſoon am pleas'd with one that's pleas'd with me,
Alike we in our taſte, and wiſh agree.
But if the fair my verſes don't approve,
I bragging tell her, ſhe will like my love;
If with her tongue, or with her heel ſhe's briſk,
Her prattle pleaſes, and her gameſome friſk.
But if ſhe's heavy, I ſuppoſe at night
She'll change, and prove, as I would have her, light.
The fair, that ſings, enchants me with her voice;
Oh, what a guſt it gives a lover's joys!
When her ſhrill ſhakes afreſh his boſom wound,
And from her lips he kiſſes off the ſound;
When her ſoft fingers touch the ſilver ſtrings,
And ſweetly to the ſounding lute ſhe ſings;
Who can reſiſt ſuch ſtrong redoubled charms?
Her muſick melts me, as her beauty warms.
If in the dance the nimble nymph I find,
And view how ſhe her pliant limbs do's wind,
How artfully ſhe to the muſick moves,
I cry, How happy is the man ſhe loves!

My

My humour, in a word, is plainly this,
All objects pleaſe, and nothing comes amiſs.
To love, and be belov'd, 's my ſole employ;
Diſpos'd to be enjoy'd, and to enjoy.
This lady for her length I like, her ſpread
Will ſwell my arms, and fill the joyous bed;
She's like the luſty heroines of old,
And with a ſtrong embrace her lover will enfold.
This laſs, becauſe ſhe's little, I approve;
The leaſt are lighteſt in the ſports of love.
With every ſize my paſſion does agree,
And tall and ſhort are both alike to me.
I fancy, when undreſt I find the fair,
'Tis leſs her want of charms, than want of care.
If with her diſhabille, I cry, I'm pleas'd,
How beauteous would ſhe be, if ſhe were dreſt!
And when ſhe does her beſt apparel wear,
I think her riches in her pride appear.
The fair, the olive are to me the ſame,
Alike the ſwarthy, and the ſandy dame.
When her black curls adown her ſhoulders flow,
Such Leda's were, her ſkin as white as ſnow.
And when her golden locks her head adorn,
I ſtraight compare her to the ſaffron morn.
My love with no complection diſagrees,
But all alike my ready paſſion pleaſe.
The younger by their bloom my heart ſecure,
The elder win it, as they're more mature;
And tho' the younger may excel in charms;
The elder claſp you with experienc'd arms.
What all the city like, is lik'd by me,
And I with them in all my loves agree.
I'm proud to be the rival of the town,
And to their taſte will ſtill conform my own.

ELEGY V.

To his falſe Miſtreſs.

By Mr. EUSDEN.

CUpid, be gone! I can for be uty ſigh;
But not be forc'd to wiſh each hour to die.
For ſo I wiſh, whene'er my reſtleſs thoughts
Dwell on her falſhoods, and repeated faults.
All other plagues know ſometimes to be civil,
But woman is a ſure, perpetual evil.
No pimp I brib'd to prove thy perjur'd vows,
Nor intercepted once thy billets-doux.
O! cou'dſt thou but my arguments diſprove!
A cauſe ſo good is here unwiſh'd in love.
Happy, who dares t'avow his cenſur'd flame,
And vindicate the ſecret-tripping dame.
Bluſhleſs tho' guilty, with uplifted eyes,
'Tis falſe, my life, by yon bright heav'n, ſhe cries.
Himſelf he fools, and madly feeds his grief,
Who from conviction ſeeks the ſad relief.
Wretched I ſaw thy wantonneſs unſought,
By thee in ſleep ſecure, and eyeleſs thought.
With glances on each other how you hung!
How ev'ry nod had more than half a tongue!
How roll'd thy glowing eyes! how lewd they ſpoke!
Ev'n from thy artful fingers language broke,
While writing on the board with pens they vy'd,
And the ſpilt wine the want of ink ſupply'd,
The ſilent ſpeech too well I underſtood;
For to deceive a lover yet who cou'd?
Tho' thou didſt write in a laconic hand,
And words for ſentences were taught to ſtand.

Now

Now ended was the treat, and ev'ry gueſt
Indulg'd his eaſe, and lay compos'd to reſt.
Your cloſe, laſcivious kiſſes then I ſpy'd,
And ſomething more, than lips to lips, apply'd:
Such from a ſiſter brothers ne'er receive,
But yielding fair-ones to warm lovers give.
Not ſo Diana would to Phœbus preſs,
But Cytherea ſo her Mars would bleſs.
Too far provok'd, at laſt I cry'd aloud,
On whom are pleaſures, due to me beſtow'd?
I muſt not, will not, cannot bear this ſight;
'Tis lawful ſure to ſeize upon my right.
Theſe raptures to us both in common are,
But whence, ye furies, claims a third his ſhare?
Enrag'd I ſpoke, and o'er her cheeks were ſpread
Swift new-born glories in a ſudden red;
Such bluſhes on the bridal night adorn
The trembling virgin; ſuch the riſing morn.
So ſweet a hue the lab'ring Cynthia ſhows,
Or the fair lilly damaſk'd by the roſe;
Or iv'ry, which time's yellow taint defies,
When twice enrich'd with proud Aſſyrian dyes.
Such were her looks, and a diviner grace
Had never brighten'd that enchanting face,
She caſt her eyes down on the humble ground;
Her eyes ſo caſt, an unknown ſweetneſs found.
Mournful her looks; her mournful looks became
Shining thro' grief, and beautiful in ſhame.
I ruſh'd, reſolv'd her golden locks to tear,
And with mad violence diſrobe the fair:
But as I view'd her face, th' extended hand
Shrunk back, nor hearken'd to the harſh command.
Others protection ſeek by dint of arms,
Her only ſafe guard were her wond'rous charms.

I, who but late look'd inſolently brave,
Fell from my height, and couch'd a ſuppliant ſlave.
I rav'd no longer at another's bliſs,
But begg'd the tranſport of as ſweet a kiſs.
Smiling ſhe ſaid, how grateful thy requeſt!
If e'er my kiſſes pleaſe thee, take the beſt.
Oh! with what guſt, as from her ſoul they came!
Such might melt Jove, and ſtop the vengeful flame;
I fear'd my rival too enjoy'd the ſame.
Theſe better, than from me ſhe learn'd, I thought,
Something taught new, alas! I wiſh'd untaught.
What moſt gave pleaſure, that now ſtings the moſt;
Why were our darting tongues entirely loſt?
Nor fret I, thou in kiſſing ſhouldſt excel,
And yet 'tis ſtrange to know to kiſs ſo well:
But ah! ſuch lectures only could be read
By youthful tutors, and imbib'd abed.
That ſage, whoe'er theſe large improvements made,
Was by his pupil preciouſly repay'd.

ELEGY VI.

By Mr. CREECH.

ALas, poor Poll, my Indian talker, dies!
Go, birds, and celebrate his obſequies.
Go, birds, and beat your breaſts, your faces tear,
And pluck your gaudy plumes, inſtead of hair.
Let doleful tunes the frighted foreſts wound,
And your ſad notes ſupply the trumpet's ſound.
Why, Philomel, doſt mourn the Thracian rage?
It is enough, thy grief at laſt aſſuage;
His crimſon faults are now grown white with age.

Now

Now mourn this bird; the cauſe of all thy woe
Was great, 'tis true, but it was long ago.
Mourn, all ye wing'd inhabitants of air,
But you, my Turtle, take the greateſt ſhare!
You two liv'd conſtant friends, and free from ſtrife,
Your kindneſs was intire, and long as life.
What Pylades to his Oreſtes vow'd,
To thee, poor Poll, thy friendly Turtle ſhow'd,
And kept his love as long as fate allow'd.
But ah, what did thy faith, thy plumes, and tail,
And what thy pretty ſpeaking-art avail?
And what that thou wert given, and pleas'd my miſs,
Since now the bird's unhappy glory dies?
A lovely verdant green grac'd every quill,
The deepeſt vivid red did paint thy bill:
In ſpeaking thou didſt every bird excel,
None prattled, and none liſp'd the words ſo well.
'Twas envy only ſent this fierce diſeaſe,
Thou wert averſe to war, and liv'dſt in peace,
A talking harmleſs thing, and lov'dſt thine eaſe.
The fighting quails ſtill live 'midſt all their ſtrife,
And even that, perhaps, prolongs their life.
Thy meat was little, and thy prattling tongue
Would ne'er permit to make thy dinner long:
Plain fountain-water all thy drink allow'd,
And nut, and poppy-ſeed were all thy food.
The preying Vultures, and the Kites remain,
And the unlucky Crow ſtill caws for rain.
The Chough ſtill lives, 'midſt fierce Minerva's hate,
And ſcarce nine hundred years conclude her fate.
But my poor Poll now hangs his ſickly head,
My Poll, my preſent from the eaſt, is dead.
Beſt things are ſooner ſnatcht by cov'tous fate,
To worſe ſhe freely gives a longer date.

Therſites brave Achilles' fate ſurviv'd;
And Hector fell, whilſt all his brothers liv'd.
Why ſhould I tell, what vows Corinna made?
How oft ſhe begg'd thy life, how oft ſhe pray'd?
The ſeventh day came, and now the fates begin
To end the thread, they had no more to ſpin.
Yet ſtill he talkt, and when death nearer drew,
His laſt breath ſaid, Corinna, now adieu.
There is a ſhady cypreſs grove below,
And thither (if ſuch doubtful things we know)
The ghoſts of pious birds departed go.
'Tis water'd well, and verdant all the year,
And birds obſcene do never enter there:
There harmleſs Swans ſecurely take their reſt,
And there the ſingle Phœnix builds her neſt.
Proud Peacocks there diſplay their gaudy train,
And billing Turtles coo o'er all the plain.
To theſe dark ſhades my Parrot's ſoul ſhall go,
And with his talk divert the birds below.
Whilſt here his bones enjoy a noble grave,
A little marble, and an epitaph:
" In talking I did every bird excel,
" And my tomb proves my miſtreſs lov'd me well."

ELEGY

ELEGY VII.

He proteſts, that he had never any thing to do with the chamber-maid.

By the ſame Hand.

AND muſt I ſtill be guilty, ſtill untrue,
And when old crimes are purg'd, ſtill charg'd with new?
What tho' at laſt my cauſe I clearly gain?
Yet I'm aſham'd to ſtrive ſo oft in vain,
And when the prize will ſcarce reward the pain.
If at the play I in ſop-corner ſit,
And with a ſquinting eye glote o'er the pit,
Or view the boxes, you begin to fear,
And fancy ſtraight ſome rival beauty there.
If any looks on me, you think you ſpy
A private aſſignation in her eye,
A ſilent ſoft diſcourſe in every grace,
And tongues in all the features of her face.
If I praiſe any one, you tear your hair,
Shew frantick tricks, and rage with wild deſpair.
If diſcommend, O then 'tis all deceit,
I ſtrive to cloke my paſſion by the cheat:
If I look well, I then neglect your charms,
Lie dull and lazy in your active arms;
If weak my voice, if pale my looks appear,
O then I languiſh for another fair.
Would I did ſin, and you with cauſe complain;
For when we ſtrive to ſhun, yet ſtrive in vain,
'Tis comfort ſure to have deſerv'd the pain.
But ſure fond fancies now ſuch heats engage,
Your cred'lous peeviſh humour ſpoils your rage;

In frequent chidings I no force can ſee;
You frown too often to prevail with me:
The aſs grows dull by ſtripes, the conſtant blow
Beats off his briſkneſs, and he moves but ſlow.
But now I'm laviſh of my kind embrace,
And Moll forſooth ſupplies her lady's place!
Kind love forbid, that I ſhould ſtoop ſo low:
What, unto mean ignoble beauties bow?
A chamber-maid! no faith, my love flies high,
My quarry is a miſs of quality.
Fy, who would claſp a ſlave, who joy to feel
Her hands of iron, and her ſides of ſteel?
'Twill damp an eager thought, 'twill check my mind,
To feel thoſe knobs the laſh hath left behind.
Beſides ſhe dreſſes well, with lovely grace
She ſets thy tour, and does adorn thy face;
Thy nat'ral beauty all her arts improve,
And make me more enamour'd of my love:
Then why ſhould I tempt her, and why betray
Thy uſeful ſlave, and have her turn'd away?
I ſwear by Venus, by love's darts, and bow,
A deſperate oath, you muſt believe me now;
I am not guilty, I've not broke my vow.

ELEGY VIII.

To Corinna's *Chambermaid.*

By the ſame Hand.

DEar ſkilful Betty, who doſt far excel
My lady's other maids in dreſſing well:
Dear Betty, fit to be preferr'd above
To Juno's chamber, or the queen of love;

Genteel,

Genteel, well-bred, not ruſtically coy,
Not eaſy to deny deſired joy;
Through whoſe ſoft eyes ſtill ſecret wiſhes ſhine,
Fit for thy miſtreſs' uſe, but more for mine;
Who, Betty, did the fatal ſecret ſee,
Who told Corinna, you were kind to me?
Yet when ſhe chid me for my kind embrace,
Did any guilty bluſh ſpread o'er my face?
Did I betray thee, maid, or could ſhe ſpy
The leaſt confeſſion in my conſcious eye?
Not that I think it a diſgrace to prove
Stoln ſweets, or make a chamber-maid my love.
Achilles wanton'd in Briſeis' arms;
Atrides bow'd to fair Caſſandra's charms,
Sure I am leſs than theſe; then what can bring
Diſgrace to me, that ſo became a king?
But when ſhe look'd on you, poor harmleſs maid,
You bluſh'd, and all the kind intrigue betray'd:
Yet ſtill I vow'd, I made a ſtout defence,
I ſwore, and look'd as bold as innocence:
Damme, I'gad, all that, and let me die.
Kind Venus, do not hear my perjury,
Kind Venus, ſtop thy ears when lovers lye.
Now, Betty, how will you my oaths requite?
Come pr'ythee let's compound for more delight,
Faith I am eaſy, and but ask a night.
What! ſtart at the propoſal? how! deny?
Pretend fond fears of a diſcovery?
Refuſe, leſt ſome ſad chance the thing betray?
Is this your kind, your damn'd obliging way?
Well, deny on, I'll lye, I'll ſwear no more,
Corinna now ſhall know thou art a whore;
I'll tell, ſince you my fair addreſs forbid,
How often, when, and where, and what we did.

ELEGY IX.

To LOVE.

By the Earl of ROCHESTER.

O Love! how cold, and ſlow to take my part,
Thou idle wanderer about my heart!
Why thy old faithful ſoldier wilt thou ſee
Oppreſt in thy own tents? they murder me,
Thy flames conſume, thy arrows pierce thy friends;
Rather on foes purſue more noble ends.
Achilles' ſword would certainly beſtow
A cure, as certain, as it gave the blow.
Hunters, who follow flying game, give o'er
When the prey's caught, hopes ſtill lead on before.
We thine own ſlaves feel thy tyrannic blows,
Whilſt thy tame hand's unmov'd againſt thy foes.
On men diſarm'd how can you gallant prove?
And I was long ago diſarm'd by love.
Millions of dull men live, and ſcornful maids;
We'll own love valiant, when he theſe invades.
Rome from each corner of the wide world ſnatch'd
A laurel, or't had been to this day thatch'd:
But the old ſoldier has his reſting-place,
And the good batter'd horſe is turn'd to graſs.
The harraſs'd whore, who liv'd a wretch to pleaſe,
Has leave to be a bawd, and take her eaſe.
For me then, who have truly ſpent my blood
(Love) in thy ſervice, and ſo boldly ſtood
In Celia's trenches, were't not wiſely done,
E'en to retire, and live at peace at home?
No——might I gain a godhead to diſclaim
My glorious title to my endleſs flame,

Divinity with ſcorn I would forſwear,
Such ſweet dear tempting devils women are.
Whene'er thoſe flames grow faint, I quickly find
A fierce black ſtorm pour down upon my mind;
Headlong I'm hurl'd like horſemen, who in vain
Their fury-flaming courſers would reſtrain.
As ſhips, juſt when the harbour they attain,
Are ſnatch'd by ſudden blaſts to ſea again;
So love's fantaſtic ſtorms reduce my heart
Half reſcu'd, and the God reſumes his dart.
Strike here, this undefended boſom wound,
And for ſo brave a conqueſt be renown'd.
Shafts fly ſo faſt to me from every part,
You'll ſcarce diſcern the quiver from my heart:
What wretch can bear a live-long night's dull reſt,
Or think himſelf in lazy ſlumbers bleſt?
Fool—— is not ſleep the image of pale death,
There's time for reſt when fate hath ſtopt your breath.
Me may my ſoft deluding dear deceive,
I'm happy in my hopes, while I believe:
Now let her flatter, then as fondly chide,
Often may I enjoy, oft be deny'd.
With doubtful ſteps the God of war does move,
By thy example in ambiguous love.
Blown to and fro, like down from thy own wing,
Who knows when joy, or anguiſh thou wilt bring?
Yet at thy mother's, and thy ſlave's requeſt,
Fix an eternal empire in my breaſt:
And let th' inconſtant charming ſex,
Whoſe wilful ſcorn does lovers vex,
Submit their hearts before thy throne,
The vaſſal world is then thy own.

ELEGY X.

Ovid *tells* Græcinus, *that he is fallen in love with a couple of ladies.*

By an unknown Hand.

WHat you affirm'd, my friend, is prov'd untrue,
That none at once could madly dote on two.
Deceiv'd, unarm'd, we Cupid ſoon o'er-came,
And I glow ſhameleſs with a double flame.
They both are fair, both dreſs ſo nicely well,
That the preheminence is hard to tell.
Sometimes for this, ſometimes for that I burn,
And each more beauteous ſparkles in her turn.
Each claims my paſſion, and my heart divides,
As to and fro the doubtful galliot rides,
Here driven by winds, and there redriven by tides.
Why doubly chain'd? Was not a ſingle fair
Enough to load me with perpetual care?
Why are more leaves brought to the ſhady wood,
Stars to the ſky, or waters to the flood?
Yet better ſo, than not to love at all;
Still on my foes may ſuch dull bleſſings fall.
May they, inſipidly ſupine, be ſpread
Along the middle of a widow'd bed,
While I with ſprightlineſs love's vigils keep,
Stretch'd out for ſomething far more ſweet than ſleep.
Others from ruin fly, to mine I run,
To be by women pleaſingly undone,
Longing for two, ſince undeſtroy'd by one.
Still let my ſlender limbs for love ſuffice,
I want no nerves, but want the bulky ſize.

My

My limbs tho' lean, are not in vain diſplay'd;
From me no female ever roſe a maid.
Oft have I, when a luſcious night was ſpent,
Saluted morn, nor cloy'd, nor impotent.
Happy, who gaſps in love his lateſt breath;
Give me, ye Gods, ſo ſoftly ſweet a death.
Let the rough warriors grapple on the plain,
And with their blood immortal honour gain.
Let the vile miſer plough for wealth the deep,
And ſhipwreck'd in th' unfathom'd waters ſleep.
May Venus grant me but my laſt deſire,
In the full height of rapture to expire.
Perhaps ſome friend with kindly dew ſupply'd,
Weeping will ſay, As Ovid liv'd, he dy'd.

ELEGY XI.

To his Miſtreſs going a Voyage at Sea.

THoſe that the top of Pelion barr'd, to build
The firſt huge ſhip, that plow'd the wat'ry field,
Surpris'd with their ſtupendous work the ſea;
But ſuch adventures are not fit for thee.
Death ſtar'd them in the face in various forms,
In rocks, and ſhelves, and in outragious ſtorms,
They darlingly explor'd the doubtful ſeas,
In queſt of Colchos, and the golden fleece.
Oh that no ſhip might paſs the liquid waſte,
And Argo, as the firſt, had been the laſt.
Corinna now prepares to quit her down,
And leave her well-known bed, for waves unknown.

What

What winds will blow around the trembling fair!
No gentle Zephyrs then will fan the air;
But blaſts of Boreas rend the crackling ſails,
And laſh the leaky ſhip with hoſtile gales.
Nor houſes ſhalt thou then, nor groves ſurvey,
Nor any objects meet thy eyes, but ſea;
Nor as thou doſt explore the farther main,
Green ſhalt thou ſee, or ſhelly ſhore again;
Nor on the ſlipp'ry pebbles ſhalt thou ſlide,
But o'er the waves in mortal terror ride.
If thou a life, ſo dear to us, would'ſt ſave,
Walk on the margin of the ſilver wave,
Content thy ſelf upon the coaſt to ſtray,
That's ſafe, but all beyond a dang'rous way.
To thy whole ſex this caution I addreſs,
Ne'er truſt your beauties to the faithleſs ſeas.
To you the dreadful tale let others tell,
In ocean's depths what horrid monſters dwell,
What vaſſals Scylla's greedy gulph devours,
And how for prey the fell Charybdis roars;
What ſhips have periſh'd by the ſounding ſhocks
Of tempeſts driving on Ceraunian rocks;
Or what have ſunk in Syrtes' treach'rous ſands,
Or been in pieces daſh'd on Libyan ſtrands:
Hear what they ſay, and what thou hear'ſt believe;
Thou canſt no hurt by eaſy faith receive.
When far behind thee thou haſt left the ſtrand,
How wilt thou long in vain, and look for land!
And when the tempeſt beats, the veſſel's ſides
Admit thro' gaping leaks the guſhing tides,
The pilot ſhall himſelf begin to fear
The roaring death, that's now approaching near;
How livid will thy looks be then, and pale,
How wilt thou ſtart at ev'ry rattling gale!

How

How wilt thou then invoke the low'ring ſkies,
And Leda's ſon to hear thy fruitleſs cries!
How wilt thou thy adventrous fate deplore,
And bleſs the feet that tread the ſolid ſhore!
'Tis ſafer on your couch to ſit, and ſing
Some am'rous ſong, or touch the Thracian ſtring.
But if the winds ſhould bear my words away,
Or you deſpiſe what I in friendſhip ſay,
Do thou thy aid, oh Galatea, lend,
Corinna's ſhip with proſp'rous gales befriend.
Ye nymphs, and you their bearded ſire, beware
Leſt any hurt befall the ventrous fair.
What guilt her death would bring upon the ſea!
Your waters could not waſh the crime away.
Go then, but ever keep me freſh in mind,
Full be your ſails of a propitious wind,
And quickly may the friendly gales reſtore
My miſtreſs to this once forſaken ſhore.
I firſt ſhall from our coaſt, with ſearching eye,
Your ſhip returning to our harbour ſpy,
And that it brings our Gods with rapture cry.
When in mine arms the landing fair I catch,
Kiſſes on kiſſes numberleſs I'll fnatch.
The victim for your ſafe return decreed,
To pay my vows, ſhall on the altar bleed.
Inſtead of poliſh'd ſtone, the homely ſtrand
Shall ſerve us for a table, or the ſand.
We'll there refreſh, your health we there will drink,
And you ſhall tell me there, how like you were to ſink,
What riſk you ran, how near to ſuffer wreck,
And yet how bold you were to haſten back.
Nor ſtarleſs nights you fear'd, nor ſtormy ſea,
Nor danger dreaded, while you thought on me.

Tho'

Tho' 'tis all feign'd, I'll take it to be true,
And cheat my hopes, as lovers uſe to do.
Why ſhould I not as truth the tale receive?
'Twill pleaſe as well, if I as well believe.
Let Phœbus wing the hours, and haſte the day,
In heav'n diſtinguiſh'd by a brighter ray.

ELEGY XII.

The poet rejoices for the favours he has received of his miſtreſs.

IO Triumphe! I have won the prize,
For in my arms the fair Corinna lies.
Nor jealous huſband, nor a guardian's care,
Nor door defended with a double bar,
Cou'd fence againſt a lover's artifice;
For in my arms the fair Corinna lies.
With reaſon of my victory I boaſt,
The conqueſt gain'd, and yet no blood is loſt:
I ſcal'd no walls, I paſs'd no ditch profound,
Safe were my wars, and all without a wound.
My only work, a charming girl to gain,
The pleaſure well rewards the little pain.
Ten years the Greeks did in one ſiege employ,
But levell'd were, at length, the walls of Troy;
What glory was there by th' Atrides won,
So many chiefs before a ſingle town!
Not thus did I my pleaſant toils purſue,
And the whole glory to myſelf is due.
Myſelf was horſe and foot, myſelf alone
The captain and the ſoldier was in one,
And fought beneath no banner but my own.

Whether

Whether by ſtrength I combated, or wile,
Fortune did ever on my actions ſmile.
I only owe my triumph to my care,
And by my patience only won the fair.
Nor was my cauſe of quarrel new, the ſame
Set Europe, and proud Aſia in a flame.
For Helen, raviſh'd by the Dardan boy,
Was the war wag'd that ſunk the pride of Troy.
The Centaurs double-form'd, half man, half beaſt,
Defil'd with horrid war the nuptial feaſt;
Inflam'd by wine, and woman's magic charms,
They turn'd the jolly face of joy to arms.
'Twas woman urg'd the ſtrife, a ſecond fair
Involv'd the Trojans in a ſecond war.
What wreck, what ruin, did a woman bring
On peaceful Latium, and their pious king!
When Rome was young, and in her infant ſtate,
What woes did woman to our ſires create!
Into what peril was that city brought,
When Sabine fathers for their daughters fought!
Two luſty bulls I in the meads have view'd
In combat join'd, and by their ſide there ſtood
A milk-white heifer who provok'd the fight,
By each contended, but the conqu'ror's right.
She gives them courage, her they both regard,
As one that caus'd the war, and muſt reward.
Compell'd by Cupid in his hoſt to liſt,
And who that has a heart can love reſiſt?
His ſoldier I have been, without the guilt
Of blood, in any of our battles ſpilt.
For him I've fought, as many more have done,
And many rivals met, but murder'd none.

ELEGY

ELEGY XIII.

To Iſis. *A prayer that the Goddeſs would aſſiſt* Corinna, *and prevent her miſcarrying.*

WITH cruel art Corinna would deſtroy
The rip'ning fruit of our repeated joy.
While on herſelf ſhe practiſes her ſkill,
She's like the mother, not the child, to kill.
Me ſhe wou'd not acquaint with what ſhe did,
From me a thing, which I abhorr'd, ſhe hid;
Well might I now be angry, but I fear,
Ill as ſhe is, it might endanger her.
By me, I muſt confeſs, ſhe did conceive,
The fact is ſo, or elſe I ſo believe.
We've cauſe to think, what may ſo likely be,
So is, and then the babe belongs to me.
Oh Iſis, who delight'ſt to haunt the fields,
Where fruitful Nile his golden harveſts yields,
Where with ſeven mouths into the ſea it falls,
And haſt thy walks around Canope's walls,
Who Memphis viſit'ſt, and the Pharian tow'rs,
Aſſiſt Corinna with thy friendly pow'rs.
Thee by thy ſilver Siſtra I conjure,
A life ſo precious, by thy aid ſecure.
So may'ſt thou with Oſiris ſtill find grace;
By Anubis's venerable face,
I pray thee, ſo may ſtill thy rights divine
Flouriſh, and ſerpents round thy off'rings twine.
May Apis with his horns the pomp attend,
And be to thee, as thou'rt to her, a friend.
Look down, Oh Iſis, on the teeming fair;
And make at once, her life, and mine thy care.

Have

Have pity on her pains; the help you give
To her, her lover ſaves, in her I live.
From thee this favour ſhe deſerves: ſhe pays
Her vows to thee, on all thy ſolemn days;
And when the Galli at thy altars wait,
She's preſent at the feaſt they celebrate.
And thou, Lucina, who the lab'ring womb
Doſt with compaſſion view, to her aſſiſtance come.
Nor doſt thou, when to thee thy vot'ries pray
For ſpeedy help, thy wanted help delay.
Lucina, liſten to Corinna's pray'r,
Thy vot'ry ſhe, and worthy of thy care.
I'll with my off'rings to thy altar come,
With votive myrrh thy ſacred fane perfume.
The vows I make, that thou my fair may'ſt bleſs,
In words inſcrib'd, I'll on thy ſhrine expreſs.
Ovid, the ſervant of Corinna, pray'd
The Goddeſs here, the teeming dame to aid:
Ah Goddeſs, of my humble ſuit allow;
Give place to my inſcription and my vow.
If frighted as I am, I may preſume
Your conduct to direct in time to come,
Corinna, ſince you've ſuffer'd thus before,
Ah try the bold experiment no more.

ELEGY

ELEGY XIV.

To his Miſtreſs, who endeavour'd to make herſelf Miſcarry.

WHat boots it, that the fair are free from war,
And what, that they're forbid the ſhield to bear;
Againſt themſelves if they new arms employ,
And madly with new wounds their lives deſtroy?
The cruel mother, who did firſt contrive
Her babe to butcher, ere 'twas ſcarce alive,
Who thus from nature's tender dictates ſwerv'd,
To periſh by her proper hands deſerv'd.
Why do the ſex forget their ſoftneſs, why
Such projects, for a fooliſh fancy, try?
The belly muſt be ſmooth, no wrinkle there
To ſhock the lover's wanton glance appear.
His touch as well as ſight they fain would pleaſe,
And the womb early of its burden eaſe.
Had women ſooner known this wicked trade,
Among the race of men what havock had they made!
Mankind had been extinct, and loſt the ſeed,
Without a wonder to reſtore the breed;
As when Deucalion and his Pyrrha hurl'd
The ſtones, that ſow'd with men the delug'd world.
Had Thetis, Goddeſs of the ſea, refus'd
To bear the burden, and her fruit abus'd,
Who would have Priam's royal ſeat deſtroy'd?
Or had the veſtal, whom fierce Mars enjoy'd,
Stifled the twins within her pregnant womb,
What founder would have then been born to Rome?
Had Venus, when ſhe with Æneas teem'd,
To death, ere born, Anchiſes' ſon condemn'd,

The

The world had of the Cæſars been depriv'd;
Auguſtus ne'er had reign'd, nor Julius liv'd.
And thou whoſe beauty is the boaſt of fame,
Hadſt periſh'd, had thy mother done the ſame;
Nor had I liv'd love's faithful ſlave to be,
Had my own mother dealt as ill by me.
Ah vile invention, ah accurſt deſign,
To rob of rip'ning fruit the loaded vine!
Ah let it grow for nature's uſe mature,
Ah let it its full length of time endure.
'Twill of itſelf, alas, too ſoon decay,
And quickly fall, like autumn leaves, away.
Why barb'rouſly doſt thou thy bowels tear,
To kill the human load that quickens there?
On venom'd drugs why venture, to deſtroy
The pledge of pleaſure paſt, the promis'd boy?
Medea, guilty of her children's blood,
The mark of every age's curſe has ſtood;
And Atys murder'd by his mother's rage,
Been pity'd ſince by each ſucceeding age;
Their cruel parents by falſe lords abus'd,
Had yet ſome plea, tho' none their crime excus'd.
What, Jaſon, did your dire revenge provoke?
What, Tereus, urge you to the fatal ſtroke?
What rage your reaſon led ſo far away,
As furious hands upon yourſelf to lay?
The tigreſſes, that haunt th' Armenian wood,
Will ſpare their proper young, tho' pinch'd for food;
Nor will the Libyan lioneſſes ſlay
Their whelps; but women are more fierce than they,
More barb'rous to the tender fruit they bear,
Nor nature's call, tho' loud ſhe cries, will hear.
But righteous vengeance oft their crimes purſues,
And they are loſt themſelves, who wou'd their children loſe;

The pois'nous drugs, with mortal juices fill
Their veins, and undeſign'd, themſelves they kill.
Themſelves upon the bier are breathleſs born,
With hair ty'd up, which was in ringlets worn,
Thro' weeping crowds, that on their corps attend,
Well may they weep for their unhappy end.
Forbid it, heav'n, that what I ſay may prove
Preſaging to the fair, I blame, and love;
Thus let me ne'er, ye pow'rs, her death deplore,
'Twas her firſt fault, and ſhe'll offend no more.
No pardon ſhe'll deſerve, a ſecond time,
But, without mercy, puniſh then her crime.

ELEGY XV.

The poet ſpeaks to the ring, which he had ſent a preſent to his miſtreſs.

By an unknown Hand.

GO, happy ring, who art about to bind
The fair one's finger; may the fair be kind.
Small is the preſent, tho' the love be great;
May ſhe ſwift ſlip thee on thy taper ſeat.
As ſhe, and I, may thou with her agree,
And not too large, nor yet too little be.
To touch her hand, thou wilt the pleaſure have;
I now muſt envy, what myſelf I gave.
O! would a Proteus, or a Circe change
Me to thy form, that I like thee might range!
Then would I wiſh thee with her breaſts to play,
And her left hand beneath her robes to ſtray.

Tho'

Tho' ſtrait ſhe thought me, I will then appear,
Looſe, and unfix'd, and ſlip I know not where.
Whene'er ſhe writes ſome ſecret lines of love,
Leſt the dry gem and wax ſhould ſticking prove,
Me firſt ſhe moiſtens: then ſly care I take,
And but when lines I like, impreſſion make.
If in her pocket fain ſhe would me hide,
Cloſe will I preſs her finger, and not ſlide.
Then cry, my life, I ne'er ſhall thee diſgrace,
And I am light, give me my proper place.
Still let me ſtick, when in the bath you are;
If I catch damage, 'tis not worth your care.
Yea when the ring thy naked body ſpies,
It will transform, and I a man ariſe.
Why do I rave? thou little trifle, go,
And that I die for her, let the dear creature know.

ELEGY XVI.

He invites his Miſtreſs into the country.

I'M now at—where my eyes can view
Their old delights, but what I want in you:
Here purling ſtreams cut thro' my pleaſing bowers,
Adorn my banks, and raiſe my drooping flowers:
Here trees with bending fruit in order ſtand,
Invite my eye, and tempt my greedy hand;
But half the pleaſure of enjoyment's gone;
Since I muſt pluck them ſingle, and alone:
Why could not nature's kindneſs firſt contrive
That faithful lovers ſhould like ſpirits live,

Mixt

Mixt in one point, and yet divided lie
Enjoying an united liberty?
But ſince we muſt thro' diſtant regions go,
Why was not the ſame way deſign'd for two?
One ſingle care determin'd ſtill for both,
And the kind virgin join'd the loving youth?
Then ſhould I think it pleaſant way to go
O'er Alpine froſt, and trace the hills of ſnow;
Then ſhould I dare to view the horrid Moors,
And walk the deſarts of the Libyan ſhores;
Hear Scylla bark, and ſee Charybdis rave,
Suck in and vomit out the threat'ning wave:
Fearleſs thro' all I'd ſteer my feeble barge,
Secure, and ſafe with the celeſtial charge:
But now though here my grateful fields afford
Choice fruits to cheer their melancholy lord;
Though here obedient ſtreams the gard'ner leads,
In narrow channels thro' my flow'ry beds;
The poplars riſe, and ſpread a ſhady grove,
Where I might lie, my little life improve,
And ſpend my minutes 'twixt a muſe and love:
Yet theſe contribute little to my eaſe,
For without you they loſe the power to pleaſe:
I ſeem to walk o'er fields of naked ſand,
Or tread an antick maze in fairy land.
Where frightful ſpectres, and pale ſhades appear,
And hollow groans invade my troubled ear:
Where every breeze, that thro' my arbour flies,
Firſt ſadly murmurs, and then turns to ſighs.
The vines love elms; what elms from vines remove?
Then why ſhould I be parted from my love?
And yet by me you once devoutly ſwore,
By your own eyes, thoſe ſtars that I adore,
That all my buſ'neſs you would make your own,
And never ſuffer me to be alone;

But faithleſs woman nat'rally deceives,
Their frequent oaths are like the falling leaves.
Which when a ſtorm has from the branches tore,
Are toſt by every blaſt, and ſeen no more:
Yet if you will be true, your vows retrieve,
Be kind, and I can eaſily forgive;
Prepare your coach, to me direct your courſe,
Drive fiercely on, and laſh the lazy horſe;
And while you ride I will prolong the day,
And try the power of verſe to ſmooth your way:
Sink down ye mountains, ſink ye lofty hills,
Ye valleys be obedient to her wheels,
Ye ſtreams be dry, ye hind'ring woods remove,
'Tis love that drives, and all muſt yield to love.

ELEGY XVII.

He tells Corinna, *he will always be her Slave.*

IF there's a wretch, who thinks it is a ſhame
To ſerve a lovely, and a loving dame;
If ſuch a ſlave he loads with infamy,
I'm willing he ſhould judge as hard of me.
I'm willing all the world ſhould know my ſhame,
If Venus will abate my raging flame:
Let me a fair and gentle miſtreſs have,
And then proclaim aloud that I'm her ſlave.
Beauty is apt to ſwell a maiden's mind,
And thus Corinna is to pride inclin'd;
But as ſhe is above all maidens fair,
What's pride in them, is inſolence in her:
Leſs fair I wiſh ſhe was, or knew it leſs.
How learnt ſhe, ſhe is lovely by her face?

Her mirror tells her ſo, ſhe often tries
Her mirror, and believes her charming eyes.
The looks ſhe then puts on, are ſtill her beſt,
And ſhe ne'er uſes it, but when ſhe's dreſt.
Tho' wide the empire of your beauties ſpread,
Beauty to draw my am'rous glances made,
Compare your ſervant's merit with your eyes,
You'll find no cauſe his ſervice to deſpiſe.
Don't think I preſs upon your pride too hard,
For little things may be with great compar'd:
We're told Calypſo, an immortal pow'r,
Detain'd a mortal in th' Ogygian bow'r,
And when her pray'r to ſtay he wou'd not grant,
So ſtrong her love, ſhe kept him by conſtraint.
A Nereid took the Pythian to her arms,
And Numa knew divine Egeria's charms.
Vulcan tho' lame, and of a form obſcene,
Was oft made happy by the Paphian queen;
She matter'd not his limping, but approv'd
His flame, and ſaw no faults in him ſhe lov'd;
My verſes are unequal, like his feet,
Yet the long kindly with the ſhorter meet.
As they with them, why ſhoud'ſt thou not with me
Comply, my life, and my divinity?
Myſelf, when I am in thy arms, I'll own
Thy ſubject, and the bed ſhall be thy throne;
Thou there, my lovely queen, ſhalt give me laws,
Nor in my abſence to rejoice have cauſe,
Nor ever ſhall my ſervices be blam'd,
Nor ſhalt thou of thy ſervant be aſham'd.
My poetry's my purſe, my fortune's there,
I have no other way to win the fair;
Nor is that way the worſt, the brighteſt dames
Wou'd in my verſe immortalize their names;

My muſe the place of an eſtate ſupplies,
And none that know her worth, her wealth deſpiſe,
Some tempted by Corinna's ſpreading fame,
In envy rob her, and uſurp her name:
What would they give, d'ye think, to be the ſame?
But neither could Eurotas, nor the Po,
With poplar ſhaded, in one channel flow;
By diff'rent, and by diſtant banks they glide,
Are rivers both, but various is their tide.
There are more beauties, but there's none like thine,
There are more verſe, but thou haſt only mine;
No other charms can e'er inſpire my muſe,
And other themes I with diſdain refuſe.

ELEGY XVIII.

To Macer, *blaming him for not writing of Love, as He did.*

WHile, Macer, you Achilles' choler ſing,
And Greece before the walls of Illium bring,
While feats of arms in Phrygian fields you tell,
And how old Troy by Grecian vengeance fell;
I my ſoft hours in ſofter ſongs employ,
And all my leiſure give to love and joy.
When to high acts my voice I ſtrive to raiſe,
Love laughs at my attempt, and mocks my lays:
Begone, I often to my miſtreſs cry,
But have not courage, yet, myſelf to fly.
Whene'er ſhe ſees me in this ſullen fit,
She fondles me, and on my knee will ſit:

Enough of this, ſay I, for ſhame give o'er,
Enough of love, we'll play the fool no more.
Ah, is it then a ſhame to love? ſhe cries;
And chides, and melts me with her weeping eyes,
Around my neck her ſnowy arms ſhe throws,
And to my lips with ſtifling kiſſes grows:
How can I all this tenderneſs refuſe?
At once my wiſdom, and my will I loſe.
I'm conquer'd, and renounce the glorious ſtrain
Of arms, and war, to ſing of love again:
My themes are acts, which I myſelf have done,
And my muſe ſings no battles, but my own.
Once I confeſs I did the drama try,
And ventur'd with ſucceſs on tragedy;
My Genius with a moving ſcene agrees,
And if I ventur'd farther I might pleaſe:
But love of my heroics makes a jeſt,
And laughs to ſee me in my buſkins dreſt.
Aſham'd, and weary of this tragick whim,
For tender thoughts I quitted the ſublime.
My mind my miſtreſs bends another way,
Her muſt my muſe, in all her ſongs, obey:
Tho' oft I do not what I write approve,
Like, or not like it, I muſt ſing of love.
Whether for Ithaca's illuſtrious dame
To great Ulyſſes I a letter frame,
Or for Oenone tender things indite,
Or ſoft complaints for injur'd Phyllis write;
Whether fair Canace's inceſtuous care
I ſooth, or flatter Dido's fierce deſpair:
Whether I fan Medea's raging fire,
Or for ſweet Sappho touch the Leſbian lyre;
Whether I Phædra's lawleſs love relate,
Or Theſeus' flight and Ariadne's fate:

Oh

Oh that Sabinus, my departed friend,
Cou'd from all quarters now his anſwers ſend!
Ulyſſes' hand ſhou'd to his queen be known,
And wretched Phædra hear from Theſeus' ſon;
Dido Æneas' anſwer ſhould receive,
And Phyllis Demophoon's, if alive.
Jaſon ſhould to Hypſipyle return
A ſad reply, and Sappho ceaſe to mourn;
Nor him whom ſhe can ne'er poſſeſs deſire,
But give to Phœbus' fane her votive lyre.
As much as you in lofty epics deal,
You, Macer, ſhew that you love's paſſion feel,
And ſenſible of beauty's pow'rful charms,
You hear their call amid the noiſe of arms.
A place for Paris in your verſe we find,
And Helen's to the young adult'rer kind;
There lovely Laodamia mourns her lord,
The firſt that fell by Hector's fatal ſword:
If well I know you, and your mind can tell,
The theme's as grateful, and you like as well
To tune your lyre for Cupid, as for Mars,
And Thracian combats change for Paphian wars;
If well I know you, and your works deſign
Your will, you often quit your camp for mine.

ELEGY XIX.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

IF for thyſelf thou wilt not watch thy whore,
Watch her for me, that I may love her more.
What comes with eaſe we nauſeouſly receive,
Who, but a ſot, wou'd ſcorn to love with leave?

With hopes and fears my flames are blown up higher;
Make me deſpair, and then I can deſire.
Give me a jilt to teaſe my jealous mind;
Deceits are virtues in the female kind.
Corinna my fantaſtic humour knew,
Play'd trick for trick, and kept herſelf ſtill new:
She, that next night I might the ſharper come,
Fell out with me, and ſent me faſting home;
Or ſome pretence to lie alone wou'd take;
Whene'er ſhe pleas'd, her head, and teeth wou'd ake:
'Till having won me to the higheſt ſtrain,
She took occaſion to be ſweet again.
With what a guſt, ye Gods, we then embrac'd!
How ev'ry kiſs was dearer than the laſt!
Thou whom I now adore, be edify'd,
Take care that I may often be deny'd.
Forget the promis'd hour, or feign ſome fright,
Make me lie rough on bulks each other night.
'Theſe are the arts that beſt ſecure thy reign,
And this the food, that muſt my fires maintain.
Groſs eaſy love does, like groſs diet, pall,
In ſqueaſy ſtomachs honey turns to gall.
Had Danaë not been kept in brazen tow'rs,
Jove had not thought her worth his golden ſhow'rs.
When Juno to a cow turn'd Io's ſhape,
The watchman help'd her to a ſecond leap.
Let him who loves an eaſy whetſtone whore,
Pluck leaves from trees, and drink the common ſhore.
The jilting harlot ſtrikes the ſureſt blow,
A truth which I by ſad experience know.
The kind poor conſtant creature we deſpiſe;
Man but purſues the quarry while it flies.
But thou dull huſband of a wife too fair,
Stand on thy guard, and watch the precious ware;

If

If creaking doors, or barking dogs thou hear,
Or windows ſcratch'd, ſuſpect a rival there.
An orange wench wou'd tempt thy wife abroad;
Kick her, for ſhe's a letter-bearing bawd;
In ſhort, be jealous as the devil in hell;
And ſet my wit on work to cheat thee well.
The ſneaking city-cuckold is my ſoe,
I ſcorn to ſtrike, but when he wards the blow.
Look to thy hits, and leave off thy conniving,
I'll be no drudge to any wittal living;
I have been patient, and forborn thee long,
In hope thou wou'dſt not pocket up thy wrong:
If no affront can rouſe thee, underſtand
I'll take no more indulgence at thy hand.
What, ne'er to be forbid thy houſe, and wife!
Damn him who loves to lead ſo ill a life.
Now I can neither ſigh, nor whine, nor pray,
All thoſe occaſions thou haſt ta'en away.
Why art thou ſo incorrigibly civil?
Do ſomewhat I may wiſh thee at the devil.
For ſhame be no accomplice in my treaſon,
A pimping huſband is too much in reaſon.
Once more wear horns, before I quite forſake her,
In hopes whereof, I reſt thy cuckold-maker.

OVID's AMOURS.

BOOK III.

ELEGY I.

The poet deliberates with himſelf, whether he ſhould continue writing Elegies, or attempt Tragedy.

UNhurt by ſteel, aroſe an ancient wood,
A manſion fit for ſome retiring God;
With craggy ſtones a ſecret grot was hung,
And in the midſt a ſacred fountain ſprung;
The courting birds, repeating ſongs of love,
With ſoft complainings ſweetly fill'd the grove:
Here wand'ring thoughtful, and intent to chuſe
Some theme unſung, to pleaſe the buſy muſe;
Fair elegy came on with gentle pace,
Unforc'd her air, and eaſy was her grace.
Her flaxen hair in curious treſſes wreath'd,
Ambroſial ſweets and heav'nly odours breath'd;
A ſimple dreſs the careleſs charmer bore,
And loving looks, and ſmiles unartful wore:
Next came the Goddeſs of the tragic ſcene,
With ſtately tread, and proud majeſtic mien;
Her front ſevere, with hanging curls was drown'd,
Her length of robe was full, and ſwept the ground;

Her

Her hand held out a regal ſceptre grac'd,
And Lydian buſkins half her legs embrac'd.
She firſt; "Muſt love for ever tune thy voice,
"Fond idle bard, and trifling in thy choice?
"Thy wanton ſongs employ the drunkard's tongue,
"In ev'ry ſtreet thy ribal'd lays are ſung;
"The finger marks thee in thy paſſing by,
"Behold, where goes the ſlave of love, they cry.
"Thy lewd exploits, thou profligate, are grown
"The publick theme, and talk of all the town;
"Whilſt unconcern'd, and loſt to ſenſe of ſhame,
"Thou ſtill runn'ſt on, nor mind'ſt thy ruin'd fame.
"Enough thou'ſt told the plaints of fond deſire,
"Now let a nobler inſpiration fire;
"Thy matter cramps thy genius, learn to find
"A manly ſubject, and exert thy mind.
"In ſongs for girls, fond toys, and idle play,
"Thy muſe has wanton'd all her hours away.
"But youth at length has fill'd its meaſure up;
"My friend, 'tis time to taſte of t'other cup.
"Now in my ſervice let thy force be ſhown,
"Aſſert my honour, and retrieve thy own;
"Thy ſprightly fancy, and inventive wit,
"The lofty ſtyle of tragic ſcenes will fit.
She ſaid; and proudly riſing in her gait,
Thrice ſhook her treſſes, and diſplay'd her ſtate.
With open look, (nor was my ſight beguil'd)
And joyous eyes her rival ſweetly ſmil'd;
Suſtain'd her hand a myrtle branch upright?
Or did my fancy form the charming ſight?
"Still ſo ſevere, O tragedy! ſhe cry'd:
"And canſt thou ne'er forego thy ſullen pride?
"I not compare my lowly lays to thine;
"Too weak materials for the vaſt deſign.

" The ſtyle unlabour'd, negligent the dreſs,
" My verſe is humbler, and my matter leſs.
" Gay, wanton, ſoft, my buſineſs is to move,
" With melting ſtrains, the playful God of love.
" Bereft of me, fair Venus wants her charms,
" I help the Goddeſs, and prepare her arms.
" My luring arts, and ſoothing lays prevail,
" Where lofty port, and tragic buſkins fail.
" I more deſerve, by making that my care,
" Thy rigid pride allows not thee to bear:
" By me, Corinna firſt was taught to try
" To break from priſon, and deceive the ſpy;
" I firſt induc'd the fearful fair to ſlide
" With trembling caution from her huſband's ſide;
" When to thy arms, all looſe, and diſ-array'd,
" Prepar'd for pleaſure, flew the melting maid.
" Fix'd on her door, how oft I've hung on high,
" Expos'd, and patient of each gazing eye!
" How oft, in ſecret, while the keeper ſtay'd,
" Within her woman's panting boſom laid!
" Once ſent a birth-day gift, the cruel dame
" In pieces tore, and gave me to the flame.
" I taught thee firſt to cultivate thy mind;
" Thy fancy brighten'd, and thy wit refin'd:
" Thou to my care thoſe merits muſt allow,
" For which my rival would ſeduce thee now.
They ſpoke, I anſwer'd. " Let me both conjure
" To ſpare a mind, with terrors unſecure;
" Nor to my charge, when once pronounc'd, be laid
" As crimes, the words my trembling tongue has ſaid.
" To gain me glory, thy decrees ordain
" The regal ſceptre, and the tragic ſtrain;
" With painful labour need I toil for fame,
" When eaſier taſks already raiſe my name?

Thou

" Thou mak'ſt my love immortal: Thee I chuſe;
" Be thou my queen, and ſtill command my muſe.
" Majeſtic pow'r, forgive my ſimple choice,
" Thy gentle rival has obtain'd my voice.
" Short is the time, in which her palm is won;
" Ere thine is gain'd, the poet's life is done.
I lowly ſaid; She gracious gave aſſent,
And diff'rent ways the parting rivals went;
Ye gentle loves, compleat the work aſſign'd,
A greater labour ſeems to preſs behind.

ELEGY II.

To his miſtreſs at the horſe-race.

By HENRY CROMWELL, *Eſq;*

NOT in the Circus do I ſit to view
The running-horſes, but to gaze on you;
Near you I chuſe an advantageous place,
And whilſt your eyes are fix'd upon the race,
Mine are on you——Thus do we feaſt our ſight,
Each alike pleas'd with objects of delight;
In ſofter whiſpers I my paſſion move,
You of the rider talk, but I of love.
When, to pleaſe you, I ſtraight my ſubject quit,
And change my wiſhes to your favourite;
Oh might I ride, and be ſo much your care,
I'd ſtart with courage from the barrier,
And with a ſwift ſhort compaſs bruſh the goal——
Unleſs the ſight of you my courſe reſtrains,
And makes my hands forego the looſen'd reins;

As Pelops gaz'd on Hippodamia's face,
'Till he had almoſt loſt th' important race;
Yet he his miſtreſs by her favour won;
So may our prize aſſiſt us when we run.
What mean theſe ſtarts? you muſt not, can't remove;
This kind auſpicious place was fram'd for love.
I fear you're crowded,——Gentlemen, forbear,
Pray let your arms and knees the lady ſpare;
Madam, your gown hangs down—nay, pray let me—
Oh heav'ns! what fine, what curious legs I ſee!
Sure, who Diana in a foreſt drew,
Copy'd in this the graceful'ſt part from you;
Such Atalant diſcovering as ſhe ran,
What rapt'rous wiſhes ſeiz'd Minalion!
I burn'd and rag'd before——what then are theſe,
But flames on flames, and waters to the ſeas?
By theſe a thouſand other charms are gueſt,
Which are ſo advantageouſly ſuppreſs'd.
Oh for ſome air! this ſcorching heat remove,
Your fan would do't—but 'tis the heat of love.
But now the pomp appears, the ſacred throng
Command applauſes from the heart and tongue;
Firſt vict'ry with expanded wings does move,
Be near, (O Goddeſs!) to aſſiſt my love;
To Mars let warriors acclamations raiſe,
The merchants tongues reſound with Neptune's praiſe;
Whilſt I, whom neither ſeas nor arms invite,
In love alone, the fruit of peace, delight;
To their Apollo let the prophets pray,
And hunters to Diana homage pay,
Let the mechanics to Minerva vow,
Ruſticks to Ceres, and to Bacchus bow;
Whilſt I devote myſelf to thee alone,
Kind Venus, and the pow'rful God thy ſon;

O be

O be propitious to my enterprize,
Inform with all thy ſoftneſs theſe fair eyes,
And to love's cauſe her gentle breaſt incline;
She grants, and has confirm'd it with a ſign;
Do you aſſure it too, you who're to me
(With Venus' leave) the mightier deity.
By all theſe heav'nly witneſſes, to you
Will I be ever faithful, ever true.
Now in the open Cirque the game's begun,
The prætor gives the ſignal, now they run;
I ſee which way your wiſhes are inclin'd,
To him a certain conqueſt is deſign'd;
For ev'n the horſes ſeem to know your mind.
He takes too large a compaſs to come in,
And lets his adverſary get between;
Recal him, Romans, for a ſecond heat,
And clear the courſe——
Now ſee your ground you better do maintain,
This lady's favour, and your fame, regain;
The prize is his—As yours ſucceſsful prove,
So let my wiſhes, which are all for love;
I'm yet to conquer, and your heart's the prize:
Something ſhe promis'd with her ſparkling eyes,
And ſmil'd;—Enough, did I tranſported cry,
The reſt I'll leave to opportunity.

ELEGY

ELEGY III.

Of his perjur'd Miſtreſs.

By the ſame Hand.

CAN there be Gods?—has ſhe not falſly ſwore?
Yet is the beauty that ſhe was before!
The curious treſſes of her dangling hair,
As long, and graceful ſtill as e'er they were;
That ſame inimitable white, and red,
Which o'er her face was ſo diſtinctly ſpread,
The roſes, and the lilies keep their place,
And ev'ry feature ſtill as juſtly grace;
Her ſparkling eyes their luſtre ſtill retain,
That form, that perfect ſhape does ſtill remain,
As if ſhe ne'er had ſinn'd:—And heav'n ('tis plain)
Suff'ring the fairer ſex to break their vows,
To the ſuperior pow'r of beauty bows.
T' inforce my credit to her perjuries,
Oft wou'd ſhe ſwear by thoſe perſuaſive eyes;
As if that charm had been too weak to move,
Sh'as added mine;—tell me, ye pow'rs above,
Why all this pain? why are theſe guiltleſs eyes
For her offence th' atoning ſacrifice?
Was't not enough, Andromeda has dy'd,
An expiation for her mother's pride?
Is't not enough, that unconcern'd you ſee
(Vain witneſſes for truth, for faith, for me,)
Such an affront put on divinity;
Yet no revenge the daring crime purſue,
But the deceiv'd muſt be her victim too?
Either the Gods are empty notions, crept
Into the minds of dreamers, as they ſlept,

In

In vain are fear'd, are but the tricks of law,
To keep the fooliſh cred'lous world in awe;
Or, if there be a God, he loves the fair,
And all things at their ſole diſpoſal are.
For us are all the inſtruments of war
Deſign'd, the ſword of Mars, and Pallas' ſpear,
'Gainſt us alone Apollo's bows are bent,
And at our heads Jove's brandiſh'd thunder ſent;
Yet of the ladies, oh! how fond are they!
Dare not the inj'ries, they receive, repay,
But thoſe, who ought to fear 'em, they obey.
Jove to his votaries is moſt ſevere,
Temples nor altars does his light'ning ſpare.
Obliging Semele in flames expires,
But thoſe, who merit, can eſcape the fires;
Is this the juſtice of your pow'rs divine?
Who then will offer incenſe at a ſhrine?
Why do we thus reproach the deities?
Have they not hearts?—and ſurely they have eyes.
Nay, had I been a God, I had believ'd
The lovely criminals, and been deceiv'd;
Had wav'd the judgments to their perj'ries due,
And ſworn myſelf that all they ſpoke was true.
Since then the Gods ſuch ample gifts beſtow,
As make you abſolute o'er men below;
Pray let me find ſome mercy in your reign;
Or ſpare at leaſt your lover's eyes from pain.

ELEGY

ELEGY IV.

To a man that lock'd up his wife.

By Sir CHARLES SEDLEY.

VEX not thyſelf, and her, vain man, ſince all
By their own vice, or virtue, ſtand, or fall.
She's truly chaſte, and worthy of that name,
Who hates the ill, as well as fears the ſhame:
And that vile woman whom reſtraint keeps in,
Though ſhe forbear the act, has done the ſin.
Spies, locks, and bolts may keep her brutal part,
But thou'rt an odious cuckold in her heart.
They that have freedom uſe it leaſt, and ſo
The power of ill does the deſign o'erthrow.
Provoke not vice by a too harſh reſtraint;
Sick men long moſt to drink, who know they may'nt.
The fiery courſer, whom no art can ſtay,
Or rugged force, does oft fair means obey:
And he that did the rudeſt arm diſdain,
Submits with quiet to the looſer rein.
An hundred eyes had Argos, yet the while
One ſilly maid did all thoſe eyes beguile.
Danae, though ſhut within a brazen tow'r,
Felt the male virtue of the golden ſhow'r:
But chaſte Penelope, left to her own will,
And free diſpoſal, never thought of ill;
She to her abſent lord preſerv'd her truth,
For all th' addreſſes of the ſmoother youth.
What's rarely ſeen, our fancy magnifies;
Permitted pleaſure who does not deſpiſe?
Thy care provokes beyond her face, and more
Men ſtrive to make the cuckold, than the whore.

They're

They're wond'rous charms we think, and long to know
That in a wife inchant a huſband ſo:
Rage, ſwear, and curſe, no matter, ſhe alone
Pleaſes, who ſighs, and cries, I am undone.
But could thy ſpies ſay, we have kept her chaſte;
Good ſervants then, but an ill wife thou haſt.
Who fears to be a cuckold is a clown,
Not worthy to partake of this lewd town;
Where it is monſtrous to be fair, and chaſte,
And not one inch of either ſex lies waſte.
Would'ſt thou be happy? with her ways comply,
And in her caſe lay points of honour by:
The friendſhip ſhe begins wiſely improve,
And a fair wife gets one a world of love:
So ſhalt thou welcome be to every treat,
Live high, not pay, and never run in debt.

ELEGY V.

The Dream.

By Henry Cromwell, *Eſq;*

'TWAS in the midſt and ſilent dead of night,
When heavy ſleep oppos'd my weary ſight,
This viſion did my troubled mind affright.
To Sol expos'd there ſtood a riſing ground,
Which caſt beneath a ſpacious ſhade around;
A gloomy grove of ſpreading oaks below,
And various birds were perch'd on ev'ry bough:
Juſt on the margin of a verdant mead,
Where murm'ring brooks refreſhing waters ſpread:

To

To ſhun the heat, I ſought this cool receſs;
But in this ſhade, I felt my heat no leſs:
When browzing o'er the flow'ry graſs appear'd
A lovely cow, the faireſt of the herd;
By ſpotleſs white diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt;
Whiter than milk from her own udders preſs'd,
Whiter than falling, or the driven ſnow,
Before deſcending miſts can make it flow.
She, with a luſty bull, her happy mate,
Delighted, on the tender herbage ſate;
There, as he cropt the flowers, and chews the cud,
Feaſting a ſecond time upon his food,
His limbs with ſudden heavineſs oppreſs'd,
He bends his head, and ſinks to pleaſing reſt.
A noiſy crow, cleaving the liquid air,
Thrice with lewd bill pick'd off the heifer's hair;
The gloſſy white imbib'd a ſpreading blot,
But on her breaſt appear'd a livid ſpot:
The cow roſe ſlowly from her conſort's ſide,
But when afar the grazing bull ſhe ſpy'd,
Friſk'd to the herd, with an impetuous haſte,
And pleas'd, in new luxuriant ſoil, her taſte.
Oh learn'd diviner!
What may this viſionary dream portend?
If dreams in any future truth can end.
The prophet nicely weighs what I relate,
And thus denounces in the voice of fate:
That heat you try'd to ſhun i'th' ſhady grove,
But ſhunn'd in vain, was the fierce heat of love;
The cow denotes the nymph, your only care;
For white's th' expreſſive image of the fair;
And you the bull, abandon'd to deſpair:
The picking crow, ſome buſy bawd implies,
Who with baſe arts will ſoon ſeduce your prize:

You

You ſaw the cow to freſher paſtures range:
So will your nymph for richer lovers change;
As mixing with the herd you ſaw her rove;
So will the fair purſue promiſcuous love;
Soon will you find a foul inceſtuous blot,
As on the cow you view'd the livid ſpot.
At this my blood retir'd, with diſmal fright,
And left me pale as death; my fainting ſight
Was quite o'ercaſt in duſky ſhades of night.

ELEGY VI.

To a River, as he was going to his Miſtreſs.

By Mr. RHYMER.

THy courſe, thy noble courſe a while forbear,
I am in haſte now going to my dear;
Thy banks how rich, thy ſtream how worthy praiſe!
Alas my haſte! ſweet river, let me paſs.
No bridges here, no ferry, not an oar,
Or rope to hawl me to the farther ſhore?
I have remembred thee a little one,
Who now with all this flood com'ſt blund'ring down.
Did I refuſe my ſleep, my wine, my friend,
To ſpur along, and muſt I hear attend?
No art to help me to my journey's end!
Ye Lapland powers, make me ſo far a witch,
I may aſtride get over on a ſwitch.
Oh for ſome griffin, or that flying horſe,
Or any monſter to aſſiſt my courſe:

I wiſh

I wiſh his art that mounted to the moon,
In ſhorter journey wou'd my job be done.
Why rave I for what crack-brain'd bards deviſe,
Or name their lewd unconſcionable lyes?
Good river, let me find thy courteſy,
Keep within bounds, and may'ſt thou ne'er be dry.
Thou can'ſt not think it ſuch a mighty boaſt,
A torrent has a gentle lover croſt.
Rivers ſhould rather take the lover's ſide;
Rivers themſelves love's wond'rous pow'r have try'd;
'Twas on this ſcore Inachus, pale, and wan,
Sickly, and green into the ocean ran:
Long before Troy the ten-years ſiege did fear,
Thou, Xanthus, thou Neæra's chains didſt wear.
Aſk Acheloüs who his horns did drub,
Straight he complains of Hercules's club.
For Calydon, for all Ætolia
Was then conteſted ſuch outrageous fray?
(It neither was for gold, nor yet for fee)
Deïanira, it was all for thee.
E'en Nile ſo rich, that rolls through ſeven wide doors,
And uppiſh over all his country ſcours;
For Aſop's daughter did ſuch flame contract,
As not by all that ſtock of water ſlack'd.
I might an hundred goodly rivers name,
But muſt not paſs by thee, immortal Thame;
Ere thou cou'dſt Iſis to thy boſom take,
How didſt thou wind, and wander for her ſake!
The luſty——with broad Humber ſtrove,
Was it for fame? I ſay, it was for love.
What makes the noble Ouſe up from the main
With hideous roar come briſtling back again;
He thinks his deareſt Derwent left behind,
Or fears her falſe, in new embraces join'd.

Thee

Thee alſo ſome ſmall girl has warm'd, we gueſs,
Tho' woods and foreſts now hide thy ſoft place.
Whilſt this I ſpeak, it ſwells, and broader grows;
And o'er the higheſt banks impetuous flows.
Dog-flood, what art to me? Or why doſt check
Our mutual joys? and (churl) my journey break?
What wou'dſt, if thee indeed ſome noble race,
Or high deſcent, and glorious name did grace?
When of no ancient houſe, or certain ſeat
(Nor, known before this time, untimely, great)
Rais'd by ſome ſudden thaw thus high, and proud,
No holding thee, ill-manner'd upſtart flood.
Not my love-tales can make thee ſtay thy courſe,
Thou—zounds, thou art a—river for a horſe.
Thou hadſt no fountain, but from bears were piſt,
From ſnows, and thaws, or Scotch unſav'ry miſt.
Thou crawl'ſt along, in winter, foul, and poor,
In ſummer puddl'd like a common-ſhore.
In all thy days when did'ſt a courteſy?
Dry traveller ne'er lay'd a lip to thee.
Thee bane to cattle, to the meadows worſe,
For ſomething, all, I, for my ſufferings, curſe,
To ſuch unworthy wretch, how am I ſham'd,
That I the gen'rous am'rous river nam'd!
When Nile, and Acheloüs I diſplay'd,
And Thame, and Ouſe, what worm was in my head?
For thy reward, diſcourteous river, I
Wiſh, be the ſummers hot, the winters dry.

ELEGY

ELEGY VII.

Ovid *laments his imperfect Enjoyment.*

By an unknown Hand.

WAS ſhe not heav'nly fair, and rich attir'd?
Was ſhe not that, which all my ſoul deſir'd?
Yet were theſe arms around her idly ſpread,
And with an uſeleſs load I preſs'd the bed.
Ev'n to my wiſhes was the pow'r deny'd,
When with my wiſhes the kind nymph comply'd.
I lay without life's animated ſpring,
A dull, enervate, worthleſs, lumpiſh thing.
My neck ſhe folded with a ſoft embrace,
Now kiſs'd my eyes, now wanton'd o'er my face,
Now lov'd to dart her humid tongue to mine,
Now would her pliant limbs around me twine,
And ſooth, by thouſand ways, the ſweet deſign.
The moving blandiſhments of ſound ſhe try'd,
And my dear life, my ſoul, my all, ſhe cry'd.
In vain, alas! the nerves were ſlacken'd ſtill,
And I prov'd only potent in my will.
A poor, unactive ſign of man I made,
And might as well for uſe have been a ſhade.
If old I live, how ſhall I old prevail,
When in my youth I thus inglorious fail?
The bloom of years becomes my ſhameful moan,
Now in full growth the ripen'd man is ſhown,
But not the ſtrength of man to her was known.
Untouch'd by brothers, ſiſters thus retire,
Or veſtals riſe to watch th' eternal fire.

Yet

Yet many a nymph, whom I forbear to name,
Have kindly yielded and indulg'd my flame,
Nor could the vigour of their Ovid blame.
Corinna knows, when numb'ring the delight,
Not leſs than nine full tranſports crown'd the night.
Is verſe, or herbs the ſource of preſent harms?
Am I a captive to Theſſalian charms?
Has ſome enchantreſs this confuſion brought,
And in ſoft wax my tortur'd image wrought?
Deep in the liver is the needle fix'd?
Plagues ſhe by numbers, or by juices mix'd?
By numbers, ſudden the ripe harveſts die,
And fruitful urns no more their ſtreams ſupply:
Oaks ſhed, unſhook, their acorns at the call,
And the vine wonders why her cluſters fall.
Why may not magic act on me the ſame,
Unſtring the nerves, and quite untune the frame?
Gall'd at the heart, and longing to perform,
I rais'd indeed, but rais'd an empty ſtorm.
Moſt diſappointed, when the moſt propenſe,
And ſhame was ſecond cauſe of impotence.
What limbs I touch'd! and only touch'd: Oh fy,
Where was the bliſsful touch? her ſhift can vie
In feats, like theſe, and touch, as well as I.
Yet to touch her, ev'n Neſtor might grow young,
And centuries, like twenty one, be ſtrung.
Such was the maid; the parallel had ran
Graceful, if I could add, ſuch was the man.
Some envious deity with vengeance glow'd,
So ſweet a gift had been ſo ill beſtow'd.
I burn to claſp her naked in my arms,
Did ſhe not freely open all her charms?
What boots good fortune, if we want the pow'r
To ſnatch the pleaſures of the favour'd hour?

I,

I, like a miſer, only could behold,
And brooded o'er an uſeleſs mine of gold.
So Tantalus with fruit untouch'd is curs'd,
And dies, amid the gliding ſtream, of thirſt.
So riſes early from th' untaſted fair
The grave old prelate, and kneels down to pray'r.
Were yet her melting kiſſes miſemploy'd?
Did ſhe ſtrive vainly to be well enjoy'd?
Sure ſhe has beauties might deaf rocks enchant,
Bend the proud oak, and ſoften adamant.
She would have mov'd a man, tho' almoſt dead,
But with my manhood the whole life was fled.
If none ſhould lend an ear, why is the ſong,
Or painted nymphs ſhown to a blinded throng?
Ye gods! what joys did not my fancy raiſe!
I curl'd in folds of love a thouſand ways.
Strong were my thoughts, but ah! my body lay
Languid as roſes pluck'd off yeſterday.
Now all the blood the circling ſpirits fire,
And the loſt field impertinent require:
Begone, untimely nerves! I truſt no more:
Such was the promiſe of your ſtrength before.
Could you the fair one balk of her delight,
Diſgrace your maſter by ſo baſe a fright,
And want the courage for ſo ſweet a fight?
Did ſhe not kindly too your ſtay demand,
And tempt it ſoftly with a ſoothing hand?
But when ſolicitings no life could gain,
And inſpirations, tho' from her, were vain;
Who bade thee thus thyſelf to me to bring?
Go for a ſilly, unperforming thing:
Art thou a wretch by ſome curs'd ſpell deſtroy'd.
Or here com'ſt fribbling with paſt pleaſures cloy'd?
She ſpoke, and ſpringing from the bed ſhe flew,
And ſecret beauties ſo diſclos'd to view:

Yet to conceal the joyleſs night's diſgrace,
She call'd for water with a ſmiling face,
And waſh'd a nameleſs, unpolluted place.

ELEGY VIII.

He complains that his Miſtreſs did not give him a favourable Reception.

What coxcomb will in future times think fit
To build, in love, his fortune on his wit?
Wealth now is worth, whatever 'twas of old,
And merit valu'd by its weight in gold.
With male and female this is now the rule,
And he that's poor, of courſe muſt be a fool.
The dame to read my am'rous verſe delights,
My writings likes, but ſcorns the man that writes;
They freely on her privacy preſume,
And find admittance, where I muſt not come:
Me when ſhe does her haunted houſe exclude,
To them ſhe's civil, as to me ſhe's rude.
Me ſhe expoſes to a thouſand harms,
To walk the ſtreets, while they are in her arms.
For whom does ſhe my paſſion diſregard?
And who has intercepted my reward?
Why is the beau with ſo much joy embrac'd?
His pocket's full, it ſeems, his coat is lac'd:
He won her with his military air,
Which cheats as often as it charms the fair.
Could ſhe her longing eyes forbear to fix
On his fine feather, and his coach and ſix?

Enrich'd by plunder, he cou'd never miſs
The favour, who wou'd buy the venal bliſs.
No matter how he got his wealth, by war,
And blood: ſhe cares not, if ſhe has her ſhare.
The upſtart forward was, 'tis ſaid, in fight,
And in the field of battle made a knight:
But had his honour come without his gold,
His, ſure, had been like my reception, cold.
To men of merit how could ſhe be coy,
Yet to a murd'rer proſtitute the joy?
That head which lolls upon your panting breaſt,
Was lately cover'd with a plumy creſt.
Can you the bully to your bed admit?
Are his hard limbs for ladies dalliance fit?
His hands in your embrace you'll find embru'd
With clotted, and perhaps with guiltleſs blood;
How aukward muſt it be for you to feel,
Near yours his thigh, that late was cas'd with ſteel?
That ring, the token of his pride, and ſtate,
Was with a heavy gauntlet hid of late:
Canſt thou have commerce with a thing ſo foul?
Where's now the boaſted niceneſs of thy ſoul?
What pleaſure canſt thou in his roughneſs find?
Thou, that wert once the ſofteſt of thy kind?
Behold what marks of brutal rage he bears,
And how he's mangled with diſhoneſt ſcars.
Yet to thoſe ſcars, diſhoneſt as they are,
His wealth he owes, his fortunes with the fair.
No doubt, he makes a merit of his guilt,
And brags what blood he has in battle ſpilt.
Fine courtſhip this, to win a gentle dame;
Thou ſhar'ſt his money, and muſt ſhare his ſhame.
Me, not the meaneſt of Apollo's train,
She hates, and I repeat my verſe in vain;

I ſing

I ſing before her gate; her gate I find
Is leſs obdurate, than her harden'd mind.
Forbear your ſongs, Apollo's ſons, forbear,
And bend your future thoughts to arms and war.
Inſtead of inſpirations, get commands;
To murder, and to rapine uſe your hands,
And you with eaſe reduce the female bands.
Had Homer in the Grecian army ſerv'd,
We ne'er had heard that he had begg'd, or ſtarv'd.
Of gold the thund'rer ſhew'd the mighty pow'r,
Deſcending ſoftly thro' the brazen tow'r,
And claſping Danaë in a golden ſhow'r.
A thouſand bars the virgin fair did hold,
But what are iron bars to bribes of gold?
Againſt this foe her father could not guard,
Watchmen, and women keep a fruitleſs ward.
The damſel, who herſelf before was coy,
Melts at the ſight, and meets the dazzling joy.
When peaceful Saturn did heav'n's ſcepter ſway,
Deep in earth's womb the fatal metal lay;
None then their teeming mother's bowels tore,
In queſt of hidden wealth, in various ore;
Fed with the fruits, which bounteous nature yields,
In painted gardens, and in golden fields,
From her rich ſoil are reap'd ſpontaneous crops,
And from the foreſt oak ſweet honey drops.
No hinds as yet did toil their time away,
Nor with keen culters wound the parent clay;
As yet no landmark was by lab'rers ſet,
And none had learn'd to plow the ſea as yet;
None as yet knew the uſe of ſails and oars,
Nor ventur'd voyages beyond their ſhores.
The wit of men, the race of men deſtroys,
And all its pow'rs againſt itſelf employs.

How ſubtle's human nature to contrive
Its proper ruin, and itſelf deceive!
Why didſt thou cities with high walls ſurround,
Why arms invent thy jarring ſons to wound?
What quarrel haſt thou with the ſea, and why
Didſt thou at firſt the pathleſs ocean try?
Cannot the land content thy reſtleſs pride?
Didſt thou with Saturn's ſons the whole divide,
Thou would'ſt not with three worlds be ſatisfy'd.
'Tis ſtrange thy vaſt ambition did not fly
O'er earth, and ſea, and air, and ſcale the ſky.
That man did not aſpire to be a God,
And tread the paths by Indian Bacchus trod,
To give his name to ſome diſtinguiſh'd ſtar,
And be what Hercules, and Cæſar are.
Inſtead of yellow harveſts, now we ſeek
For ſolid gold, and thro' earth's entrails break;
The wealth we thus acquire's the ſoldier's prey,
And dearly for the blood he ſpills, we pay.
The courts deny admittance to the poor,
In vain the needy clients crowd the door;
The judges to the rich decree the cauſe,
And money only gives their force to laws.
'Tis money makes the judge with looks ſevere
Inſult the poor, and give the rich his ear;
'Tis money buys the title, makes the knight,
And dignifies with quality the cit:
Let money do all this, and more; the bar
Let money govern, and direct the war.
Let peace, as money ſets the terms, be made,
But let it not the rights of love invade.
Let us enjoy this privilege at leaſt,
That if we muſt be poor, we may with love be bleſs'd.
For now-a-days there's not a dame in town
So coy, but if you've money, ſhe's your own;

What

What tho' her keeper may an Argus be,
Blind him with money, and he'll nothing ſee:
What tho' her huſband ſhould by chance be by,
He'll leave the houſe, let you your money fly.
If there's a God above, to whom belongs
The cauſe of love, and ſlighted lovers wrongs,
Revenge the falſe one's mercenary ſcorn,
And let ill-gotten pelf to dirt return.

ELEGY IX.

Upon the death of TIBULLUS.

By Mr. STEPNEY.

IF Memnon's fate, bewail'd with conſtant dew,
Does, with the day, his mother's grief renew;
If her ſon's death mov'd tender Thetis' mind
To ſwell with tears the waves, with ſighs the wind;
If mighty Gods can mortals ſorrow know,
And be the humble partners of our woe;
Now looſe your treſſes, penſive elegy,
(Too well your office and your name agree.)
Tibullus, once the joy and pride of fame,
Lies now rich fuel on the trembling flame.
Sad Cupid now deſpairs of conqu'ring hearts,
Throws by his empty quiver, breaks his darts:
Eaſes his uſeleſs bows from idle ſtrings;
Nor flies, but humbly creeps with flagging wings.
He wants, of which he robb'd fond lovers, reſt;
And wounds with furious hands his penſive breaſt.

Thoſe graceful curls which wantonly did flow,
The whiter rivals of the falling ſnow,
Forget their beauty, and in diſcord lie,
Drunk with the fountain from his melting eye.
Not more Æneas' loſs the boy did move;
Like paſſions for them both, prove equal love.
Tibullus' death grieves the fair Goddeſs more,
More ſwells her eyes, than when the ſavage boar
Her beautiful, her lov'd Adonis tore.

Poets large ſouls heav'n's nobleſt ſtamps do bear;
(Poets, the watchful angels darling care)
Yet death (blind archer) that no diff'rence knows,
Without reſpect his roving arrows throws.
Nor Phœbus, nor the muſes queen, could give
Their ſon, their own prerogative, to live,
Orpheus, the heir of both his parents ſkill,
Tam'd wond'ring beaſts, not death's more cruel will.
Linus' ſad ſtrings on the dumb lute do lie,
In ſilence forc'd to let their maſter die.
Homer (the ſpring, to whom we poets owe
Our little All, does in ſweet numbers flow)
Remains immortal only in his fame,
His works alone ſurvive the envious flame.

In vain to Gods (if Gods there are) we pray,
And needleſs victims prodigally pay,
Worſhip their ſleeping deities: Yet death
Scorns votaries, and ſtops the praying breath.
To hallow'd ſhrines intruding fate will come,
And drag you from the altar to the tomb.

Go, frantick poet, with deluſions fed,
Think laurels guard your conſecrated head,
Now the ſweet maſter of your art is dead.
What can we hope? ſince that a narrow ſpan
Can meaſure the remains of thee, great man.

The

The bold, raſh flame that durſt approach ſo nigh,
And ſee Tibullus, and not trembling die,
Durſt ſeize on temples, and their Gods deſie.
Fair Venus (fair even in ſuch ſorrows) ſtands,
Cloſing her heavy eyes with trembling hands.
Anon, in vain, officiouſly ſhe tries
To quench the flame with rivers from her eyes.
His mother weeping does his eye-lids cloſe,
And on his urn tears, her laſt gift, beſtows.
His ſiſter too, with hair diſhevell'd, bears
Part of her mother's nature, and her tears.
With thoſe, two fair, two mournful rivals come,
And add a greater triumph to his tomb:
Both hug his urn, both his lov'd aſhes kiſs,
And both contend which reap'd the greater bliſs.
Thus Delia ſpoke (when ſighs no more could laſt)
Renewing by remembrance pleaſures paſt;
" When youth with vigour did for joy combine,
" I was Tibullus' life, Tibullus mine:
" I entertain'd his hot, his firſt deſire,
" And kept alive, 'till age, his active fire.
To her then Nemeſis (when groans gave leave)
" As I alone was lov'd, alone I'll grieve:
" Spare your vain tears, Tibullus' heart was mine,
" About my neck his dying arms did twine;
" I ſnatch'd his ſoul, which true to me did prove;
" Age ended yours, death only ſtopp'd my love.
If any poor remains ſurvive the flames,
Except thin ſhadows, and more empty names;
Free in Elyſium ſhall Tibullus rove,
Nor fear a ſecond death ſhould croſs his love.
There ſhall Catullus, crown'd with bays, impart
To his far dearer friend his open heart.

There Gallus (if fame's hundred tongues all lye)
Shall, free from cenſure, no more raſhly die.
Such ſhall our poet's bleſs'd companions be,
And in their deaths, as in their lives, agree.
But thou, rich urn, obey my ſtrict commands,
Guard thy great charge from ſacrilegious hands.
Thou, earth, Tibullus' aſhes gently uſe,
And be as ſoft and eaſy as his muſe.

ELEGY X.

NOW Ceres' feaſt is come, the trees are blown,
And my Corinna now muſt lie alone.
And why, good Ceres, muſt thy feaſt deſtroy
Man's chief delight, and why diſturb his joy?
The world eſteems you bountiful, and good,
You led us from the field, and from the wood,
And gave us fruitful corn, and wholeſome food.
'Till then poor wretched man on acorns fed;
Oaks gave him meat, and flow'ry fields a bed.
Firſt Ceres made our wheat and barley grow,
And taught us how to plow, and how to mow:
Who then can think that ſhe deſigns to prove
Our piety, by coldneſs in our love?
Or make poor lovers ſigh, lament, and groan,
Or charge her votaries to lie alone?
For Ceres, tho' ſhe loves the fruitful fields,
Yet ſometimes feels the force of love, and yields:
This Crete can witneſs, (Crete not always lyes)
Crete that nurs'd Jove, and heard his infant cries,
There he was ſuckled that now rules the ſkies.

That

That Jove his education there receiv'd
Will raiſe her fame, and make her be believ'd;
Nay ſhe herſelf will never ſtrive to hide
Her love, 'tis too well known to be deny'd:
She ſaw young Jaſius in the Cretan grove
Purſue the deer, ſhe ſaw, and fell in love.
She then perceiv'd when firſt ſhe felt the fire,
On this ſide modeſty, on that deſire;
Deſire prevail'd, and then the field grew dry,
The farmer loſt his crop, and knew not why;
When he had toil'd, manur'd his grounds, and plow'd,
Harrow'd his fields, and broke his clods, and ſow'd,
No corn appear'd, none to reward his pain,
His labour and his wiſhes were in vain.
For Ceres wand'red in the woods and groves,
And often heard, and often told her loves:
Then Crete alone a fruitful ſummer knew,
Where-e'er the Goddeſs came, a harveſt grew.
Ida was gray with corn, the furious boar
Grew fat with wheat, and wonder'd at the ſtore:
The Cretans wiſh'd, that ſuch all years would prove,
They wiſh'd that Ceres would be long in love.
Well then, ſince then 'twas hard for you to lie
All night alone, why at your feaſt muſt I?
Why muſt I mourn, when you rejoice to know
Your daughter ſafe, and queen of all below?
'Tis holy-day, and calls for wine and love;
Come let's the height of mirth and humour prove,
Theſe gifts will pleaſe our maſter pow'rs above.

ELEGY XI.

To his miſtreſs, that he cannot help loving her.

SO much I've ſuffer'd, and ſo long, no more
I'll bear the wrongs, which I have born before.
Begone, vile Cupid, I'll no more endure
Thy ſlaviſh labours, and fatigues impure;
From hence, I'll put an end to all the pains
Thou'ſt coſt me, and from hence ſhake off thy chains.
I hate the liv'ry, I with pleaſure wore,
And bluſh at bonds, which once with pride I bore:
But this, methinks, ſhould have been done before.
To leave my wicked courſes I begin,
As years deprive me of the guſt of ſin.
On Cupid's neck I ſhould have trod when young,
And vanquiſh'd him, when my deſires were ſtrong.
In that there had been virtue; now there's none,
The world will ſay ſo; let the world ſay on.
Much oppoſition I ſhall meet; perhaps,
The lewd will laugh, and threaten a relapſe:
To bear reproaches I muſt be prepar'd,
Eaſy's the end, when the beginning's hard;
Content let me the preſent pain endure,
For the ſharp med'cine is the patient's cure;
How oft you have expos'd me to the cold,
While in your arms you did my rival hold!
How like a ſlave have I been forc'd to wait
All weathers, and how oft have watch'd the gate!
As if your houſe was truſted to my care,
And I, your centinel, did duty there.
Oft have I ſeen your fated lover come
With looks, as if he long'd to be at home.

But what moſt grated on my jealous mind,
Was that he there the waiting fool ſhould find,
That aggravated moſt the cruel curſe;
I would not wiſh my greateſt foe a worſe.
How oft have I attended you abroad,
Or in the city, cirque, or on the road?
They took me for your huſband by my care,
Or that your guardian, or your ſlave, I were.
I by the people's glances, and your own,
Obſerv'd you were acquainted with the town;
That of your love if I poſſeſs'd a part,
'Twas plain, I ſhar'd with many more your heart.
What need I of your perjuries bring proof,
Suppoſe the common talk was not enough?
What do your ogles, and your geſtures mean,
Your carriage at th' aſſembly, and the ſcene?
There's ſcarce a fop you meet with in your way,
To whom you have not ſomething ſoft to ſay;
Some token which you either underſtand
By myſtic words, or motion of the hand.
They tell me you are ſick; I run to ſee,
And find, as ill as you pretend to be,
It is not for my rival, but for me.
I ſeldom told you of your faults, but ſtrove
To cover all your failings with my love.
Of this I might remind you, and much more,
But what avails it now? th' affair is o'er;
A fond you found me, and a patient man,
And get you ſuch another if you can.
I fear not now your frowns; my bark defies
The ſtorm of words, and tempeſt of your eyes;
No coaxing now, your hardeſt phraſes uſe,
Your looks, your language all their terrors loſe.

I am not ſuch a fool as I have been
To dread your ſpirit, and to ſooth your ſpleen.
But ah, by diff'rent paſſions I'm oppreſs'd,
Fierce love and hate contend within my breaſt;
My ſoul they thus divide, but love I fear
Will prove too ſtrong, and get the maſt'ry there;
I'll ſtrive to hate her, but if that ſhould prove
A fruitleſs ſtrife, in ſpite of me I'll love.
The bull does not affect the yoke, but ſtill
He bears the thing he hates againſt his will;
I hate, I fly the faithleſs fair in vain,
Her beauty ever brings me back again.
She always in my heart will have a place,
I hate her humour, but I love her face.
No reſt I to my tortur'd ſoul can give,
Nor with her, nor without her can I live.
Oh that thy mind we in thy face did view,
Leſs lovely that thou wert, or elſe more true;
How diff'rent are thy manners, and thy ſight!
Thy deeds forbid us, and thy eyes invite.
Thy actions ſhock us, and thy beauty moves,
And he who hates thy faults, thy perſon loves.
Happy, ah ever happy, ſhould I be,
If I no charms, or no defects could ſee.
Thee I conjure, by all our paſt delights,
Our chearful days, and our tranſporting nights,
By all the imprecated Gods above,
To whom thou art forſworn, but moſt by Love,
By thy fair face, which I as much adore,
As all thoſe Gods, and own as much its pow'r,
Forgive me this offence, and I'll offend no more.
Be what thou wilt, thy humour good or ill,
I'll love thee, thou ſhalt be my miſtreſs ſtill.

Ah let my paſſion ever favour find,
Or be it with, or be't againſt my mind,
But rather let me ſail before the wind.
Ah let thy wiſhes with my will agree,
Since ſurely I thy ſlave muſt ever be;
In thee ſince I have center'd all my joys,
Oh Venus! let my love be ſtill my choice.

ELEGY XII.

He complains that the praiſes he has beſtow'd on his miſtreſs in his verſes, have occaſion'd him many rivals.

ILL-omen'd birds, how luckleſs was the day,
When o'er my love you did your wings diſplay!
What wayward orb, what inauſpicious ſtar
Did then rule heav'n, what Gods againſt me war?
She who ſo much my faithful paſſion wrongs,
Was known, and firſt made famous by my ſongs.
I lov'd her firſt, and lov'd her then alone,
But now, I fear, I ſhare her with the town.
Am I deceiv'd? or can ſhe be the ſame,
Who only to my verſes owes her fame?
My verſe a price upon her beauty laid,
And by my praiſes ſhe her market made;
Whom but myſelf can I with reaſon blame?
Without me ſhe had never had a name.
Did I do this, who knew her ſoul ſo well?
Dearly to me ſhe did her favours ſell;

And when the wares were to the publick known,
Why ſhould I think ſhe'd ſell to me alone?
'Twas I proclaim'd to all the town her charms,
And tempted cullies to her venal arms;
I made their way, I ſhew'd them where to come,
And there is hardly now a rake in Rome
But knows her rates, and thanks my babbling muſe;
Her houſe is now as common as the ſtews;
For this I'm to the muſe oblig'd, and more,
For all the miſchiefs envy has in ſtore.
This comes of gallantry: while ſome employ
Their talents on the fate of Thebes and Troy,
While other Cæſar's godlike acts rehearſe,
Corinna is the ſubject of my verſe.
Oh that I ne'er had known the art to pleaſe,
But written without genius and ſucceſs.
Why did the town ſo readily believe
My verſe, and why to ſongs ſuch credit give?
Sure poetry's the ſame it ever was,
And poets ne'er for oracles did paſs.
Why is ſuch ſtreſs upon my writings lay'd?
Why ſuch regard to what by me is ſaid?
I wiſh the tales I've of Corinna told,
Had been receiv'd, as fables were of old:
Of furious Scylla's horrid ſhape we read,
And how ſhe ſcalp'd her hoary father's head;
Of her fair face, and downward how ſhe takes
The wolf's fierce form, the dog's, or curling ſnake's;
Serpents for hair in ancient ſong we meet,
And man and horſe with wings inſtead of feet.
Huge Tityon from the ſkies the poets flung,
Enceladus's wars with Jove they ſung;
How by her ſpells, and by her voice, to beaſts
The doubtful virgin chang'd her wretched gueſts;

How

How Eolus did for Ulyſſes keep
The winds in bottles, while he plow'd the deep:
How Cerberus three-headed guarded hell:
And from his car the ſon of Phœbus fell.
How thirſty Tantalus attempts to ſip
The ſtream, in vain, that flies his greedy lip:
How Niobe in marble drops a tear,
And a bright nymph was turn'd into a bear:
How Progne, now a ſwallow, does bemoan
Her ſiſter nightingale, and pheaſant ſon.
In Leda, Danaë, and Europa's rapes,
They ſing the king of Gods in various ſhapes;
A ſwan he lies on raviſh'd Leda's breaſt,
And Danaë's by a golden ſhow'r compreſt;
A bull does o'er the waves Europa bear;
And Proteus, any form he pleaſes, wear.
How oft do we the Theban wonders read,
Of ſerpents teeth transform'd to human ſeed!
Of dancing woods, and moving rocks, that throng
To hear ſweet Orpheus, and Amphion's ſong?
How oft do the Heliades bemoan,
In tears of gum, the fall of Phaeton!
The ſun from Atreus' table frighted flies,
And backward drives his chariot in the ſkies.
Thoſe now are nymphs that lately were a fleet;
Poetic licence ever was ſo great:
But none did credit to theſe fictions give,
Or for true hiſtory ſuch tales receive,
And tho' Corinna in my ſongs is fair,
Let none conclude ſhe's like her picture there.
The fable ſhe with haſty faith receiv'd,
And what, ſo very well ſhe lik'd, believ'd.
But ſince ſo ill ſhe does the poet uſe,
'Tis time her vanity to diſabuſe.

ELEGY

ELEGY XIII.

Of Juno's *Feaſt.*

MY wife, a native of Phaliſcan plains,
Where the rich ſoils enrich the lab'ring ſwains,
Where purple grapes, and golden apples grow,
A conqueſt we to great Camillus owe,
When once to Juno's feaſt ſhe thither went,
My mind to know the ſecret rites was bent:
The pious prieſt, the ſolemn ſports prepare,
And purify the fane with holy care.
A heifer of the place they ſacrifice,
But ne'er to men expoſe their myſteries.
I mark'd the hidden way my conſort went,
And follow'd down the deep and dark deſcent.
To an old wood at laſt I came, whoſe ſhade
Impreſs'd a horror on the gloom it made,
And ev'ry ſtep with trembling feet I trod,
Profan'd, I thought, the dwelling of a God.
An altar there was rais'd by hands divine,
And fragrant incenſe flam'd around the ſhrine.
Chaſte matrons there their vow'd oblations pay,
And celebrate with joyful hymns the day.
Soon as the fife the ſignal gives, they move
In long proceſſion thro' the ſacred grove,
Branches and flow'rs are with devotion ſpread
O'er all their way, and prieſtly veſtments laid.
Next after theſe, thro' loud acclaims, they lead
A cow milk-white, and of Phaliſcan breed;
Then a young ſteer, whoſe forehead ne'er has borne
The crooked honours of the butting horn.

The

The leaſt of all the victims was a ſwine,
And then a ram, whoſe horns around his temples twine;
A goat, whom moſt the Goddeſs hates, comes laſt;
The preſent feels her vengeance for the paſt.
When in a wood to hide herſelf ſhe try'd,
She by the bleating of a goat was ſpy'd;
For this the beaſt is by the boys purſu'd;
For this ſhe's even greedy of its blood,
And he, who firſt the letcher wounds in play,
Claims by her law, and bears the prize away.
The tender youth, and tim'rous virgins ſtrow
With robes the ground the goddeſs is to go.
The virgins locks with golden fillets bound,
And ſparkling diamonds glitt'ring all around,
Buſkins embroider'd on their feet they wear,
And ſpreading trains with pride uneaſy bear.
Here, as in Greece the cuſtom was of old,
The image of the Goddeſs we behold
Born on the heads of maidens, and behind
The prieſteſſes in beauteous ranks you find.
An awful ſilence reigns; the Goddeſs laſt
Approaches, and with her the pomp is paſt.
The dreſs was Greek, and ſuch Haleſus wore,
When in a fright he fled the Grecian ſhore;
His father kill'd, an Argive ſhip he fraught,
And to this coaſt the royal treaſure brought.
Much peril had he paſt, much labour known,
O'er lands, and ſeas, before he reach'd our own,
And landing built, with happy hand, the town,
Where firſt he did this feſtival revive,
And its Greek rules to the Phaliſcans give;
The rites and ſacrifices firſt he ſhew'd,
As practis'd now within this ancient wood.
Ah, may theſe rites to all propitious be,
Nor more to thoſe that ſerve them than to me,

ELEGY

ELEGY XIV.

He deſires his Miſtreſs if ſhe does cuckold him, not to let him know it.

I Do not aſk you wou'd to me prove true,
Since you're a woman, and a fair one too.
Act what you pleaſe, yet ſtudy to diſguiſe
The wanton ſcenes from my deluded eyes.
A ſtiff denial will attenuate
That crime which your confeſſion would make great:
And 'twere unwiſe to truſt the tell-tale light,
With the dark ſecrets of the ſilent night.
Tho' bought to be enjoy'd, a common whore,
Ere ſhe begins, will ſhut the chamber door.
And will you turn debauch'd, then vainly own
How lewd you are, to this malicious town?
At leaſt ſeem virtuous, and tho' falſe it be,
Say you are honeſt, and I'll credit thee.
Conceal your actions, and while I am by,
Let modeſt words your looſer thoughts bely.
When to your private chamber you retire,
Unmaſk your luſt, and vent each warm deſire.
Throw off affected coyneſs, and remove
The bold intruder between thee and love:
Talk not of honour, lay that toy aſide;
In men 'tis folly, and in women pride:
There without bluſhes you may naked lie,
Claſping his body with your tender thigh;
Shoot your moiſt dart into his mouth, to ſhow
The ſenſe you have of what he acts below.
Try all the ways, your pliant bodies twine
In folds more ſtrange, than thoſe of Aretine:

With

With melting looks fierce joys you may excite,
And with thick dying accents urge delight.
But when you're dreſt, then look as innocent
As if you knew not what ſuch matters meant;
And tho' juſt now a perfect fiend you were,
Hide the true woman, and a ſaint appear.
Cozen the prying town, and put a cheat
On it, and me, I'll favour the deceit.
Falſe as thou art, why muſt I daily ſee
Th' intriguing billet-doux he ſends to thee?
The wanton ſonnet, or ſoft elegy?
Why does your bed all tumbled ſeem to ſay,
See what they 'ave done, ſee where the lovers lay?
Why do your locks, and rumpled head-cloaths ſhew
'Tis more than uſual ſleep that made 'em ſo?
Why are the kiſſes which he gave betray'd,
By the impreſſion which his teeth had made?
Yet ſay you're chaſte, and I'll be ſtill deceiv'd;
What much is wiſh'd for, is with eaſe believ'd.
But when you own what a lewd wretch thou art,
My blood grows cold, and freezes at my heart.
Then do I curſe thee, and thy crimes reprove,
But curſe in vain, for ſtill I find I love.
Since ſhe is falſe, oft to myſelf I cry,
Wou'd I were dead, yet 'tis with thee I'd die.
I will not ſee your maid, to let me know
Who viſits you, where, and with whom you go;
Nor by your lodgings ſend my boy to ſcout,
And bring me word who paſſes in, and out.
Enjoy the pleaſure of the preſent times,
But let not me be knowing of your crimes.
Do you forſwear't, tho' in the act you're caught,
I'll truſt the oath, and think my eyes in fault.

ELEGY

ELEGY XV.

To Venus, that he may have done writing Elegies.

PArent of tender love, and ſoft deſire,
The breaſt of ſome new poet now inſpire;
Howe'er my muſe has been thy ſlave before,
I've done with elegie; I'll write no more.
When in Pelignian groves of love I writ,
The ſubject was not for my years unfit,
I was then young, and fond to ſhew my wit.
As in my veins a generous ſtream did flow,
Well might my heart with gallant wiſhes glow.
By birth, and by command I was a knight,
And in all wantonneſs might well delight,
As honour, and deſcent inflam'd my breaſt,
Well what I wiſh'd be in my works expreſs'd.
To Virgil Mantua owes immortal fame,
Catullus to Verona gives a name;
Why mayn't, if I attempt ſome great deſign,
Pelignæ be as much oblig'd to mine?
Why mayn't my muſe a glorious toil purſue,
And as much honour to my country do?
A people, who, when Rome has been alarm'd
By foreign foes, in her defence have arm'd;
A ſtranger who our Sulmo's tow'rs ſurveys
Surrounded by a flood, tho' far from ſeas;
Watry the city from her waters nam'd,
Would cry, Hadſt thou been for ſome poet fam'd,
As little as thou art, as nameleſs now,
Great in renown thou by his muſe ſhou'dſt grow.
Ah boy, and thou his mother, ah forbear,
Liſt me not longer in ignoble war.

Beneath

Beneath your golden banners I have fought
So long, your diſcipline ſo much have taught,
'Tis time to give me a diſcharge, to prove
Some other, ſome more glorious theme than love.
See Bacchus beckons me my voice to raiſe,
Of lofty deeds to ſing, in lofty lays;
To mount my muſe on ſome more gen'rous horſe,
And try her courage in ſome daring courſe,
Adieu, my ſighing elegies, adieu,
I'll be no more concern'd with love, or you;
But what I write my being ſhall ſurvive,
And in his verſe the poet ever live.

FINIS.